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## ALL ALONE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

### I.

#### AT THE HUISSIER'S.

IT is a lovely morning in August; one of those mornings when the sky, the clouds, and the sun seem to combine to distribute light and shade, with delicious harmony, over everything terrestrial.

On the Quai des Augustins, where the high façades of the old dwelling-houses still retain a semi-obscurity, a fresh breeze plays among the branches of the poplars and plane-trees.

Through the trembling foliage, above the parapet, where the dealers in second-hand books vie with one another in their endeavors to attract the attention of the curious, the Seine is seen, its placid surface glistening in the sun.

The flower-women push their wheelbarrows gayly forward, laden with carnations, jasmines, and heliotropes. All the cries of matutinal Paris are heard above the hoarse rumbling of the innumerable vehicles of every sort that pass and repass, intermixed with the shrill whistle of the martinet and the occasional sound of a church-bell.

There is joy everywhere: in the heavens above, on the water, and on the earth. I, alone, am not gay!

I walk on with a slow and weary step. I complain—to myself—of the sun, of the loiterers who take up the walk, of the omnibuses that pass with every seat occupied. I complain especially of what I have to do at the huissier's,\* who lives at the farther end of Rue Saint-Denis, and where M. La Guépière asked me to meet him at nine o'clock.

The object of my going is to sign a *référé*.

As nearly as I can understand, this is a new expedient that my husband resorts to to delay a levy that threatens us, and which is likely to come sooner or later. It threatens him as principal debtor, and me as security. In accordance with his usual custom, he has failed to pay the interest on the moneys due, and his creditors are having recourse to the processes of the law to obtain their own. The debt is secured by a claim on Chânois, a little domain that constituted wellnigh my entire dowry. Thus I find myself once more interested in a legal proceeding, which always quite unnerves me. This new expedient of my ingenious and not over-scrupulous husband exasperates me, and, as I wend my way to the place of meeting, I more than once mutter to myself:

"This is the last! Never again, never, never!"

I pass the market. The clock has just struck nine. The small market-people hasten to remove the piles of cabbages, of carrots, and of other vegetables that encumber the walk. The whole neighborhood is buoyant, busy, gay; but nothing can dispel the melancholy humor that possesses me. On the contrary, these piles of green vegetables remind me of my poor Chânois, where now I do not harvest a single cabbage-leaf. Thanks to M. La Guépière, Chânois brings me for the moment nothing but leaves of stamped paper.

I hurry forward and enter Rue Saint-Denis, dark, damp, and teeming with busy men. In some five minutes I recognize in the distance, on the sidewalk, my amiable husband. He flourishes his cane with a juvenile and conquering air as he walks to and fro before the house of the huissier. He also has seen me, but he does not at first pretend to be conscious of my approach. With a peculiar twist of the neck he adjusts the position of his head in his inordinately high collar, pulls down his cuffs, and then, when he feels

\* Deputy Sheriff.

that he is quite *au point*, he deigns to perceive me. He approaches with a nonchalant air, and salutes me with an "Ah! here you are!" as though it were only a question of a party of pleasure.

We enter the house. He ascends the stairs with the elasticity of youth, in his little sacque-coat of black alpaca. His manner is ridiculously young, and in no wise in accord with his wrinkled lids and the deep lines in his neck. I follow at a distance. The stairway is dark and dirty. At the head of the first flight is the lodge of the *concierge*, from which issues the odor of fried cabbage; at the head of the second there is a plate with these words, "Day-School for Young Ladies"; and, although the door is closed, you plainly hear the buzzing of a multitude of voices, apparently repeating an exercise in chorus; finally, at the head of the third flight, you find an unpolished, oval brass plate, on which are engraved the words, "Turn the knob, S. V. P." M. La Guépière turns the knob and passes on before me.

No man knows better than M. La Guépière how to carry himself on occasions like the present. He enters with inimitable grace, his hat in his hand, and with an expression that is the perfection of frankness and *bonhomie*; while I follow him, with my eyes cast down, like a repentant criminal.

The huissier, M. Plumerel, has already gone out on business connected with his office, and we are received by his head clerk, a man of fifty-odd years, with a big, bald head, large, round eyes, thick lips, heavy eyebrows, a deep, coarse voice, and yet, with all that, a shrewd, politic mien. He is seated at a mahogany desk, protected by a sort of balustrade, painted black. On his desk there are piles of stamped papers, a kind of documents with which I, alas! am only too well acquainted, thanks to the peculiar experience I have had in worldly affairs since I have been married. I could name them one after the other without reading a line of them. This simple sheet, folded in the form of a letter, is a *commandement*; this double sheet, with a heading in Gothic letters, is an order to appear before the tribunal of commerce; and this *cahier*, tied at the top and the bottom with a red cord, is a notice of judgment. I see all this from the corner of my eye, and all the disagreeable and humiliating things I have experienced since my union with M. La Guépière pass before my mind's eye.

"Pray, be seated," says the head clerk; "your *référé* is not yet ready."

And M. La Guépière drops into a chair with an obsequious gesture of the hand, signifying that he is in no haste. There is a chair near him, but I do not take it; I go to another in a

corner of the room, near a dust-covered stove, on which there is a *carafe* half filled with yellowish water. This *carafe*, without a glass, sets me to thinking: Do the clerks all drink directly from it?

I examine the office. It is lighted by a high window that looks out on a rather obscure court. Under this window, and standing against the wall, there are three black desks, and at two of them there are two men in threadbare coats, who are writing very rapidly. You hear the scratching of their pens as they run over the stamped paper. They work on without raising their heads, as though they feared they would never get done.

In an angle opposite the corner occupied by the head clerk, there is another desk—this one of oak, covered with green portfolios. At it is seated a young clerk with a provincial air and a pleasing face; he has large brown eyes, black hair, cut very short, and a light mustache, which shows a rather large but good-shaped, honest mouth. His neat attire, without being elegant, together with his ingenuous mien, is in strong contrast with the unbrushed heads and the seedy apparel of his two colleagues.

He is the second clerk. He is occupied in preparing the *référé*, and is writing at the dictation of his superior. Now and then I hear the judicial phraseology:

"Estelle-Noémi-Geneviève Passerah, consort *séparée de biens*, of the said Raoul Lancelot de la Guépière," etc.

"*De biens*, only?"\* asks the head clerk, turning to my husband.

"*De biens* only," replies M. La Guépière, with a malicious smile.

I could have killed him!

The door opens, and a short, thick-set man, with a dilapidated look, enters. He has an uncleanly appearance, and his whole person is impregnated with a look of vice and misery. His beard and his hair are of the woolly sort, and their color will perhaps be most nearly described by calling it a dirty gray. His clothes, much the worse for wear, look as though they have never been brushed, and his shoes have not been subjected to a cleaning for a week or two at the least. His waistcoat is too short, and of many colors, and the sleeves and collar of his coat are very smooth and shiny. He is the poster of notices.

"So early?" says the head clerk, with a cold, ironical look. "No danger of your overworking yourself—you take your time. One sees that you have no need of money!"

The two clerks at the black desks look up for a moment at the head clerk, and then their

\* Deprivation of property only.

pens go over the paper again faster than ever, seemingly to make up for the lost time. Meanwhile the poster, without being in the least disturbed, lays off his straw hat, and replaces it with a greasy, black-silk cap. He seems to have become used to such receptions from his fellow workers; he takes from the pocket of his coat a large piece of bread and a piece of cold meat of some sort, and places both carefully in his hat. Then he turns toward the head clerk and asks in anything but a respectful tone:

"Where are the notices?"

"There, in the drawer—always in the same place."

"Always in the same place—always in the same place!" grumbles the poster. "They might have been put somewhere else."

"True, but they were put there. Do you understand, Benjamin?—they were put there!" cries the head clerk, impatiently.

"All right, all right!" replies Benjamin, as he goes to the drawer and takes from it a bundle of rose-colored paper, which he weighs in his hand with a sneer.

"Is that all there is? Pity there weren't some more!"

"You're never satisfied! Come, no more grumbling, but get at your work!"

The grumbler goes to his desk and begins to paste a piece of stamped paper to each copy of the notices.

The door opens again, and admits a worthy-looking man, who approaches the head clerk with a hesitating, anxious mien, that immediately excites my sympathy. He brings a small sum of money, and asks for two days more to pay the balance of his indebtedness.

"Impossible," replies the clerk, in a decidedly emphatic tone, as he counts the money; "that is a responsibility I could not think of taking."

"But," says the poor man, "I ask for a delay of only two days."

"Only two days! And your creditor—what is he to do during that time?"

"Oh, sir, what are two days to him in a small matter like this? He is rich."

"Return at two o'clock. M. Plumerel will see you after his luncheon, and, if he chooses to grant the delay you ask for, well and good; as for myself, I could not take the responsibility."

"But, sir, you forget that I am to be sold out to-day at twelve o'clock!" exclaims the man, with a look of despair.

"I can do nothing for you—I am sorry," the clerk replies, with a shrug. "Good morning."

And the man turned away, seemingly crushed with his misfortunes.

During this colloquy, I hear in an adjoining room the fresh voice of a young woman or

young girl humming the "Valse des Roses." The voice goes from one corner of the room to another, and I imagine the daughter of the huissier, in a little white apron, putting things to right in her bedchamber, watering her flower-pots, feeding her canaries, and arranging the objects of *virtu*. What a difference between the poor man who has just left us and the possessor of this fresh young voice! How is it possible for huissiers to have such pretty daughters as I imagined M. Plumerel to have?

The sound of this fresh voice carries me back to the time when I too was a young girl and knew no care—when I sang as I gathered flowers in the little garden of Chânois. I see it now, that little garden with its richly laden fruit-trees, its fragrant lilacs, and its flower-beds bordered with carnations, and my early youth passes before me. I was, however, not always happy, for it was not always sunny within our little country home. Gayety can never be of long duration when there is difficulty in making ends meet.

My mother, vain and extravagant, thought only of outdoing our neighbors and of appearing rich; my father, very plain and economical, entirely occupied with the cultivation of his little farm, never ceased to complain when his crops were bad, and always cried like a peacock when he had to pay any bills for us. Our domestic relations, as may be imagined, were not so harmonious as could have been desired, but I was at that age when, unless the circumstances are very adverse, we see everything in the colors of the rainbow. Although the dowry I was able to bring a husband was a very modest one, I could at that time have married a worthy young fellow, the son of a neighboring farmer, who would have taken me for my handsome eyes rather than the little sum he would have received with me; but my mother had a horror of country-people, and was determined that her daughter should marry a man of the world. With this object in view, she took me to all the balls given at the prefecture, and it was there that I met M. La Guépière. He was a Parisian, and wore a foreign decoration, which looked very like that of the Legion of Honor, and then his visiting-cards read, "Viscount de La Guépière." Further, he pretended to descend from the famous chevalier of that name, which accounted, perhaps, for his love of *baccarat* and *bouillotte*;\* it was in the blood. This illustrious descent and the title of viscount were sufficient to captivate my mother. Moreover, she was dazzled by the diction of M. La Guépière's oily tongue: every nerve was strained to marry me to the descendant of

\* Two games at cards.

Lancelot to whom I brought as dowry my twenty years and the unencumbered ownership of Chânois. My fault in the matter was in allowing myself to be united to a man more than double my own age for whom I had no love. I was tired of the life I led at home and of my father's ill-humor, and then I was fascinated with the prospect of living in Paris as my mother was with the idea of seeing her daughter a viscountess. And to think that three quarters of the marriages are effected in this way!

I have thoroughly repented it during the seven years that have passed since then, and I shed many and bitter tears when I think of the happy years I spent at dear old Chânois. Oh! during these seven years, what a lamentable succession of humiliations, of contentions and concessions! We had been married only three months, when the descendant of the famous chevalier had mortgaged Chânois and quarreled with my people. He was over-ears in debt, passed his nights at play and his days in manipulating schemes of questionable honesty. And this still continues! All the huissiers of Paris know our address, and we always live between a protest and an execution. But my patience is at an end: I have had enough of this life, in which the scenes with our creditors alternate with the scenes I have with M. La Guépière, when he comes home in the morning after an unfortunate night at play. An attorney whom I have consulted tells me I have grounds more than sufficient to obtain a separation. If I had children I should hesitate, but I am alone, and I am determined to take a decided step. The coming winter shall witness no more quarrels at our fireside, and the errand I am on to-day will be the last of the sort I shall ever go on. I prefer to be a lady's companion, a governess, no matter what, than to pass the rest of my days under the same roof with Lancelot de La Guépière.

While I consider my project, I can not refrain from glancing in the direction of my husband. He has put on his eye-glasses, and, with one hand thrust part way into the opening of his waistcoat, he is reading the "Petit Journal." I turn away with a movement that betrays my indignation, and as I look up again I encounter two eyes that are fixed upon me—two honest, limpid eyes—those of the second clerk, the young man with his hair cut *en brosse*. In his look there is an expression of compassionate admiration that for a moment quite disconcerts me. How long has he been thus observing me?

I have one of those unfortunate, telltale faces which is as easy to read as a book. My eyes, my eyebrows, and the corners of my mouth betray my most secret thoughts without my being conscious of it. He has certainly divined,

from the expression of my face, the whole drift of my thoughts. I am so confused that I dare not look again in his direction, which is doubly embarrassing from the fact that his desk is directly in front of the chair in which I am sitting. Fortunately, an accident comes to my rescue and enables me to regain my self-control.

The sun has got round where it falls, as it shines through the court window, directly on the three desks that stand in a line against the wall. One of the clerks rises, pulls the left shutter toward him and resumes his work. This makes the office comparatively dark, and the poster Benjamin finds himself in a light that is quite insufficient for his purposes. At first he mutters to himself, then suddenly he mounts a stool and with his ruler he pushes the blind back with such violence that it makes a loud noise as it strikes the wall.

Hereupon Benjamin's two neighbors spring to their feet and cry out as though their movements were governed by a single piece of mechanism.

"In Heaven's name what's the matter there?" cries the head clerk. "Put him out—the ruffian!"

"How can I see in the dark, I should like to know?" says Benjamin. "The sun doesn't inconvenience me, quite the contrary; and then they say sunshine is good for your health. Close the shutter on your side, if you like, but leave me to do as I please with mine."

"Quite right," replied the head clerk, "quite right!—Gentlemen, you forget the respect due to age."

The second of the two copyists closes the right shutter, and Benjamin alone finds himself in the sun. It nearly blinds him; he twists about on his chair, presents a three-quarter face, then only his profile to the sun, until finally he begins to mutter again. This has not continued long when suddenly he mounts his stool once more and again closes the left shutter. Total darkness. The two copyists utter another cry, and in the same breath appeal to the head clerk, who speaks to Benjamin in a tone that causes him to make haste to mount his stool for the third time and partially open both shutters, and then return to his work without venturing an observation.

The head clerk resumes the dictation of the *référé*, the pens of the copyists are again heard scratching their way over the paper, and all is peace if not harmony again.

After some ten minutes the *référé* is finished, and the second clerk rises to have me sign it. As he offers me the pen he heightens color again. I hasten to write my name, and M. La Guépière follows me with his most consequential air.



"We will keep the papers for a few days," says the head clerk to me; and, designating his second, he adds, "M. Pascal will bring them to you."

M. Pascal bows low, and pulls back his chair to let me pass.

At last I can go my way. I button my glove, while the two copyists, almost without retarding the movement of their pens, glance in my direction, and leave the office, this time first, followed by M. La Guépière, who, it seems to me, will never get done his leave-taking.

At the head of the first flight of stairs we meet a gentleman, dressed in black, who has much the appearance of a Protestant minister. He raises his hat to me as I pass: it is M. Plumerel, the huissier. M. La Guépière has never seen him, but his perceptions have arrived at that state of cultivation that he is able to recognize an huissier at sight. He speaks to him, and they stop to chat for a moment on the landing.

I am already on the sidewalk, and morally shake the dust from my feet, when my husband overtakes me. He assumes his most gallant air, and, putting his arm in position for me to take it, he says, smiling:

"Well, you see, it was not such a killing matter as you expected. Which way are you going?"

"Home!"

"Shall I get a cab for you?"

"Thank you, I can walk."

And I turn my back to him and take the road toward our lodgings.

## II.

### THE ABBOT.

It is over. After a last and lamentable scene, I found the courage to act, and went again to my lawyer. He notified M. La Guépière that I was determined to obtain a separation—if not amicably, then before a legal tribunal—and desired him to meet me at his office. Yesterday, at the hour fixed, my husband deigned to comply with the request. I was already seated in the lawyer's private office when Lancelot de La Guépière entered, fresh gloved and with a bunch of flowers in his button-hole. We had not seen each other for a week. After our last quarrel he passed his nights at his club, and did not return home in the morning till I had gone out. His appearance and manner seemed to me to betray more of the charlatan and the bully than usual.

At first he formally refused to separate from me, protesting that he adored me, and that I did not do him justice. I was one of the most charming of women with everybody except with

him, who had always sacrificed himself for me, and who could not live without me.

"Besides," he added, in a very confident tone, being deceived by my silence and my lawyer's, "no tribunal will ever decree this separation. What can you plead? My life is as pure as a child's."

In reply, the lawyer placed before the "innocent" a bundle of papers, letters he had written to me, and letters addressed to him relating to certain episodes in his life, the details of which he would be naturally desirous to withhold from the public. By way of conclusion, the lawyer volunteered his opinion that no tribunal, in view of certain facts which could be easily established, would hesitate to grant the separation desired.

This little discourse visibly affected the manner of M. de La Guépière. He immediately changed his tactics.

"It would ill become me," said he, in a most deferential tone, "to oppose my opinion to that of a man so competent to judge in the matter. I submit; but madame, I am sure, will regret the course she is pursuing. I am the victim of circumstances. Some day she will do me justice."

In short, after all his protestations and his declamation about his honesty, his virtues, and his self-denial, he consented to subscribe to a compromise which my lawyer had taken the precaution to prepare in advance. By the terms of agreement, he recognized my rights to demand a separation, authorized me to live where I chose, and promised to pay me the sum of three hundred francs monthly. As soon as the paper was signed in duplicate he retired with a high head, without deigning to look at me, but declaring to the lawyer that he was delighted to have made his acquaintance, and assuring him of his high esteem.

"What a comedian!" exclaimed the lawyer, when M. La Guépière finally spoke his last little speech and the door closed behind him. "Well, we have, at all events, what we wanted, and this consent to your quitting the conjugal domicile will serve us well in the event of our being compelled to have recourse to the law."

Now that that which I looked upon as being the most difficult to compass is over, it is necessary for me to find modest apartments in which to establish myself, and then to look for some situation in which I can earn my bread, for I have little confidence in the promptness of M. La Guépière, and then it seems to me that the man's money will burn my fingers. I think of all this, seated before a little fire lighted with a few sticks of wood left over from last winter's provision. It is now October, the weather is damp, and this first fire, meager as it is, serves me as company. Without, the rain strikes against the windows,

and the west wind whistles an air lamentably sad, and poorly calculated to give me courage. I rest my elbows on my knees, clasp my temples with my hands, and look with envy at Metete, my yellow-and-white cat that, oblivious of care, lies purring on the rug before the fire. Suddenly there is a ring, and Naniche comes to tell me that a "Monsieur le Curé" wishes to see me.

I am in anything but a humor to be social, and, besides being only moderately devout, I have no special love for the clergy in general. Nevertheless, as Naniche assures me that the appearance of this *curé* is much in his favor, I yield, as much to curiosity as to deference, and the visitor enters with one of those salutations, half worldly half devotional, peculiar to the gentlemen of the Church.

Very true, the ecclesiastic has a pleasing face, and, although he has the appearance of being wellnigh sixty, there still remains in his small blue eyes an engaging vivacity. His rather low forehead has not a single wrinkle, and is surmounted with a wealth of silver-gray, wavy hair. His thick, firm lips have a purple tint that reminds you of the color of a white-heart cherry. Their expression is indulgent and accommodat-ing. His nose is a poem: short, with one nostril more prominent than the other, which makes it look as though it were turned to one side. Its expression is *naïve*, epicurean, and almost mirthful.

While I stand with my hand resting on the back of my chair, he informs me that he is the Abbot Micault: I remember having heard the name mentioned by M. La Guépière. After having told me his name, the abbot adds that he is one of the officiating priests of the Church of Saint-Séverin, and a teacher at the Bossuet School. I immediately suspect an ambassador sent by my husband, which prompts me to assume the defensive. Nevertheless, having pushed a chair toward him, I invite him to be seated. As he sits down he opens his threadbare cassock, puts his hat on his lap, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he confesses, with the greatest *bonhomie*, that M. La Guépière, one of his aforetime pupils, has confided to him the story of his domestic dissensions; that my husband seems most unhappy in consequence of our prospective separation; and that, in his character of servant of the Church, he has ventured to make me a visit, in the hope that he may be the means of bringing about a reconciliation.

In spite of me, I feel that my face puts on its most tragic expression, but I retain my self-control, and confine myself to an energetic and expressive shrug.

The abbot sighs, and pushes back his Absalomian head-covering.

"Let us see, madame," he continues; "have you duly considered the gravity of the step you are taking? At your age it is an unnatural, a sad thing to live alone. And, then, have you thought of what the world will say? Perhaps it will accuse you, wrongfully I am willing to believe, that you have not used all the means in your power to reclaim your husband."

At these words I sprang to my feet.

"If it is at my husband's instance you come," I cry, "you may tell him that my resolution is irrevocable!"

Hereupon I move my chair away, in order to give my interlocutor to understand that I have no wish to prolong the interview; but the abbot remains quietly in his chair, and looks at me with an air of obstinate commiseration, in consequence of which I repeat, with all the emphasis I am mistress of:

"It only remains for me to thank you, sir. It is your mission to preach peace, but with me you will lose your time. I have decided on my course."

"Come, come!" says he, rising, "we'll not lose our temper, whatever we do. You interest me, if I do not find you inclined to be as conciliatory as I could wish. Allow me to come and see you occasionally, here, or in your new residence. I hear that you are desirous to obtain a place as reader. I myself have been a preceptor in some of our better families, with whom I have preserved my friendly relations: perhaps I can be of service to you. I will return, and we will speak about it, while at the same time I will talk to you a little about the goodness of God, which, I trust, will do you good."

"I am not very devout, sir, and am quite sure a place as reader will do me more good than anything you can say to me about God's goodness."

"My daughter, we should all put our trust in Divine Providence."

"Providence has never sent me anything but trouble," I reply.

"We should pray that we may endure the ills of life with resignation," is his response.

"Resignation!" I cry out—"resignation! Never will I pray for that virtue. I do not understand it, and I do not like those people who pretend to have it."

The abbot opens his little eyes and contemplates me with a look of commiseration which is not at all calculated to improve my humor.

"And you wish to live alone, with a disposition such as yours?" he replies, evidently much amazed. "My child, you terrify me; but, despite your erroneous ideas, you excite my sympathy. I will return."

In a somewhat embarrassed tone, I repeat:

"I am much beholden to you; but it would be very wrong for me to encourage you to spend your time with me, as it would be to lose it."

"And why to lose it?"

"Because, if you come to me with the view of converting me to your way of thinking, I would rather forego the pleasure of your visits."

The abbot's nose indulges in a grimace, his cherry lips contract, then dilate, and finally he bursts out laughing.

"Reassure yourself," he replies; "we never use compulsion. Devotion and resignation are things that come of themselves."

"Perhaps," I reply, with an incredulous shake of the head—"perhaps they will come to me when Providence sends me a little happiness."

"Patience, patience!" he exhorts, laying his hand gently on my arm; "I will see what I can do for you: I trust I shall be able to find a situation in which you will be comparatively independent. I have found such places for others, and have no doubt I shall be equally successful in my search for you. *Bon courage, et à bientôt.*"

He bows and disappears behind the folds of my *portière* of faded blue reps. No sooner do I hear the door of the antechamber close behind him than I give a loose rein to my ill humor.

"A well-meaning man, no doubt," I soliloquize; "but he bores me with his persistency. Humph! what do I want of an abbot?"

Still grumbling to myself, I set furiously to work dusting off the mantel, when the sight of my *porte-monnaie*, in its collapsed condition, operates as a mental sedative and turns my thoughts into calmer channels. I reflect that despite his fine promises, M. La Guépière is more likely to consult his own convenience than mine in sending me my three hundred francs; that I possess in my own right only two thousand francs a year, which, fortunately, Lancelot could not touch, as it is inalienable; and, finally, that I can expect no assistance from my family, who have never been able to recover from the expense they incurred on the occasion of my marriage. It is therefore imperative that I shall in some measure provide for myself. And this abbot—perhaps, thanks to him, I may be able to ensnare the *merle blanc*, that is, place as reader to some old lady. Ay, ay, the Abbot Micault is a person to cultivate.

While I resolve all these things in my mind, I suddenly discover that my *habit* is badly adjusted. I take out my comb and some of my hairpins, and standing before the mirror, my chignon half unrolled, I proceed to rearrange my hair. Thus occupied, I am struck with my serious and melancholy expression, and the pallor of my face. My eyes, too, seem unnaturally large and somber.

"How you do look!" I said to myself. "Seven

years of married life have certainly not improved you!" And suddenly I discover that the glass reflects another figure besides my own—the figure of a man with brown eyes and close-cropped hair. I turn, amazed and indignant at being surprised thus with my hair down, and cry:

"Who are you? and what do you mean by coming into people's houses thus unannounced?"

The owner of the close-cropped head begins to stammer out a reply, when I recognize M. Pascal, the second clerk of the huissier, M. Plumerel. He emerges from the folds of the *portière*, holding in one hand his felt hat and in the other a bundle of papers. He finally explains that he entered at the moment the abbot went out, and, finding no one to announce him, he had found his way thus far in search of some one.

The poor fellow is so embarrassed that he wellnigh loses all self-control. I really pity him, and, after having temporarily adjusted my chignon, I do my utmost to conceal my displeasure and beg him to be seated. In making his way to a chair, he runs against a center-table and nearly falls over a footstool, and when finally he is seated he seems at a loss to know what to do with his hands, and to be equally embarrassed with his feet. "Poor fellow," I think; "what a misfortune to be so bashful!" I take the papers, and, as it is necessary to give a receipt for them, I go to my desk to write one. I am ashamed of the ill humor I betrayed, and endeavor to be social, in order to show him that my second impulses are better than my first.

"You have not been long in Paris, I judge?"

"No, madame," he replies, adding, "That is easily seen, is it not?"

By way of reply, I confine myself to a faint smile, and inquire from what province he comes.

"From Bourgogne, from Grancey, a little village quite surrounded by forests."

From the manner in which he pronounces the name of Grancey, and in which his face changes expression, it is evident that he loves his native village. It is thus that my face often lights up when I speak of Chânois, and this resemblance renders my interlocutor more sympathetic.

"I would wager that you love the country," I say to him.

"Indeed I do, madame, and there are moments when I feel something akin to homesickness."

"Then how did it come that you quit your forests and green fields to shut yourself in a horrid office like M. Plumerel's?"

"Ah! that is because," he replies, as he pulls at the brim of his hat with his ink-stained fingers—"because I had taken it into my head to become a musician, and to do that it was neces-

sary to come to Paris. I was brought up by an Alsacian schoolmaster who was music-mad, and who taught me all he knew on the piano. When he was at the end of his knowledge of the art, he said to me: 'Now you must go to Paris; it is only there that you can perfect yourself.' From that time I could think of only one thing—of setting out. But it was not such an easy thing to do."

"Why?"

"Because I am the second of six children, and because my father, who is only a small farmer, could ill afford the expense."

"And how did you manage it?" I inquire, beginning to become interested in his history.

"The most difficult of all was the journey. True, we have a railroad that passes Is-sur-Tille, but the fare to Paris is eighty francs in the third class, and my savings amounted to only fifty; I was, therefore, compelled to find some way by which I could travel gratis."

"And did you succeed?"

"I did," he replies with a certain degree of pride, "and this is the way I did it: With us the stock-raisers send their cattle to Paris by special trains, under the care of men who accompany the animals to the market at Poissy, and who, of course, are carried on the train gratuitously. I arranged with one of the farmers of Montsaugonnais to take the place of one of his men, and in that way I was enabled to make the journey to Paris without depleting my purse."

"But I hope you didn't all have to travel together—you and the cattle—in one compartment?"

He laughed.

"Well, pretty nearly; but I didn't mind that. I put on a blouse, a *biande* as they call them with us, and with my warm woolen cloak around me I was well protected against the wind. I kept thinking, 'I shall soon be in Paris, where I shall hear so much good music and where I can perfect myself as a piano-player,' and that made me forget the discomforts of the journey."

At this moment, in spite of his rustic *gaucherie*, his ill-fitting coat cut by the tailor of his village, his homespun trousers, and his coarse, shapeless shoes, I thought him almost handsome. Leaning against the mantel, with one hand in my hair, I ceased to think of myself as I continued to question him.

"And arrived in Paris, what did you do then?"

"Ah! I soon discovered that all my difficulties were not over. All the money I had amounted to something less than fifty francs. I thought twice before I ventured to spend a sou. Fortunately I had worked in the office of a notary at Grancey who knew M. Plumerel, and his rec-

ommendation procured me my present situation, where I get bread and wine for my *déjeuner* and forty francs a month, and am allowed to go three times a week to the Conservatory to take lessons in harmony and composition."

"And the lessons—do they cost much?"

"Quite enough for my small means, but I have another little resource. In the evening I sometimes do copying, for which I am paid extra."

"And how much can you make at that?"

"Three or four francs in an evening, when there is any work to do."

It is on my tongue to ask if he does not think it would be possible for me to find some copying to do; but a false pride deters me. We look at each other in silence. He divines that I have something more to say, and waits, still fumbling his hat and betraying scarcely less timidity than at first. Finally I renew the conversation:

"Monsieur Pascal—that is your name, I believe?"

"Yes, madame, Pascal Nau."

"I spoke very rudely when you entered the room. I hope you will pardon me; you took me so by surprise. And, to prove to me that you bear me no ill will, play for me a little."

I open the piano. He does not wait to be urged, but immediately seats himself at the instrument; not, however, without catching the nails of his shoes in the carpet as he crosses the floor. He tries the piano for a moment.

"I will play one of my little pieces for you," says he, in a tone that betrays his nervousness.

He begins very *piano*. It is a sort of romance without words; the melody, in a minor key, is very simple, and the rhythm, now hurried and now slow, reminds one of the songs of the peasantry. I listen surprised. In this simple composition there is something wholesome, something large and invigorating. It exhales the odor of mown meadows and ripened grains: in it you seem to hear the long lowing of the cows in their pastures and the melancholy calls of the herdsmen at evening. I close my eyes, and immediately a panorama of Chânois appears to my imagination. The breeze brings me the perfume of the lilacs and the sound of the merrymakings of dear old Chânois; the gurgling of the brook that runs along the high-road; the scent of the hemp-fields of Fossedes-Dames; the humming of the threshers and the cracking of the whips of the plowmen; the babble and hallooing of the women and children on their way to gather beechnuts in the woods already tinted by the approach of autumn. All these impressions succeed one another in rapid succession as the notes vibrate under the fingers of the rustic pianist. I am so moved that my eyes are suf-



fused, and, when finally, after the last accord, he stops playing, I can not find words to thank him.

Embarrassed by my silence, he rises awkwardly and leaves the piano.

"But I fear they will begin to wonder what has become of me at the office—I must hasten back," he stammers, balancing himself like a trick-bear leaning on a stick.

I offer him my hand.

"Thank you, Monsieur Pascal," I say; "your music has done me good. You have genuine talent, and play far better than I expected. *Bon courage!*"

He bows low and finds his way out, while I reproach myself for not having sufficiently complimented him,

"Who knows if I shall ever see him again?"

### III.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

"MADAME, here are the men to move you," says Naniche, as she thrusts her head in at the door, which stands ajar.

Alas! here is also my most painful day, that of my departure. I open the curtains and look into the street. It is raining hard. The sky is the color of soot; the mud of the pavements the color of ink. The cabs hasten past, throwing the mud over the projecting show-windows of the shops, and the umbrellas run against one another in trying to avoid the puddles on the walks. The weather is in perfect harmony with my humor. Only yesterday I went through a disagreeable scene, which gave me a foretaste of what was to come to-day. I had been to notify M. La Guéprière that my new lodgings were ready, and that I expected to move to-day. I found him in his bedchamber, occupied in shaving himself.

"I know, I know!" he replied, puffing out his cheeks, covered with lather. "Well, go! Who hinders you?"

There was a moment of silence, which he profited by to wipe his chin and apply his powder-puff.

"So you're really going, eh?" he continued, with a sarcastic smile, as he proceeded to apply the puff to his thin cheeks. "You think I am used up, and you throw me aside as you would an old lemon from which you had pressed all the juice. But be patient! The day is not far distant when I shall be out of my monetary embarrassments; my Vigo speculation bids fair to yield me millions, and that soon, too, when you will be only too glad to return and warm yourself at my

fireside. But the fact is," he cried with a dramatic flourish, "you are one of the worst of ingrates. You have a husband of whom any other woman would be proud. But tell me, if you can, what do you need that you have not?"

"Everything!"

"That's no answer," he replied, with a shrug.

Then, seeing that my eyes were filled with tears, he continued:

"You weep? Humph, you're a fool! Don't take things so serious; do as I do, and, come what will, make light of it. There is no road that has no turn. Instead of moping, submit gracefully to the unalterable. Go and make yourself look your prettiest, and I will take you to Bréban's for dinner, and from there we will go to the theatre. We will have the appearance of having unveiled a segment of our honeymoon, which will give the gossips something to talk about. To which theatre would you prefer going?"

I could contain myself no longer. The man's cynicism was so revolting to me that I hastened back to my apartments without pausing to make him any reply; but he followed me, repeating his proposition to go to the theatre. After having vainly endeavored to tempt me with a prospect of pleasure—he knows that the theatre is my weakness—he tried the effect of an exhibition of sentiment. He protested that he adored me, that I was everything to him, and implored me to remain at "his fireside." All that had such a false ring that I was utterly unmoved. Then, when he saw that his honeyed words produced no effect, he took to abusing me.

The same impassible silence.

Finally, finding me impregnable to all his assaults, he returned to his chamber to finish making himself ready to go out. When he had finished, he sallied forth with, it seemed to me, even more than his accustomed airs. I was now alone, and occupied myself with my packing. I dined sparingly, and slept anything but well.

This morning, while the heavy steps of the men engaged in moving me are heard in the antechamber, I put on an old dress and proceed to select the furniture I will take. By the terms of the separation all the furniture was given to me.

I have since discovered that it was simply a move on the part of my astute husband, to prevent the furniture falling into the hands of his creditors.

Legally, then, everything here belongs to me; but I have already told M. La Guéprière that I will limit myself to the strictly necessary, and will leave him the rest.

I myself direct the men. While they are taking the sideboard and the table out of the

dining-room, I hear M. La Guéprière rise and walk to and fro in his chamber. It makes my heart bleed to see these first pieces of furniture taken out. I think how my husband's *amour-propre* must suffer, and, despite the aversion I have for him, I can't help feeling sorry for this man who, by his own fault, 'tis true, is about to be left alone, without wife and without friends, in these half-furnished rooms.

I profit by a moment when he goes into his dressing-room to place, by stealth, the portraits of his ancestors in his chamber, which I have no desire to take with me; then I slyly slip my photograph, which is on his mantle, into my pocket. I do not wish to live any longer with him, not even in effigy, and I replace my picture with that of his mother, which is in the *salon*.

He comes in just as things are at this stage, shrugs his shoulders, looks around at the furniture, and never opens his lips. Despite the terrible state of the weather, he has taken as much pains as usual in making his toilet. He has even put on his triumphant gray-pearl trousers. In the button-hole of his coat he has the ribbon of the Order of Christ, which he wears, I always think, because, unless closely observed, it is taken for that of the Legion of Honor. He evidently wishes to inspire me with regrets for what I lose in leaving him. Still continuing to adorn himself, he goes and comes, whistling the while, with seemingly an utter absence of care, the waltz from "Faust"—"Ta ra ta, la la la." He does not skip a single bar, but pauses from time to time to pull out a white hair or to adjust the knot of his cravat; then, taking up the air just where he left off, "Ta la la, te la la," he becomes languishing, almost sentimental. Finally, when he is satisfied with the lay of each individual hair, he stops short on one of his fullest notes, puts on his hat and exits, crying out at the head of the landing that he will be back in half an hour.

Meanwhile I continue my packing. I choose such things as will be most serviceable to him, or as he most prizes, and arrange them in the *salon*, the furniture of which I leave him. When he returns, my arrangements are pretty nearly completed. He glances into the room, the doors of which are wide open.

"Humph!" he grunts, "you are making a clean sweep of things, I see; you are taking everything."

The crying injustice of this remark exasperates me, and, taking from my pocket a little bundle of rose-colored papers, which I offer him, I reply:

"No, I do not take everything; I leave you these papers. They are the receipts for my jewelry, which you have pledged."

He starts and bites his lip, for he is not yet

entirely lost to all sense of manly pride, but he takes the receipts and locks them carefully in his portfolio.

"Thank Heaven, the day is not far distant when I will pay back ten fold!" he replies; "my luck is beginning to turn, and it will not be long till I shall have an abundance."

Then, with a flourish that would become a prince who gives by the million, he hands me a bank-note of one hundred francs.

"Here is some pin-money for you," says he. "Within a week I will send you more."

This bill burns my fingers; it so humiliates me to accept money from the man that I can not prevent the tears coming to my eyes when I am compelled to do it. He sees my tears, and misconstrues their significance.

"You weep!" says he. "Is it because you have a dread of poverty? Ah, madame, your days of ease and comfort are past; you are now about to learn what life really is. You have misunderstood the best of husbands, a man to whom statues ought to be erected, and to whom statues will some day be erected, my word for it! And when you pass by them you will say to yourself, 'And how I, his wife, misunderstood him!'"

All this is declaimed so theatrically, with such emphasis of tone and gesture, that I could not refrain from laughing, if my heart were not so full. I make no reply. I remain seated on the sofa, while the tears roll slowly down my cheeks. He walks to and fro for a minute or two, evidently undecided what to do, then he approaches me, and in a somewhat hesitating tone says:

"If you weep, it is doubtless because you have not enough money. Do you want another napoleon?"

And he takes one from his pocket and throws it on my lap.

This time my indignation is beyond my control. I take the piece of gold and throw it across the room; then, rising and going toward him, while he retreats, completely disconcerted by my menacing manner, I cry:

"You are much in error! If I weep, it is less for myself than for you. I weep because I foresee that when I am no longer here you will do one foolish thing after another, till you are ruined, perhaps worse than ruined. My presence, alone, kept among your acquaintances a few worthy people. I sustained you on the edge of the abyss which has long threatened you. I have been your good sense, your judgment, your respectability, and it is because I knew all this that I have remained so long with you. I weep because I know that when I am gone you will be abandoned by everybody; that you will no longer have either counsel or friends, and I am so weak as to pity you!"

But Lancelot de La Guépière does not wish to be pitied, the pity of others is a mortal wound to his vanity. He is disgusted, and, again resuming his melodramatic tone, he cries:

"O woman, woman! No, you are not human—you are a serpent, a monster! I, a Guépière, abandoned? I, whom all Paris is proud to know! But for you I would have now stood high in the world! Ay, high in the world—do you understand me? If you had seen fit to second me with your imagination, your beauty, and your cleverness—for you have these qualities, I am frank to confess—I say if you had seconded me, we could have done what we would, have stood where we would!"

He raises his hand to his head as though he would at least disarrange the small remnant of a fine head of hair that still remains to him, but he regains his self-control and continues:

"When I think" (here he flourishes his cane frantically)—"when I think of the sacrifices I have made for you, of the mountains I have clambered, of the tempests I have breasted!—and it is now, when I am on the eve of reaching the haven I have so long been struggling to reach, that you desert me! For I am on the eve of reaching the haven of opulence; the last great obstacles have been overcome!" (Here he pauses for a moment to outline the obstacles on the floor, with the end of his cane.) "I tacked here and sailed close there, when I saw at last the goal I was striving to reach." (Here he continues his sketching on the floor by making a circle which is supposed to represent the ideal haven.) "I said to myself, 'Here it is—I am about to enter it, and '—"

"Shall we pack the bust of monsieur?" suddenly cries out one of the movers from the farther end of the *salon*.

M. La Guépière interrupts his topographic demonstration and does not give me time to reply.

"Certainly!" he cries in a peremptory tone.

I knit my brow, and he gives me a look of defiance before returning to the sketch of his haven. But it is given that neither my new lodgings nor posterity shall know the rare piece of sculpture which represents Lancelot de La Guépière, with his hand thrust into the breast of his buttoned coat, his head thrown back, and his hair picturesquely disposed. At the moment when my husband lowers his cane to describe another rhetorical figure—rattletembang!—a crash and an oath which prompt us both to go see what has happened. The mover has let the plaster bust fall, and it is broken into a hundred pieces!

M. La Guépière looks for a moment at the mass of *débris* in mute consternation, while I,

heavy as my heart is, can not conceal a disposition to smile. He perceives it, flies into a passion, pretends that I am the cause of the accident, and even intimates that I have bribed the men to destroy this work of art; then after having abused the men, who do not fail to give him as good as he sends, he seizes his hat and hastens out of the house.

The moving is now finished without any further notable incident. Naniche has gone on before to receive the furniture as it arrives at our new domicile. When all is gone, I make ready to follow; but before starting I go once more through all the rooms, followed by my cat, who seems to realize that something unusual is afoot and keeps up a melancholy mewing. The doors wide open, the windows without curtains, the rooms empty, the floors littered—all that combines to give the place a forlorn and desolate look. The one room that remains intact, M. La Guépière's, adds to the forbidding aspect of the others. Each piece of the furniture of this apartment seems to cry out to me:

"It is over—all is over!"

And I feel for the unfortunate La Guépière that profound pity I always feel for him when he is not present. I restore a little order in his chamber, in order that it may not seem to him wholly desolate when he returns. Then taking Metete in my arms, I descend the stairs, pass rapidly by the porter's lodge, and here I am in the street.

It continues to rain. Protecting my cat under my umbrella, I go up Rue Bonaparte, my heart sad, my mind wellnigh a blank, having only these three words in my head, which keep repeating themselves as regularly as the tic-tac of a clock:

"It is over—all is over!"

The rooms I have taken were recommended to me by the Abbot Micault, whom I have now seen several times, and who has proved very kind and considerate. My new home is situated at the extremity of Rue Cassette in the third story of an old dilapidated mansion, whose windows look out on the garden of the aforetime Carmelite convent. When I arrive there, everything is already unpacked and thrown pell-mell into three rooms with very high ceilings, which, however, seem lower than they are on account of the disorder that reigns everywhere.

I have no longer any heart to do anything. Seated on a large basket with Metete in my lap, I look about me almost terror-stricken; indeed, I feel truly miserable. Everything that surrounds me has an aspect so strange, so forbidding, so inhospitable! The color of the wall-paper is somber; through the high, naked windows I see the leafless tops of the trees swaying to and fro in the wind and rain. This new life I am about

to enter frightens me. I am no longer anything—neither spinster, wife, nor widow. I am in the neutral, equivocal condition of a *femme séparée*. For the first time in my life I am about to be solely responsible for my acts. It seems to me that I have suddenly become twenty years older, and I contemplate with fear and trembling this same independence which I have been so intent on achieving. Although M. La Guépière never was capable of advising me, far from it, still the idea of being compelled, in future, to rely wholly on myself has something appalling in it. I see only the dark side of my position; I feel that liberty, for a woman, is full of perils against which she is rarely sufficiently armed. I do not regret the step I have taken; but I am afraid.

And then the money question troubles me. I have little faith in the promises of M. La Guépière, and besides I have a horror of accepting anything from him. What is more revolting than the idea of being supported by a man whom one despises? And then the situation is aggravated, when one knows that the sources whence he receives his money are questionable.

When I was under his roof, "at his fireside," as he expresses it, I had my scruples, and considered myself the moral accomplice of his hazardous speculations; now that I am separated from him, I am still more reluctant to be indebted to him for shelter and support. I am determined to work; but I know how difficult it is for a woman, who has learned no vocation, to earn her bread. Nevertheless, I must make an effort, I must try; and yet I feel quite unnerved, in fact almost disheartened, at the prospect before me.

While I give myself up to these gloomy reflections, the merry sound of fresh, young voices reaches my ear from the other side of the wall, which separates me from my co-tenants. They are the voices of my neighbor's children. From what the Abbot Micault has told me, the husband is *sous-chef aux cultes*,\* and the wife is a little older than I am. These are pious, right-thinking people, and the abbot hopes, doubtless, that their example will have a wholesome influence on me. I can hear, from time to time, the familiar sounds of their interior: the noise of a table that they place and dress for the *djeuner*. Some one, the little girl doubtless, practices the scales at the piano—"Do ra me fa sol—" The sounds rise and fall with now a hitch, and now a false note, and now a word of reproof from the mother, and now one of commendation. This routine of a household in which there are children, and those occupied with the duties of rearing them properly, reminds me only too painfully

of the desolateness of my situation. My heart bleeds afresh when, glancing at my four naked walls and my furniture scattered chaotically around me, I contemplate my new home in which I am to live alone—all alone.

#### IV.

##### A COURSE OF DEVOTIONAL READING.

I BEGIN to think that in this troublous world, by dint of perseverance—and the grace of God—as the Abbot Micault says—we sometimes obtain what we desire.

Whether this be true or not, the good abbot has kept his word with me. He had exerted himself to the utmost to find suitable apartments for me, and toward the end of January he found an old lady, a little deaf and with quite poor eyesight, who wanted a well-bred, intelligent young woman, who was endowed with a pleasant voice and had a clear articulation, to read devotional books to her. It was arranged that every day, Sundays and holidays included, I should spend three hours, from 4 to 7 P. M., with the Countess de Seigneulles, and that I should receive therefor the sum of ninety francs per month. It is little, but it is a beginning, and moreover it puts a bit of blue in my horizon which was so very black. With this modest sum per month and my little yearly income of two thousand francs, I can, by living very economically, do without the humiliating subsidy from M. La Guépière. When, therefore, the abbot brought me this welcome intelligence, I found it difficult to refrain from embracing him.

It was not, however, without a violent beating of the heart and many a misgiving that I began my apprenticeship. I spent the morning of the first day of my service in sipping lemonade to clear my voice, so much did I fear having *des chats*.\* The countess lives in the second story of an old house of cloistral aspect in Rue d'Enfer. When I entered her large, cold *salon*, with its furniture covered with gray linen, I felt a chill run down my back, and I looked at myself a moment in a mirror to see if my appearance and bearing comported with my errand. My thoughtful face was framed in a profusion of chestnut hair, whose rebellious curls I had been at great pains to smooth.

"Very well, Geneviève, my child," said I to myself, with a faint smile; "with your little black dress, yours is quite the regulation air, I should say, of a reader *de bonne maison*!"

I was conducted to the chamber of the count-

\* Officer of Public Worship.

\* *Un chat dans la gorge*, something sticking in one's throat.



ess. It is a room of a severe aspect, in the style of the *salon*. No carpet on the waxed floor, which glistened like polished rosewood. The Louis XVI furniture is of mahogany, with brass-mounted corners. The only ornaments on the black-marble mantel are a clock and a pair of rock-work candlesticks. On the wall above the bed, hung with heavy damask curtains, a large figure of the Saviour extends its arms over a black-velvet background. Not a knickknack, nothing in the way of *bric-à-brac* is anywhere to be seen; and nothing adorns the walls but a portrait of the Count de Chambord, and a photograph representing three children's heads, the granddaughters of the mistress of the house. In the center of the room is a small table covered with a cloth, and, near the table, a large easy-chair upholstered with Holland velvet, in which sits Madame de Seigneulles, bolt upright, in a plain, steel-gray silk dress, and a lace cap with mauve ribbons, with her hands, palms down, resting on her knees.

The countess is about seventy-eight years old, but she is exceedingly well preserved, and must have been very handsome, though her beauty was evidently of the cold, unsympathetic sort. She is tall, and has a very grand air, though somewhat lacking in grace. Her complexion must have been quite fair. Her eyes are blue, well-shaped, but rather deep-set; her lids are a little red and quite veinous, like those of a person who has often wept. She has few lashes and almost no eyebrows; her nose is decidedly aquiline, and long and delicately chiseled, without being very sharp; her mouth is full of goodness, and when she opens it she shows a glistening set of false teeth. As for her hair, it was long since replaced by a brown foretop, verging on the sandy, dressed with a heavy curl on each side of the face. Her neck is always imprisoned in a fluted collar; her hands, thin and tapering, are of the genuine patrician mold; her figure is far from being very spare for one of her age, and her bust still retains a certain symmetry of contour that incites to speculation. I ask myself if it is genuine, or if it participates in the artificial nature of her hair and teeth. The whole forms an *ensemble* correct and distinguished, with, at the same time, something of the proud and affable.

Madame de Seigneulles at first had me come very near to her.

"Allow me," said she, in a slightly tremulous tone, "to become more familiar with the face of the person with whom I am to spend a portion of my time—I saw you so imperfectly when you were presented to me. Take off your bonnet, and make yourself quite comfortable."

I obeyed, and, reddening to the ears, I seated

myself as near as possible to the easy-chair. The countess looked at me very closely for a moment, and then, with a singular curl of the lip, which reminded me of a movement peculiar to the rabbit, she continued:

"The Abbot Micault has told me that you are not happy; that is easily seen, although it is clear, from the expression of your mouth, that you are no misanthrope. Well, I am glad to be able to tell you that I already love you with my eyes, and I hope soon to love you with my heart."

Her tone, as well as her words, was very encouraging. I was still too much embarrassed to make a fitting reply, but I felt that my eyes conveyed what my heart had to express. She asked me some questions concerning my marriage and M. La Guépière, and seemed almost shocked at my resolution to live alone, without, however, criticising it too severely. After having chatted for some time, she pointed to a volume lying on the table.

"We will begin, if you please, with this book," said she; "it is said to be very interesting, and was recommended to me by our worthy *curé* of Saint-Jacques. It will, I trust, enable us to pass the hours agreeably."

I opened it and looked at the title. It was "The History of Christopher Columbus."

"There are five volumes," resumed the countess; "it is a little long, but that does not matter when a work is interesting and instructive. Do not forget, please, that I am a little hard of hearing. It will not be necessary, however, for you to speak very loud, but only to articulate distinctly."

I felt most uncomfortable when I began. My voice sounded to me like that of another; but I was resolute, and did as well as I could. I read like a pedagogue, pausing slightly at the commas, was more respectful to the semicolons, and so on, rendering to each mark the deference I had been taught at school to show it. I was in mortal fear that I should stumble and stammer; but, fortunately, all went well—much better, in fact, than I expected.

I read on for over an hour, almost without a pause. I was conscious that I was monotonous, and feared that I was wearying my listener; but my style was certainly quite up to the level of the book, for never in my life had I read anything more thoroughly insipid.

"Very interesting! a very instructive work!" the countess would remark, from time to time. "I am greatly indebted to the *curé* for recommending it to me."

At the end of an interminable introductory chapter, I was overjoyed to hear Madame de Seigneulles say, in a tone that argued entire sincerity:

"Ah, my dear madame, how glad I am to have you! Your voice is so clear, so agreeable, and so fresh! I do not lose a word; besides, you know how to read. The outlook promises well."

Although it had struck seven, I did not venture on this first sitting to have the appearance of being in haste to get away. I therefore remained seated until my employer herself gave me leave to go.

"The clock tells me our time is up," said she, "so good evening. I hope we shall be well pleased with each other. *A demain!*"

It was thus that I made my *début* as a reader to the good Countess de Seigneulles. I returned home proud, almost happy, where, after supper, Naniche would have me drink some egg-flip, insisting that I must be quite exhausted. I went to sleep dreaming of Christopher Columbus, the five volumes of whose history multiplied like the loaves and fishes of the evangelists.

Since that, to me, memorable day, nearly four months have passed, and every afternoon the old countess and I have penetrated further and further into our author's account of the discovery of America. I serve this not over-savory intellectual nourishment to her in slices, and she assimilates it without a single grimace. At first I used often, when I was reading, to glance at her to see if she was not asleep, saying to myself, *in petto*, "What a nap I would have, if I were in her place!"

But there she always sat, bol. upright and utterly impassible under this *douche d'ennui* which fell in one continuous and steady stream. Little by little, however, I have had the satisfaction of seeing her unbend, which has, naturally, resulted in putting me more at my ease. Sometimes we pause in our historical studies, when she questions me concerning my years of married life. At such times I yield to my natural promptings, and I can see that many of my reflections amuse her. She is in sympathy with my frank and perhaps impulsive nature, which is evinced by her becoming gradually more communicative.

I suspect that she, too, was not very happily married. She has intimated to me that the late Count de Seigneulles was a very handsome man, but that he was inordinately fond of play, and had a supreme dislike for anything like restraint. Further, she seems to have often suffered from his changeable humor and ungovernable temper. After having, one day, told me of some of his escapades, she added, with a sigh, which seemed to me to be rather a sigh of relief than of regret:

"But, poor man, he's dead!"

The life she leads now is rather monotonous, and her son neglects her in winter for society,

and in summer for the watering-places. Alone in her spacious domicile, with her three servants of whom she is afraid, she has become devout rather from *ennui* than from inclination.

Having been, in her time, very handsome, much admired, and much followed, she has found it difficult to grow old philosophically. In her despair she cultivates the society of men of the Church. Her purse is always at their disposal, and at least once a week she has some of them at dinner. As a natural consequence, they are assiduous in their attentions, and she—she relishes their adulation all the more as it recalls the days of her social triumphs.

It is probably to please her friend the *curé* of Saint-Jacques that she persists in her seeming determination to hear the whole of the insipid story of Columbus. Oh, what a tiresome wretch he is! He nearly drives me mad! But I avenge myself. When the countess seems to me to be dreaming or napping with her eyes open, I do not hesitate to profit by her quasi-somnolency to turn three or four pages at a time. Generally she does not notice it; sometimes, however, she will ask:

"The narrative is very disconnected—don't you think so, *ma chère petite?*"

And I have the effrontery to reply, with the utmost seriousness:

"No, madame, I don't see that it is."

I keep hoping that she will tire of the stupid book. I should say that she will confess she is tired of it, for I know that, in reality, she is already as tired of it as I am, and half the time hardly knows what I am reading about, for from time to time she will interrupt me with such observations as—

"Dear me, my child, what little ears you have!" or, "How beautifully your eyebrows are arched!"

I find that she has been only half listening, and profit by the discovery to introduce some topic that I think may make her forget the book; but I rarely succeed. She told me a day or two ago that, cost what it may, we must go through the whole five volumes in order to do honor to the recommendation of the worthy *curé* of Saint-Jacques.

I imagine that he must have imposed this reading on her as a penance. The sin was great, or the confessor most severe. Since the beginning of spring, the history of the pious navigator seems to me more tedious than ever. The bright sun of April and May has given me ideas of revolution and dissipation. I wish for a book more in harmony with the renewal of the verdure and blue skies. Through the closed windows I hear the whistling of the blackbird in the neighboring gardens. It seems to me that,

in passing the Luxembourg, I have taken with me, in my hair or the folds of my dress, an odor of lilacs, which makes me giddy and absent-minded. I skip whole sentences and turn three leaves at a time; but what do I gain by it? We don't seem to get on; we are still in the third volume.

"What in the world did this man ever want to discover America for?" I mutter, scarcely able to contain myself.

Yesterday I went to my daily task feeling almost spiteful. I passed through the garden, which made my heart rebel against the idea of being shut up in this old monastic pile of a lovely May afternoon, when the sun was smiling so cheerfully through the branches of the trees, and the air was laden with the odors of spring. On entering, I found my old lady wearing an unusually grave and devotional mien.

"My child," said she, "we will let Christopher Columbus rest to-day; I go to communion to-morrow, and will ask you to read to me, by way of preparation, a few pages of some devotional work. It is quite the same to you, is it not?"

"Oh, quite, madame," was my reply; but that was not true, for anything was preferable to the discovery of America.

The "Imitation" was on the table, with the "Life of Saint Theresa." Madame de Seigneulles having bid me choose in the first of these books what chapter I pleased, I turned to the one headed, "The Admirable Effects of Divine Love." I have long been familiar with it, and it has always pleased me. I know not whether it was due to the spring air I had just been inhaling, or to some other cause, but certain it is that I read this morning in an entirely different tone from that in which I was wont to read the history of the tiresome Christopher. I occupied myself less with the punctuation, and I threw into my utterance an animation and a fervor that were quite foreign to my usual mode. The countess opened her eyes with amazement. When I came to the passage, "Nothing is more gentle than love, nothing more powerful, more elevated or delicious; nothing is more perfect in the heavens above or on the earth beneath," she placed her hand on mine, and interrupted me by saying, in a slightly tremulous tone:

"Why, my child, you read admirably; this is a revelation, and I am overjoyed! Continue—you do me great good."

And I continued. Alas! poor countess, how much you were deceived if you thought it was my extraordinary appreciation of divine love that made the tones of my voice so effective. Much of their eloquence was due, I fear, to a very mundane alloy, and perhaps also to some malice.

But I achieved my greatest triumph when I

came to the words, "O my best beloved!" I threw an indescribable something into the utterance of these words which seemed to thrill my listener. It doubtless awakened mundane recollections in her which were not altogether seasonable on a day of preparation. In the midst of these mystic effusions she suddenly cried out to me:

"Ah, child, child, what soul you put into your reading to-day! Is it, indeed, of our good Lord you are thinking?"

When the hour for me to take leave came, she drew me toward her with a vivacity I had never before seen her exhibit, and kissed me tenderly on the forehead. I was scarcely less moved than she was. The captious liquor of mystic love had, I think, slightly inebriated us both.

I returned home by way of the Luxembourg garden. The chestnut-trees, covered with white and rose-colored flowers, stood out in large masses on the deep-blue background of the evening sky. The hawthorns and the cherry-trees, too, were in full bloom. The blackbirds chased one another merrily from branch to branch, and a delicious odor of bitter almonds was exhaled by the clumps of gillyflowers. Here and there were couples of promenaders who were following the windings of the walks, while on every side was heard the merry laugh of joyous childhood. When I was in the midst of these surroundings I involuntarily sighed:

"And I am all alone—all alone!"

Never had my isolation weighed upon me so heavily; never had I so fully realized my misfortune in being condemned to a life of solitude at the age of twenty-seven.

I had never before felt so little inclined to return to my somber and deserted domicile. I strolled carelessly through the little gardens that border Rue de Vaugirard and the extension of Rue Bonaparte. I listened dreamily to the *Angelus* that echoed from the belfries of the neighboring churches.

My nostrils dilated when I passed the grass-plots, the grass of which had been recently clipped, and which exhaled an odor that reminded me of the meadows of my native village.

As I turned round a clump of rose-bushes, I came near running against a big fellow who was occupied in breaking up a piece of bread and throwing it to a flock of sparrows. As I said what I could to excuse my awkwardness, and the young man raised his hat rather awkwardly to me, I recognized the close-cropped head of M. Pascal Nau.

He could only blush and stammer, and stare at me with his big, honest brown eyes. At any other time I think I should have returned his salutation and continued on my way, so little

patience was I disposed to have with his bashfulness; but that day the benign teachings of Saint Theresa, the odor of the newly clipped grass-plots, and the invigorating air of spring, made me charitable as well as bold. I felt a longing for companionship, a desire to communicate my impressions to another; and, as the demi-rustic M. Nau is neither redoubtable nor compromising, I ventured to be the first to speak.

"Good evening, M. Pascal," said I. "Are you distributing to the sparrows what remains of your dinner?"

At the word "dinner" he smiled, though evidently embarrassed, and hastened to put a large piece of bread in his pocket. It suddenly occurred to me that this small loaf comprised the entire bill of fare of his evening meal, and this thought developed in me a feeling of compassion and disposed me to be affable.

"I am only out for a stroll," said he, evasively. "Such weather as this I can not box myself up between my four walls. I laid my copying aside, and came out to enjoy the fresh air and the flowers."

"Then you have still plenty of copying?"

"More than I can do; in fact, I have lately been compelled to refuse half they offered me."

For a long time I had been ambitious to be entirely independent, by adding in some way to my modest earnings. I therefore overcame my pride and replied:

"If you have more copying than you can do, I should be very glad if you would send me some of it."

He looked at me as though he did not believe his ears.

"What!" he exclaimed, "would you—would you like to do some of it?"

"Why not? I write a good, bold hand. I am sure that M. Plumerel would be satisfied with me."

"But it's so tiresome—not the least interesting. And, then, you have to do so much for a little money!"

"No matter! People who are compelled to work for a living are often obliged to do that which is distasteful."

"Very well, if you are really in earnest, I shall be glad to serve you. I will bring you something to copy to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad to do it."

For a few seconds we walked silently down the walk; then I asked:

"And your music? How are you getting on?"

"Pretty well. I think I have found a publisher for some of my melodies. But I feel so lazy since the weather has begun to get warm! I am tired of the routine, humdrum life I lead,

and feel a desire to mix with the throng, or to wander about where there are trees and grass. It is a strange longing that I can not account for, and that I never experienced till quite recently."

Alas, how perfectly I was able to sympathize with him!

"Are you, then, so entirely alone?" I asked.

"Have you no friends, no comrades?"

"I have neither friends nor comrades, nor—nor anybody," he replied, with a smile.

I pretended not to understand.

"You see, when the feeling of loneliness becomes greater than I can bear," he continued, "I come here and look at the people as they go and come, and, above all, at the students of this neighborhood as they stroll through the walks, and sit under the trees with their sweethearts, and, like Jean Jacques, while I eat my dry bread I sniff the odor of the roast meats of others."

At this remark I could not refrain from laughing. The ice was now pretty thoroughly broken, and, like two old comrades, we chatted as we strolled through the walks, until the night was wellnigh upon us; until, in fact, I was suddenly reminded that it was getting late by the guardians' announcement that the gates were about to close.

"Dear me! is it so late? I must hurry home," I exclaimed, quite ashamed, and suddenly mindful that Naniche would be alarmed about me. "I shall expect to hear from you to-morrow, M. Pascal. Good-by;" and I quickened my pace toward home.

He paused, seemingly in doubt whether he should offer to accompany me or not. Finally, he saluted me, and I hastened through the gate of Rue de Fleurus, when, as I looked back, I saw him standing motionless before a clump of lilacs.

## V.

### A CHAPTER OF TEMPTATIONS.

PASCAL NAU kept his promise. The day after we met in the Luxembourg garden he brought me some legal papers to copy, and very kindly gave me all sorts of directions as to the manner in which it should be done; the character of the writing, the regulation number of lines on a page, and of syllables in a line. My head is rather thick for such details, and consequently I put his patience to a somewhat severe test, without going out of my way to do it. He is certainly an excellent young fellow, as sensible as he is honest; all he seems to lack—and that he assuredly does lack—is a knowledge of the world. If I were not compelled to be continually on my guard against *What will people say?* I would like



nothing better than to undertake, in a friendly way, to make him appear a little less like a country bumpkin; but my peculiar situation as a *femme séparée* obliges me to be rigorously reserved and careful. Even now, circumspect as I am, the good Abbot Micault makes a wry face if he chances to be with me when M. Pascal comes to bring me or to take away any work.

As the copies are generally wanted at the earliest possible moment, I give the early morning to them, when I am fresh, and can work fast. I push my little table up before the open window, and, while the bells ring the *Angelus*, while the swallows describe their circles and fill the air with their cries, I apply myself closely to my task. I copy strange phrases, expressed in barbarous French; my pen flies with rapidity over the stamped paper; I cover sheet after sheet, until my head swims, and the letters dance before my eyes.

When my fingers get stiff, and my vision blurred, I lean out of the window and rest my eyes by looking at the verdure of the garden of the Carmelites. There is something calm and pacific about the inclosure; it breathes a somnolent or rather a sedative atmosphere peculiar to those spots where we find the clergy domiciled. Above the linden-trees, I can see the gray façade of the old convent, with its irregular windows and small, greenish panes, its grass-grown steps, and its moss-covered roof. The dumpy cupola of the chapel raises its slate dome above the roofs, and, in an angle, an old square tower supports an open and slender bell-turret, from which, from hour to hour, comes the monotonous ringing of the morning masses. Between two parallel walks, shaded by trees, there are plots artistic and regular in their form, and separated from one another by narrow pathways. On every hand there are young priests, professors at the Catholic university, walking silently to and fro with their noses thrust into their breviaries.

About eleven o'clock, every other day, the Abbot Micault, who attends a course of lectures at the university, clambers up my three flights of stairs to make me a visit. Since I have been installed, he has continued to evince a lively interest in everything that concerns me. He is obliging, and is very discreet on the subject of religion; he rarely says anything to me about the salvation of the soul or about our Holy Mother the Church, and, as a consequence, my suspicion and distrust have little by little disappeared, and we have become very good friends. I occasionally invite him to share my noonday breakfast with me, and on those days I am careful to have a copy of the "*Figaro*," for I have discovered that the good abbot has a great fondness for profane reading. In his turn, he pre-

pares little surprises for me. Having discovered that I am something of a gourmand, he not unfrequently, when he comes to see me, takes from the vast pocket of his cassock a little package of delicacies. He calls that bringing his course. When he removes with the greatest precaution the paper that envelops his "surprise," his eyes sparkle and his lips smile. Inordinate love of gratifying the organ of taste is the habitual sin of us both; and it is that, more than any other one thing, perhaps, that has tended to cement our friendly relations. At table the abbot appears to great advantage. He is affable, talkative, and tolerant. He laughs at my whims, and eats with an evident relish that is refreshing to witness. His nose never fails to assert itself at our modest festivities by putting on a look that may, perhaps, be best characterized as one of *naïve* sensuality.

"The dish seems quite to your taste, Monsieur l'Abbé," I recently remarked to him, on one of these occasions.

"And why do you think so?"

"Because I see your nose enlarge like a circumflex accent," I replied, irreverently.

He chuckled heartily, but managed to do it without losing a single movement of his jaws.

As soon as he has finished his coffee, he goes to a school near by, in which he has some classes. Then I am alone again, when I occupy myself with my copying, if I have any to do, or with my needles, until the hour when I go to the countess—unless, perchance, my neighbor, Madame Lobligeois, the wife of the *sous-chef*, comes in to see me. She seems to have taken a liking to me, and visits me oftener than I care to have her. She is a piquant brunette, rather slight, with handsome teeth, very red lips, and large, phosphorescent gray eyes, but with a flat and bony figure. Her character offers a singular combination of rigid piety and unrestrained worldliness. In her the saint and the sinner appear in colors that are unmistakable: she divides her time between good works and bad books; occupies herself with public charities, and lets her children go out with holes in their stockings, and winter clothes in midsummer. The husband, absorbed in the affairs of his office and the editing of a religious journal, works like a slave, seems to take no interest in his home affairs, and leaves his wife to go on her own way and do as she pleases. He is a little, stunted man, unbrushed, uncombed, and threadbare. Everything about him is black, from his coat to his teeth and nails. A very good father of a family, nevertheless, really fond of his children, though not at all demonstrative. Madame Sabine Lobligeois seems to me to hold him in mediocre esteem; his appearance is not sufficiently commanding, and

then she can not forgive him for still being only *sous-chef* of his bureau.

Our acquaintance was made through the children. The windows of our story open on to a sort of external gallery, which is common to the two suites of apartments. During their hours of recreation, the little Lobligeois frequently resort to this balcony, where there is nothing but some steps with a few flower-pots to mark the boundary-line between their territory and mine. Being fond of children, and seeing these somewhat neglected, I naturally felt interested in them. They did not hesitate to enter my apartments, and, finding that I occupied myself more with them than any one occupied himself with them at home, they soon became my frequent visitors; then Madame Lobligeois, who seems to have few resources within herself, profited by this circumstance to make my acquaintance.

She is very demonstrative in evincing her interest in me, and volunteers a great deal of sympathy for my unfortunate position. It would be impossible for me to tell how her indiscreet condoling irritates me. I have noticed that when M. Pascal comes to bring me any copying, or to get any I have done, she rarely fails to find some pretext for appearing on the balcony, and finding her way into my rooms. The amiable rustic seems to interest her.

The other day, after he left me and she and I were alone, she inquired where I made his acquaintance; in reply I narrated the circumstance that led to the relations that exist between us, whereupon she donned the mien of a prude, and did not hesitate to express her astonishment at my venturing to receive him; "for," said she dropping her eyes, "some people might think it dangerous."

"What! M. Pascal dangerous!" I cried, laughing. "I assure you, madame, he is not at all dangerous to me."

"A handsome young man is always dangerous," she replied, with a sigh, "and we should never defy the fiend. Are you quite sure, *ma chère*, that this gentleman never thinks of making love to you?"

"Quite sure, and, were I to see anything that changed my opinion, I should immediately ask him to discontinue his visits."

"And you would be right. In your position, one can not be too circumspect."

It would seem that *her* position does not render it necessary for her to be so much on her guard, for, whenever he is here, she never ceases to ply him with languishing glances, to which, however, he—thanks, perhaps, to his rusticity—pays the least possible attention.

She continued in a pathetic tone:

"Oh, I pity you from the bottom of my heart!

Your situation appears to me at once so perilous and so hard to bear, for at our ages the heart is still alive to all the tender emotions, and it is with difficulty that we can resign ourselves to a loveless life."

"The life I lead does not allow me time to think of such things," I replied. "Besides, one should be sufficiently philosophic to endure what can not be cured."

"Alas! And then you can gather some consolation from the reflection that your husband is not immortal, and that his death—"

"Oh, M. La Guépière enjoys very good health, and has no notion of dying," I interrupted.

"The ways of Providence are impenetrable," she replied, feelingly. "Prayer may do much. In your place, I would go often to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours."

"To pray for the death of my husband?"

"Why not? I have the most unlimited confidence in the intercession of the Holy Virgin."

I could not help laughing. The manner in which this bigot viewed the interpositions of Providence appeared to me very singular. Nevertheless, this conversation resulted in my recalling many unpleasant things that I had in some measure succeeded in banishing from my thoughts. Lacking in both moral and common sense, the woman had cruelly opened a very painful wound.

I am not quite twenty-eight years old, am young physically and morally, and solitude is as distasteful to me as the society of others is agreeable; nevertheless, I am condemned to live alone until the death of M. La Guépière gives me back my liberty—that is, probably till I am old and ugly, till life will no longer have any, or, at all events, but few charms for me. Some things in this world are surely very badly ordered. Here I am, at twenty-eight, reduced to the odious alternative of wishing my husband dead or of outraging public opinion by remembering that I have a heart and listening to its promptings. Could anything be more absurd and unjust! Around me, at this moment, there are people who enjoy the flowers, the azure of the sky, the prattle of their children, the affection of their friends, who gorge themselves with the pleasures of life as the epicure does with the luxuries of the table. Why all this for others and nothing for me, whose only fault consists in having married M. La Guépière at an age when I was inexperienced and irresponsible?

These reflections injure my temper and tend to make me misanthropic. I feel that I am getting bad daily, and the poor Abbot Micault has to suffer by it. I am sometimes almost rude to him; I tease him, and practice all sorts of school-

boy tricks, to disturb his humdrum ecclesiastic existence.

One of his most cherished distractions when he comes to see me is to read a newspaper. Of late, out of sheer wickedness, I have provided a copy of one of the most scandalously radical journals for him. He is hardly seated in my arm-chair, when he looks about for his daily allowance of such secular things as are to be gleaned from one of the political papers.

"Where is your paper, my child?"

"I have put it out of the way." And I put on my most hypocritical mien.

"Why?"

"Because—because it is the 'Voltaire,' and there are some things in it that would shock you. I will send out for the 'Union.'"

The abbot having already read the 'Union,' and not being averse to varying his pleasures, makes a grimace, hesitates a moment between his conscience and his love of reading of secular things, and then says:

"Well, give me the 'Voltaire'; once does not make it a custom, my child."

I do his bidding, and he adjusts his glasses and proceeds to enjoy the forbidden fruit. The radical doctrines outrage all his convictions, but, on the other hand, the local news, theatrical criticisms, and the like interest him deeply; and, while he alternately scowls and bites his lip to keep from laughing, he swallows the poison to the last drop.

Sometimes I tease him atrociously, and not unfrequently I am ashamed of myself afterward; but I seem to be urged on by some demon. I become bold and malignant, like the fly in a storm. I ask him the most embarrassing questions, and amuse myself by leading the poor abbot on the most perilous ground, and take a fiendish pleasure in seeing him so bewildered that he is at a loss to know which way to turn.

We had taken our *déjeuner* together in my little dining-room, and still sat at the table. The sky was cloudless, and through the open window a sunbeam played with the iron-gray locks of my venerable *convive*, who was occupied in sipping his coffee, which is his special weakness. When it is just to his taste, as it was on this occasion, nothing makes him so communicative and confidential. While I sat and contemplated him as he sipped the contents of his cup with such evident satisfaction, a ridiculous idea came into my head, and I suddenly asked:

"My dear abbot, tell me, you who know the world so well, do you believe we can live without loving?"

He replaced his cup in the saucer.

"Don't begin on that theme, my child."

And, with a look of abstraction, he began to

hum a church air, in the hope, seemingly, of turning my thoughts into another channel.

But I was obstinate, I would not allow them to be turned into another channel, and I determined to be answered. He had not yet finished his coffee, and I felt sure he would not leave it to escape my embarrassing questions; I therefore resolutely rested my elbows on the table, and, looking my interlocutor full in the face, I repeated:

"Tell me, do you believe in Platonic love?"

"Certainly, my child, certainly. That is—understand me—I believe that that alone is excusable. *Tum te te, tum te te—*"

And he resumed his humming.

"Really?" I reply, with the rising inflection and a hypocritical sigh. Then, after pausing a moment, I continue:

"But the Church admits that there is another, since the *Pater* says, 'Let us not yield to temptation.' You have never been tempted, have you, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Good gracious! My child, what are you thinking of?"

"But you must tell me. Have you never, when thinking of profane love, regretted that you were a priest?"

"Never—no, never have I had such wicked thoughts!" cried the abbot.

"Indeed! Well, in that case, allow me to tell you that you can not claim to be really virtuous."

"Eh, what! How so?"

"There can be no real virtue where there is no sacrifice. You say you have never been tempted; you have, therefore, never made any sacrifices, and, as a consequence, are not virtuous."

"What sophistry! There is temptation and temptation, and— But, my child, I do not understand."

"Then I will explain. You must have been a handsome young man, Monsieur l'Abbé, and you lived among very worldly people. It seems to me quite impossible that you have never had one tiny little regret, one tiny little temptation. Why need you hesitate to confess it—to me (and I employed my most insinuating tone and my most winning mien)? Tell me all about it. I like to be confided in."

The poor abbot, red and embarrassed, looked, with comic indecision, first at his hat, on a chair in the corner, and then at his cup, which was still half full.

"My child," he entreated, "let us change the subject; I have nothing to tell."

"What, nothing? You have never met a woman at sight of whom you have said to yourself, 'Ah, if I were not a priest, I, too, could have a wife and children?'"

The abbot ran his fingers through his hair, and, raising his eyes toward heaven, in his perplexity exclaimed :

"But, what do you want to know such things for? I am sixty years old, and never in my whole life—never—did any one ask me such questions before."

"But I may take a liberty that would be improper in another," I replied. "Am I not, like you, of a neutral sex, neither maid nor wife nor widow? I see no harm in your making me the confidant of your little temptations."

"What a woman! what a woman!" sighed the abbot. "No, really I can think of nothing—nothing!"

And he spoke truthfully, the good abbot!

Finally, harassed and perplexed by my persistency, he cried, with an admixture of complacency and anger :

"Well, yes, once—just once, I suppose the devil did tempt me a little. There, are you satisfied?"

I had pushed my elbows farther forward on the table, and, with my chin in my hands, waited anxiously.

"Just once," he continued, leaning back in his chair and putting his hand over his eyes like a shade, while a melancholy smile played about the corners of his lips. "It was in Touraine, at the château of the Duke of Rochecotte, where I was preceptor. We were setting out on a little excursion, on donkeys, in the neighborhood."

"Ah! And there were ladies of the party?"

"Certainly, certainly there were ladies," replied the abbot, pausing to take a sip of coffee.

I. Well?

*The Abbot (as one half dreaming).* There was one who was lovely, so modest in manner, and as pure in mien and as beautiful in feature as Raphael's Madonna.

(Conclusion next month.)

*I (in an encouraging tone).* La Belle Jardinière. And then—?

*The Abbot.* She came a little late, and there was no one to assist her to mount her donkey.

I. And you?

*The Abbot.* Well I—I approached and offered my assistance. (Pause.) She accepted, and—

I. And then—?

*The Abbot.* I was compelled to take her by the waist.

*I (in a more and more urgent tone).* Certainly! And then—?

*The Abbot (very hurriedly).* When I felt this supple form in my arms I also felt that I, too, was young, and that my blood warmed. She noticed that I was agitated, for she looked at me and blushed deeply. The next moment she trotted away on her donkey to join the others. In the evening I excused myself and did not go down to dinner, and that night I thought more of the young lady than became me; so much, indeed, did she absorb my thoughts that I deemed it prudent to ask the duke for a leave of absence the next day, and I did not return to the château until the lady had left. I never saw her afterward.

The abbot remained silent for a moment; then, as he arose, he added :

"That, my child, was the only time the devil has ever tempted me in that way; only, that once, I assure you."

The dignified simplicity of the tone in which he spoke made me regret that I had so tormented him, and caused him to awaken the recollection of this solitary sin of his youth. I took the good man's hand, and said to him, in as earnest a tone as I could command :

"My dear abbot, you are a saint. I will never tease you again."

ANDRÉ THEURIET.

## THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS OF EGYPT.

### II.

IN the summer of 1876 Mr. Hackman presided over the "Justice Sommaire"—a tribunal which has jurisdiction over contests arising between a master and his servant for wages, rent due, and civil obligations involving small amounts, as well as, in certain cases, possessory actions. During the same summer M. Lapenna, the vice-president, represented the court. The designation of Mr. Hackman by the tribunal to the "Justice Sommaire" had been approved by the court

before the adjournment and the scattering of the judges thereof. About this period the first judgment of the courts was pronounced against the Khedive. He had declared that he was not subject to their jurisdiction. The court of appeals decided that he was. Execution issued and property belonging to him was attempted to be seized. The officers of the law were driven off the premises, or rather prevented from entering upon them, by the servants of his Highness. The incident



necessarily created great excitement. At the next session thereafter of the "Justice Sommaire," Mr. Hackman declared that, inasmuch as the Khedive would not allow judgments to be executed against him, he (Hackman) would not render judgments in cases which were litigated. So he gave judgments by default, but contested cases he continued until the month of October, or until such time as the Khedive should allow judgments to be rendered against him. In this he was clearly wrong. In the first place he did not refuse to try every case on his docket; he only refused to try and determine those which were contested. Why a judge should be willing to render a judgment by default, and refuse to render one in a case which was contested, it would be difficult to find a reason for. His idea seems to have been that the refusal of the Khedive to allow a judgment to be executed against him was a suspension of justice throughout the land. But, if justice, in his opinion, was suspended, it should have been suspended in all cases, and not in any particular class of cases. If he was willing to decide a case between a master and his servant in which the master made no defense, he should have been willing to decide a case between similar parties when there was a defense set up. Besides, the action of the Khedive did not concern him. The judgment which he complained that the Khedive would not allow the execution of was not a judgment emanating from his court; the judgments which he was called upon to render could never be placed in the same category; they were not cases in which the Government, the Khedive, or any of his family were interested. They were simple cases where servants were claiming their wages, landlords their rents, etc. No one can well see, in the refusal of the Khedive to allow a judgment to be executed against him, a reason why a chambermaid should not be entitled to a judgment against her employer who was in her debt, or why a landlord should not be allowed to collect his rent, or a baker his bill. His duty was simply to render judgment. It would have been time enough for him to act when the judgments which he might render should have been interfered with by the Government. But he would not wait. Without being called upon to do so, he jumped into the arena to "fight Grimshaw's battle." He got his head broken for his pains, and the thanks which usually are bestowed upon a volunteer.

The opposition which the Khedive had interposed to the execution of the judgment which had been pronounced against him had created great excitement in Alexandria. It was looked upon as a violation of his treaty stipulations, as it was. The course which Hackman had decided upon pursuing was known, and, when taken,

he was applauded to the echo. The course which the vice-president of the court had determined upon with regard to him was also well known. Hackman was called upon by the acting vice-president of the tribunal—acting under instructions from the vice-president of the court—who warned him, before he took his seat upon the bench, that, unless he promised to desist from carrying out the resolution he had come to, he (the vice-president) would preside in his stead. Hackman defied him. The representative of the procureur-général, who was to assist at the audience, told him that if he continued any of the cases fixed for trial on that day, for the reasons which it was stated he would be governed by, he (the substitut) would leave the court-room. Hackman paid no attention to him, and, when the court was opened and the cases were continued, the substitut did leave.

Immediately thereafter the vice-president of the tribunal called an "assemblée générale," where it was proposed, in view of Hackman's course, that the distribution of the judges should be changed. To this Hackman objected, and he also declared his intention to hold his court in the future; whereupon the assemblée declared that there was no occasion to make any change. Here the matter should have rested. But the vice-president of the court thought differently. He had made up his mind, before the meeting of the judges in the assemblée générale had been called, that Hackman should no longer sit in the Justice Sommaire; and so, when the judges had presumed to act in opposition to his wishes, he assumed to himself the power of annulling the distribution which had been made by them prior to, and in view of, the vacation, which distribution had been ratified by the court, and, making a new one himself, he assigned another judge to the "Sommaire," and sent Hackman into the civil and commercial chamber, where he would only be one of five, and where, as judgments are pronounced by a bare majority, and where a judge who differs in opinion from his colleagues has no right to dissent, he would be unable to make any trouble or impede the regular course of business.

In this the vice-president's policy was wrong, and his conduct was illegal and despotic. His policy was bad, because Hackman had declared his intention to hold his court, and, the flurry into which he had worked himself having passed over, he would have gone on regularly with his business. Even if his own good sense had not come to his aid and showed him the error into which he had fallen, the landlords, grocers, and chambermaids, who were litigants before him, would have raised such a clatter about his ears that he would soon have left the creditors of the

Khedive to fight their own battles. He was greatly applauded by these creditors at the time, it is true, but he afterward found, to his cost, what this applause was worth. When, at last, trouble came upon him and he was driven off, no hand was held out to help him. In the war which he inaugurated in their behalf, he fought their battles, but the expenses of the war were all his own, and he was the only casualty.

The vice-president's course was despotic, because it was really no concern of his how the judges of the tribunal distributed their work among themselves. It was illegal, because the distribution made by the judges of themselves had been approved by the court, as a court, and no one judge thereof had the right to disregard it, or to set it aside. It is true that the judges of the court, before leaving Egypt, had delegated their powers to him; but this power could, in the nature of things, only apply to acts of administration, and upon circumstances which might arise while they were away. Certainly it could not be held to apply to cases which had already been disposed of by them before their departure. The ratification of the assignments of the judges of the tribunal to the different posts therein was, to a certain extent at least, a judgment which could not properly be annulled, or set aside, or modified, except by the court itself. No judge can act by proxy. If he could, there would be no necessity for more than one judge to sit at a time. By proxy he could represent three others, and this would make the court complete. Such an absurdity need not be dwelt upon. The action of the vice-president was, in effect, a reversal of the judgment of his colleagues. If he has the power to do this in one instance, he has the power to do it in another, and so any course which may have been mapped out by the court for the working of the tribunal during the absence of the judges of the court might be amended or reversed by him as the whim might move him. It would give him the power to do a great wrong. For instance: The seasons allotted for the vacations of the judges of the tribunal are arranged among themselves, subject to the everlasting supervision and approval of the court. Now, judges of the court of appeals, as well as other mortals, have their pets. Suppose a pet of the vice-president's should be assigned to remain in Cairo during the roasting months of July, August, and September, and one of his antipathies (for judges of the court of appeals, as well as others, have their antipathies as well as pets) should have had these months assigned to him in which to take his holiday. The distribution has been ratified by the court. The members of the court are all away before the first of July—all, indeed, except the one who is left behind to keep things straight.

Suppose this one should happen to be the vice-president. As soon as the coast is clear, the pet seeks him out and begs that the hot months be assigned to the antipathy and he (the pet) be allowed to go away in his stead. All the vice-president (or whatever judge should have replaced him) would have to do would be to follow the precedent *in re* Hackman, and change the programme of distribution. He would thus be enabled to kill three birds with one stone: he would reward his friend, punish his enemy, and make his supreme power felt. If it is contended that this is not likely to happen, I admit it; but that is not the question. It may happen, and that is enough. And, between you and me, I would not, under such circumstances, be one of the vice-president's antipathies. In Hackman's case he not only made the change, but he made it in defiance of the judges of the tribunal, who alone had the power to order it.

Hackman protested against all this, of course. But there was no resisting fate or force, and both these were against him. The vice-president, however, does not seem to have been very easy in his own mind as to what his course might lead to, and he appears to have been willing to let the matter drop. But Hackman's blood was up. He refused to sit in the civil chamber of the tribunal. An angry correspondence took place between them. The vice-president was thus in a difficulty. To get out of it, he, at the request of Hackman (as he said), relieved him from sitting during the month of August, whereupon Hackman denied that he had ever made such a request. Matters, however, quieted down after this, and probably the whole thing would have blown over, for the Powers, in the mean while, had been appealed to with respect to the refusal of the Khedive to allow judgments against him to be executed, and in a short time the answer came back that he must. Before the end of August the obstacle which was in Hackman's way would have been removed; he would then have taken his seat in the "Sommaire," would have decided cases as usual, and, in all probability, would have been in Egypt still. But the vice-president had thought it necessary, in replying to some statements which had been published in a German paper, to take occasion to say that he (Hackman) was liable to be proceeded against for a breach of discipline when the court should meet in the fall. Whereupon Hackman issued a "pronunciamiento!" He declared that he would not sit at all, anywhere, until the prosecution with which he had been threatened should have been instituted and determined.

Time and reflection did not show him how injudicious his course had been, and so, when

the court met in the fall, he sent in a lengthy "Mémoire," in which he recapitulated all the occurrences of the three months which had passed, and demanded that the threat which the vice-president had made against him should be carried into execution. In obedience, therefore, to his own request, he was called upon to appear before the court, there to answer to charges of disobedience of orders and neglect of duty.

In the court, to which one may say he invited himself, his fatal facility for making mistakes followed him still. He commenced by challenging the vice-president and the English judge, upon the ground that each of them had expressed an opinion adverse to him, and were not proper persons to sit in judgment upon his case. When these gentlemen declined to sit, he challenged the entire array!—which, of course, was not to be listened to. He had invited them to try him, and then declined to be tried by them. But this was not all. Not content with replying to the charges which had been brought against him, he embodied, in his answer, an attack upon the vice-president and the *avocat-général*, which, in conformity with the extraordinary rules of procedure which prevail in the courts of the reform, were, by the prosecuting officer—who was the one attacked—tacked on to the original charges. When his case was called, he did not appear, either in person or by counsel; but contented himself with protesting that the court had no right to try him in the then condition of the case, because they had decided upon the recusation which he had opposed to them all, without having heard him. Result—he was destituted.

Hackman always contended that his condemnation was illegal upon the ground that there were not the number of votes cast against him which the law required. He claimed that it was necessary that eight votes should have been given against him to convict, whereas there were only six. The discipline of the judges, he said, belongs to the court of appeals, and not to a *quorum* of that court, and therefore, as the destituting of a judge can only be decreed by a two-thirds vote of the court, it required eight votes against him to find him guilty. In this view of his case he was clearly wrong. He had reduced the number of the court by his own motion. A *quorum* forms the court, and two thirds of the court, as constituted, voted against him. It was a bare majority, however. Egypt is the country of mysteries, but there are no secrets there; and so it is quite well known that if he had not recused the two judges he did, there would not have been the required eight votes against him.

The vice of the judgment, however, is that it was utterly without foundation in law.

The discipline of the judges is reserved to

the court? True. Their removal can only be pronounced by the court? True. But, by the law, they can only be destituted for conduct which compromises their honor as magistrates, or the independence of their votes. Against Hackman's honor as a magistrate, or the independence of his votes, not a syllable was ever whispered. He had acted unwisely, foolishly if you will, but never corruptly. His conduct was quixotic but chivalric. He was acting "in the name of the Khedive"; he could not understand why the Khedive, who was daily obtaining judgments against others and executing them, should not, in his turn, be compelled to comply with the judgments which were rendered against him, thus making of the courts a weapon in one hand to be used against his debtors, and a shield in the other to protect him from his creditors. He claimed that the sovereign who demanded that justice should be done to him should be compelled to do justice to others, and the powers to whom the matter was referred decided it as Hackman did. He mistook the remedy which the case required, but he had done nothing disreputable or dishonorable, and he went out of the magistracy of the reform as pure as when he entered it. To have censured him was the extreme limit to which his punishment should have been pushed; destituting him was an outrage.

But what was his offense in comparison with the act of the vice-president of the court of appeals, who, in the absence of his colleagues, arrogated to himself the power, and exercised it, of annulling their solemn proceedings, and overturning their decision! These colleagues, under the circumstances, should have commenced their disciplinary exercises upon him. If any man ever merited rebuke, if not punishment, it was he.

The fact is, however, that it was the charges, or rather the insinuations, made against the vice-president, which put Hackman's official head in a basket. The judges of the court could not permit anything to be intimated by an inferior judge against their beloved chief. It was *lèse majesté* which was to be punished, and at once, with the extreme penalty of the law. An example was necessary, to show the judges of the tribunal that they were not to open their lips, except in praise, with reference to them; and they found an example in Hackman, and they have succeeded; for when the tribunal, as a body, remained silent under the blow which was cruelly and illegally inflicted upon their colleague, they became as schoolboys in the presence of the master, and as completely under control, and they have remained so ever since. There is, however, a silver lining to their cloud, for they have the grim satisfaction of knowing that the

vice-president of the court lords it over his colleagues as he does over them. No one ever speaks of the court. It is always "Lapenna." That Hackman was not removed, on the sole ground of having refused to perform his duty, is easily shown.

The first judge of appeals appointed by Russia came to Egypt soon after the courts were decided upon. It required nearly a year to organize them. When they were at length ready to commence work, he refused to sit, because, when on the bench, he would be obliged to wear the *tarbouche* (fez), which, he said, was a badge of servitude. One master (his own emperor) was enough for him. Now, here was an absolute refusal to even hear a case, or to sit in the court. What was done to him? He had already received his three months' allowance for traveling expenses; he had drawn his salary quite regularly; and he was allowed to go away, taking a year's indemnity with him! He was in Egypt nearly a year; he never did a day's work as a judge, and he received close on to one hundred thousand francs! The Hollander refused to decide a certain class of cases because the Khedive insisted upon not allowing judgments which had been rendered against him to be executed. The Russian refused to sit because the Khedive insisted upon his wearing a hat of a certain shape when in the discharge of his official duty. The Hollander was kicked out of office. The Russian was allowed to go away, taking with him a bonus of forty thousand francs!

Money received on account of fees was in the keeping of the clerk of the tribunal. As the amount in his hands was large, the court ordered that a safe should be purchased in which to keep it, the safe to be provided with two keys of different pattern, one of the keys to be in the custody of the clerk, the other to be in the custody of the procureur-général. The safe was not to be opened except in the presence of the latter, or of some person who should represent him, precautions which, if carried out, would have rendered pilfering impossible. The safe was purchased, but the procureur-général never saw to it that the order of the court with regard to the keys was carried into execution, as the court had made it his duty to do. An employee in the clerk's office went into the safe one day and carried off many thousand francs! Here was a situation and a scandal! The absconding employee was prosecuted, and, *in his absence*, was condemned to many years' penal servitude (which he will, perhaps, work out when he is caught). The clerk was also proceeded against—and, strangely enough, his prosecutor was the procureur-général—for neglect of duty, and was punished by having his rank reduced from chief

clerk to deputy clerk. But, on the trial, when one of the judges asked why the procureur-général—if he had done his duty, the robbery would have been impossible—was not prosecuted as well, the reply was, in substance, "Ne touchez pas à la Reine" ("Hands off the Queen!"). That is, the procureur-général was attached to the court; therefore, nothing must be said which might imply a fault in any one connected with that body. The Hackman lesson had been well taught. But when, in what is known as the "Incident Lapenna," where, in a communication to the Government, M. Lapenna had taken occasion to express his opinion rather freely as regards the character of a certain class of the European population in Egypt, which aroused all their indignation, the same procureur, in M. Lapenna's absence, took sides with the colonists. Shortly after M. Lapenna's return, Monsieur le Procureur took his departure—that is, he was removed. In the quiet town of Bruges, from which he came, and to which he has returned, he spends his enforced leisure in hearkening to the beautiful chime of bells which peal from the tower of its grand old church, and ruminates over the results of an exercise of power which he was one of the first to place in the hands of a single man.

A *protégé* of the vice-president, after having passed through several grades, was appointed superintendent over the officers employed in and about the courts; he was also given in charge of the "Palais de Justice," which he commenced to repair. His conduct was bad, and the illegalities which he committed were flagrant and notorious. Still, no one dared say a word against him. One day, when he was about leaving Egypt for his holiday, and having charge of the funds of the court, he paid himself in advance the salary which would be due to him for the months of his vacation. This was too much. Unfortunately for him, the vice-president was away at the time, and so the procureur-général instituted proceedings against him to have him dismissed from office. When the judges returned, they found the case ready for them. The law provides that "action disciplinaire" is extinguished by a resignation, *if the resignation is accepted*, as regards magistrates. In the section referring to clerks, etc., no such provision is found. In the present instance, however, the article referring to magistrates was stretched over the clerk, and he was allowed to resign. No one can justify the act of accepting his resignation. He should have been destituted. Accepting his resignation was bad enough, but what follows is worse: he was paid an indemnity of thirty thousand francs!

The languages used in the courts are the French, the Italian, and the Arabic. It was required by the Khedive that the persons who



should be recommended to him for appointment as magistrates should be familiar with one of these languages. There is a member of the court of appeals who, when he arrived in Egypt (and he was one of the first to arrive), could not speak or write a word in either. From the time he took his seat on the bench up to now, he has never drawn up a decree! In his person, Justice is not only blind, but is also deaf—

"For all the purposes of ears in a parley,  
Her [his] ears might as well have been ears of  
barley."

—and not only deaf but dumb, and impotent as well. Indeed, if after the Government had been imposed upon to send him out here he had, instead of coming himself, sent his photograph, it would have answered the same purpose, and he would have been spared the discomforts of a sea-voyage. (His salary could have been forwarded monthly, by post.) If the vice-president of the court had made known his utter incapacity to the Egyptian Government, and that Government had revoked his appointment, upon the ground that it had been obtained under false representations, and had communicated the fact to the Government which recommended him, can any one doubt that it would have sent out another in his stead? But the judge in question soon became, and is now, a fast friend of the vice-president. Indeed, he constitutes the majority of one which the vice-president has among the foreign judges, and his allegiance has been worth to him, for five years and more, including his traveling expenses and indemnity, about two thousand pounds per annum! And he was one of the judges who tried Hackman, and who voted to destitute him!

An independent judiciary under such a condition of things is impossible. What would be thought in England of the proposition that a judge of Common Pleas should be liable to be removed from office by the Court of Queen's Bench, or that a judge in that court could not run down from London to Dover without first having obtained permission from the Lord Chief Justice? In Egypt, no judge may leave his official residence for a day, whether he has anything to do on that day or not, without permission! He may be removed at any time, and for any act which the court of appeals may deem dishonorable, and when removed he is without recourse! And as regards the court of appeals the judges thereof are only responsible to themselves!

That judicial system has always proved to be the best which has left least to the discretion of the judge. Patronage is, of all others, the thing which he should not be allowed to control. How many of them, the world over, have been ruined

by it! Nowhere has a contrary system been more vigorously followed than in Egypt; nowhere has it given greater or juster cause of complaint.

A remedy must exist somewhere against improper conduct on the part of a judge. The power to appoint and to remove officials who are derelict in the performance of their duty must be placed somewhere. Admitted. But better that this remedy should be applied by any power, as regards offending magistrates, than by his colleagues, although of superior degree; and, as regards patronage, better that it should be in any hands than in the hands of a judge.

I do not believe that the Khedive will be willing to continue the courts—certainly not in their present form and power. Their *raison d'être* has ceased. They were established as a protection against the enormous claims which were then being made against him and his government, and which the Napoleon award in the Suez Canal arbitration showed could successfully be made. But, even from that standpoint, if the amounts which the judiciary has cost in the past, and which it is likely to cost in the future, be added to the sums which were placed in Nubar Pasha's hands "for persuasive purposes," it is more than doubtful whether the Government would not have saved money if it had made the best terms it could when claims were presented. There was at least this advantage connected with the old system: the Khedive could discuss the merits of the claims which might be pressed against him; he could put them aside or postpone them; he could negotiate for a reduction. But with the courts he could do nothing. He could neither postpone the pronouncing of their judgments, nor control the judges, nor question the justice of their decisions, for they were the arbiters appointed by himself, and from their decisions there was no appeal. True, the courts would not execute their judgments against his government, and in this respect they were as so many popery bulls against a comet. Indeed, they placed the Government, as it were, in a bomb-proof, which made it immaterial whether the artillery of the judiciary rained judgments upon him; he was secure, and was thus enabled to laugh at the wrath of the public creditors. But, because the late Khedive would not satisfy these judgments, he was deposed—for this it was which, at last, did the business for him—and his successor will not willingly be caught in the same trap.

Besides, all the claims against the Government have been, or will have been, passed upon before the experimental period will have expired. And as neither the Government nor the Khedive has any credit, and as the affairs of both will, in

the future, have to be carried on upon a cash basis, there will not be any cause for litigation. The poverty of the Government, too, will be sufficient to protect it. So long as the Treasury was overflowing with borrowed money, raids upon it were of course. Now, however, that the borrowing days are over, and it is seen that there is not enough money in the Viceroy's strong-box for everybody, or anybody, indeed, the Powers, one played against the other, after the manner in which the "Eastern Question" has always been managed, will see to it that whatever money comes out of the public fund will be appropriated to a legitimate purpose, and he will find in his poverty a protection against spoliation, at all events.

Should he consent to continue them, it will be with many modifications of their present jurisdiction. He will not subject himself and his government to their power. Neither will he consent to give them control over cases arising between foreigners and his people, for to the latter (except to the sharpers among them) they have proved a scourge.

Certainly, I do not mean to say that he may not be forced into continuing them, for he must do as he is bid. Whatever the Powers tell him to do he must do. He can no more resist their will than the poorest "fellah" who acknowledges him as master can resist his. What I do mean to say is, that he will not willingly consent. He may willingly consent that the Powers should establish courts in his territory, with jurisdiction over their respective subjects. This would be a great improvement upon the old consular court system, the objections to which have been sufficiently considered; but he will, or should, insist that, if established, the Powers appointing them should provide for the payment of the salaries of the judges thereof.

Should he be forced to continue the present system he will, and with the greatest show of reason, insist—or rather beg—to be allowed to reduce the expenses of the establishment. Why should he be forced to have judges fastened upon him by Belgium, by Holland, by Norway and Sweden? He has no relations, so to speak, with either of these nations. He does not stand in dread of them, or of all of them combined, and so could say "no" to the urgent demands of their subjects, should they make any such, which I am far from saying they would, and certainly, so far, they have not made any. If a representation in the new courts should be denied them, and they refused to allow them to be subject to their jurisdiction, they would only be forced to have consular judges of their own, which would be a useless expense, for there are few Belgians and fewer Hollanders or Swedes in Egypt, be-

yond those who are attached to the consulates of those countries or to the "reform." There are no litigants of either of these nationalities before the tribunals, and yet Belgium has two judges, with salaries of thirty thousand francs each, and, until lately, when M. Lapenna had him turned away, a procureur-général at forty thousand francs. Holland, Norway and Sweden have each two judges.

The Austrian and German commerce with Egypt amounts to about £1,000,000 per annum; Russia's about £300,000; the United States about £140,000. Each of these Powers is represented by one judge in the court of appeals, and by two judges in the tribunals. The commerce of Greece with Egypt amounts to a bare £70,000 per annum. She is represented in the tribunals by two judges, one of whom has been tacked on to the court of appeals. These gentlemen, when their term of service shall have expired, will have been in the judicial service of Egypt for six years. (Originally the term was for five years, but Nubar's late reform administration extended it another twelvemonth.)

For these six years of service they will have received:

#### THE FOUR JUDGES OF APPEAL.

	Francs.
For "frais de déplacement" (three months' pay).....	13,332
For salary.....	960,000
For indemnity (one year's pay).....	160,000
	<u>1,133,332</u>

#### THE FOURTEEN JUDGES IN THE TRIBUNAL.

For "frais de déplacement" (three months' pay).....	165,000
For salary.....	2,520,000
For indemnity.....	420,000
The Belgian procureur.....	150,000
Total.....	<u>4,388,332</u>

And this exclusive of the additional indemnity which the judges will receive for their extra year, and exclusive also of the forty thousand francs which the first Russian judge of appeals was paid because he would not wear a "fez."

The yearly salary paid to the judges, appointed by the Powers I have designated amounts, to five hundred and eighty thousand francs, and represents a capital at five per cent. of about twelve million francs (say five hundred thousand pounds). It is no answer to say that, as the fees exacted from litigants suffice, at the present moment, to pay these salaries, the judges cost the Government nothing. As well say, if the customs officers absorbed all the revenue derived from duties on imports, that they cost the Government nothing, provided they took nothing out

of the general Treasury. The fees paid into the courts form a part of the revenues of the Government, and they should no more be wasted than the revenues derived from customs duties should be wasted. They are wasted, in each case, when more officers are employed in either of them, or when higher salaries are paid, than the exigencies of the public service require.

Certainly no just criticism can be made upon those of the Powers who accepted the proposition of the Khedive to give him judges, nor upon the acceptance of the gentlemen who fill them. I am not dealing with the past, when the country was considered rich, nor of the present, when their engagements are in full vigor. I am looking to the future, and endeavoring to contribute some suggestions which may benefit those who are interested in Egypt, without detriment to the public service or to the just and proper administration of the law. One half the number of judges now employed by the Government could, under a proper and less cumbersome but at the same time efficient, mode of procedure, determine all the cases, and without unnecessary delay, which would be brought before them.

Of course, I do not mean judges who, when the first healthy summer perspiration breaks out upon them, flush, like a covey of birds, and wing their flight to the different spas of Europe—an evidence, in their persons, of the reckless extravagance which pervades everything connected with Egyptian affairs; or men without experience or learning, who can not or will not, draw up a judgment, who take their "month off" during term-time, wandering about the streets of Alexandria like lost spirits, waiting for pay-day to come round. I mean judges who have the qualifications which go toward making a judge, and who, in consideration of a proper compensation, will do a proper amount of work. And it seems to me that the creditors of the Egyptian Government have a right to demand that the country should not be saddled with an unnecessary number of officeholders, magistrates included; that its revenues, from whatever source, should, as far as possible, be applied to the payment of its debt; and that the Khedive should be sustained in any effort which he may make to these ends.

Another great and most useless expense of the present system is what is termed the "Parquet." It consists of a *procureur-général*, with forty thousand francs salary; of an *avocat-général*, with thirty thousand francs salary; and to any number of substitutes, all of whom are well paid. Of what use this "corps" is, it would be difficult to say. One member always sits with the court, and one with the tribunal. In all cases in which the Government is concerned, in all cases where the jurisdiction of the courts is

called in question, in all cases in which minors are interested, and in all cases of bankruptcy, they are entitled to be heard—although they have no voice in the decision of the case. Now, in all cases between individuals, it is fair to presume that the lawyers on either side understand them as well as the gentleman who represents the "Parquet" for the time being possibly can. As regards cases against the Government, they are always defended by a member of the "cententiaux," lawyers in the regular employ of the Government, of whom there are many, some of whom receive as much as seventy-five thousand francs per annum salary. In France, where criminal proceedings are conducted, from the beginning, by the *procureurs* of the Government, and where the "Parquet" is a training-school from which judges are usually selected, it does very well. But in Egypt the international courts (if a court which never has an international question before it can be thus designated) have no criminal jurisdiction proper. Their powers, in this regard, are confined to punishing contempts of court, resistance by parties to the officers of the courts, etc. In point of fact, these gentlemen are merely counsel which the Government furnishes to one or other of a certain class of litigants, gratis.

The same remarks apply to the army of men who are employed in the different offices about the courts. One half the number would be more than sufficient for all the work they should have to perform.

In respect of the administration (or rather non-administration) of criminal law, there is nothing which calls more loudly for reform. There is no country where a man may kill with the same impunity as in Egypt. It is true that, if an Arab kills a European, his punishment follows swift and sure, and is merciless. If a European, on the other hand, harms an Arab, nothing is thought of it. If a European cuts another European up, the event is talked of for a few days, and is then put aside. There have been murders enough committed in Alexandria, Heaven knows! and yet I do not think an instance can be found where a murderer has been made to suffer the penalty of his crime (I mean a murderer of European origin). The reason is that, as regards foreign countries, England and the United States excepted, men charged with serious offenses are sent home for trial. Who is to prosecute them when they reach there? The result is simply an excursion for the accused at some other person's expense.

A man in Alexandria went to the apartments of his debtor for the purpose of collecting his bill. The apartments are up three flights of stairs. In coming out from them he fell over the railing, and dropped on the hall pavement

below, breaking his neck. The *boab* (porter), who was half a mile distant from the house at the time, was arrested! After having been in prison several days, he was released. Justice was satisfied, and there that matter ended.

Another man came tumbling upon the street pavement one night. The *boabs*, who were sleeping near the entrance to the house in front of which the man fell, were awakened by the noise occasioned by the fall, and, going to him, found his bones all broken, and life in him extinct. Shortly after, two white men came out from the house. They said they were on the terrace (roof)—a house in which they were not boarders—when they saw the man attempting to steal some clothes which had been left by the washerwoman; that they attempted to arrest him, when he ran from them and jumped sheer over the parapet into the space beyond; and, having made this statement, they walked away in the gloom of the dimly-lighted street, and there was an end of that matter! Not exactly, however: the *boab* was arrested! But as the local authorities, after several days' deliberation, came to the conclusion that it would be rather difficult for a man who was asleep on the ground-floor (as this *boab* was proved to have been), to hurl another man from the terrace of a five-story house, and as no one appeared against him, he was released.

A widow lady, with her two daughters, young ladies, was living in Alexandria. A "gentleman" pursued one of the daughters with the view to making her his mistress. She repulsed him. He asked her to marry him; she refused. He procured some "bon-bons," had them medicated, and sent them to the widow's house. Both the young ladies ate of them; both were driven immediately after to a frenzy; one of them died, and the other is still the inmate of an insane asylum! The occurrence created some excitement (that is, it was talked over) for a few days. The wretch who perpetrated the crime was quietly sent to his own country for trial, and there that matter ended!

These are cases picked out from a number happening within a twelvemonth. Does not the moral sense of every man cry out against the possibility of their being committed with impunity?

It is, of course, much easier to pull down than it is to build, and the questions will be asked, "If the Khedive is forced to continue the 'reforms,' how are the judges thereof to be selected, so as to bring the number within reasonable bounds?" "How should offenders be tried, and, when convicted, how should they be punished?"

In view of the interminable wranglings among the nations upon the everlasting Eastern Question (which, after all said and done, is only kept a question because it is necessary to have something to wrangle over, and is a school in which to train diplomatists), and the jealousies arising from the fear that they are not sufficiently considered if each of them is not allowed to take a pull at poor Egypt, it will be a difficult matter to arrange. But, in point of fact, it is a simple one. Let the Powers agree among themselves upon the number of judges necessary to properly conduct the business which might come before them, and then determine that those judges shall be taken from the nations which have the largest—or the smallest, if you like—relations with Egypt; that would settle the matter. If they could only be brought to an agreement upon the first point, the balance would be mere detail. As regards trial for and punishment of crime, the courts established by the Powers should have the power to try and punish all offenders upon the scene of their crimes.

These subjects have been discussed at greater length than was contemplated by me when I sat down to write. But they have grown upon me as I wrote. If not interesting, they are at least important not only to Egypt, but to all persons who have interests in that country, for no man who is actively engaged in the every-day affairs of life can tell when he may be forced to appeal to the courts for the assertion of his rights.

They are questions of particular importance to Englishmen, whose relations with Egypt are so various and so great. And as the question whether or no the courts of the reform shall be continued must soon come up for discussion, I have examined them at such length in the hope that, if continued, they may be so reorganized, and administered in such form, as will guarantee to English barristers in Egypt the same facilities and rights as barristers from other countries enjoy; insure to English litigants an administration of justice somewhat in accordance with the laws to which they have been accustomed; place the judges, of high and low degree, upon that footing of independence which all judges in England enjoy—an independence which is such a protection to them and is such a safeguard to the rights and liberties of the people; as well as to point out one means, at least, by which the creditors of the country may find a degree, however small, of relief, and the unfortunate country itself be exempted from—a very legal it may be, but nevertheless—a most decided spoliation.

P. H. MORGAN.



## CURIOSITIES OF WILLS.

THERE is an old saying that has come down to us from classical times, to the effect that we never really know a man until we have read his will; and the saying might be very greatly widened in its application without losing any of its truth, for there are certain phases of human nature which could hardly be understood in their full significance, save as illustrated in a collection of "last wills and testaments." One would suppose that in the most solemn act of his life—standing by forecast, as it were, in the very presence-chamber of death—a man would lay aside his foibles and abjure, for the moment at least, his purely personal and egotistic sentiments; yet the record offices show that there is nothing in which the weaknesses, the eccentricities, the passions, and the antipathies of men are more likely to be displayed than in those solemn transactions by which they anticipate the decree of Fate and separate themselves from all merely selfish and earthly interests. History, colored as it is apt to be by the political and religious bias or other personal feeling of the historian, to say nothing of involuntary errors, is often only "that grand liar who ne'er yet spoke truth"; but in the autograph will we get unmistakable glimpses of the qualities that go to constitute individual character, and it is in the study of individual character that we must seek the clew that will enable us to thread the labyrinthine mazes of the human heart.

It is this which, aside from the entertainment to be derived from it, gives a sort of value to such a volume as that compiled by the author of "*Flemish Interiors*," and entitled "*Curiosities of the Search-Room*."\* The volume is very desultory in character, and very far, indeed, from being complete; yet it illustrates with tolerable copiousness the whole history of wills, ancient and modern, and it subserves its purpose nearly as well as if it were much more systematic and comprehensive. Moreover, it is not merely or only a collection of wills, but is enlivened with numerous anecdotes and with personal and historical details which give a sort of atmosphere or "setting" to documents which might otherwise appear somewhat arid and formal. On the whole, the work is done with more skill than might have been expected, and that it is not without interest a running summary of its contents, accompanied

by a few illustrative extracts, will probably suffice to show.

The custom of will-making appears to have been of very great antiquity, and long before the degree of civilization that led to their being left in writing was attained, they are said to have been made orally. It has been asserted by Eusebius, Origen, and other patristic writers, that Noah made a will; and Xilander took the trouble to translate into Latin the account of it given in Greek by Cadrenus; Philastrius, Bishop of Brescia in the fourth century, declares all persons heretical who deny the division of the world as made by the will of Noah to his three sons; and one writer even pretends to give the very words in which the deed was drawn up. These writers further declare that the usage was common in patriarchal times; but, if this be so, it is somewhat surprising that we do not find any such transactions recorded in the Scriptures.

Some antiquarians assert that written wills originated, like so many other of the supposed achievements of later civilization, with the Egyptians; and though no conclusive evidence of this has yet been adduced, there are good grounds for inferring that the practice of bequeathing property by will existed among Orientals as far back as the memory of man extends. The earliest authentic will cited by the author of the present work is that of Sennacherib, the Assyrian, which was found in the royal library of Konyunjik, and which bequeaths to his favorite son, Esarhaddon, "certain bracelets, coronets, and other precious objects of gold, ivory, and precious stones, deposited for safe-keeping in the temple of Nebo."

Among the Greeks the custom was well established, and among the "*Wills of Remarkable Persons*," which constitute Part III of the work under notice, we find the wills of Endamidas of Corinth, of Plato, and of Aristotle. Still earlier than these, and one of the most remote on record, is the will of Telemachus, cited by Homer, in which, lest they fall into the hands of his enemies, he bequeaths to Piræus all the presents that had been made to him by Menelaus; but he adds, "In case I should slay *them* and survive, you are then to restore them to me in my palace—a task as joyous to you to accomplish as to myself to profit by." The Greeks seem to have exhibited a conscientious regard for the behests of the departed, and, although it sometimes happened that wills were forged and adroitly substituted for the originals, as Aristotle tells us, yet they adopted

\* *Curiosities of the Search-Room. A Collection of Serious and Whimsical Wills.* By the author of "*Flemish Interiors*," etc., etc. London: Chapman & Hall.

as a precautionary measure the system of depositing them in a public office, and appointing witnesses to the fact. Demosthenes mentions in one of his orations that, at the end of a testamentary document, it was customary to imprecate the most formidable curses on those who should attempt to violate the wishes of the testator.

Among the Romans, wills do not appear to have been known before the Twelve Tables, on which foundation they were made to rest; but afterward the practice became greatly elaborated and systematized, and Justinian describes three different categories under which wills could be made. Of the Roman wills cited in the present volume that of Vergil is chiefly remarkable, because in one clause of it he ordered the "*Æneid*" to be burned, "*Ut rem emendatam imperfectamque.*" Being assured, however, that Augustus would never consent to have this vandal behest carried out, he subsequently added another clause in which he ordered that, in case he should die before he had time to finish and revise his MSS., the verses should be published exactly as he left them. A long abstract is given of the will of Augustus Cæsar, which has an important historical as well as personal interest. In it the distinguished testator calls attention to the fact that he left to his heirs only one hundred and fifty million sesterces (about six million dollars), although he had received by testamentary donations more than five milliards of sesterces (about a hundred and sixty million dollars); and adds that he had employed all the rest in the service of the state, as well as his two paternal patrimonies (that of Calus Octavius, his own father, and that of Julius Cæsar, his adopted father), and his other family inheritances.

Besides those mentioned above, the section of "Wills of Remarkable Persons" includes the wills of Saladin, Sultan of Egypt (1193); of Louis VIII of France (1226); of Edward I of England (1307); of Petrarch (1370); of Johann Ziska (1424); of Christopher Columbus (1506); of Erasmus and Melancthon; of Hans Holbein, Rabelais, Mary Stuart, Tasso, Cardinal Richelieu, Scarron, Dryden, Racine, Bossuet, Lord Chesterfield, Garrick, Agassiz, Cardinal Antonelli, Harriet Martineau, and two or three score others. Of these the most impressive, as it is certainly the most original and characteristic, is that of Saladin; and we quote it as summarized by the author:

"Interesting to record is the last will and testament of the celebrated Saladin, born in 1136; he died in 1193 after filling the two continents of Europe and Asia with his fame. Sultan of Egypt, he conquered Syria, Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, and took possession of Jerusalem in 1187. His con-

quests suffice to enable us to judge of the extent of his power and wealth; at his death, however, he showed that no one was more intimately convinced of the utter hollowness of the riches and greatness of the world and the vanity of its disputes.

"He ordered, by his will, first, that considerable sums should be distributed to Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians, in order that the priests of the three religions might implore the mercy of God for him; next he commanded that the shirt or tunic he should be wearing at the time of his death should be carried on the end of a spear throughout the whole camp, and at the head of his army, and that the soldier who bore it should pause at intervals and say aloud, 'Behold all that remains of the Emperor Saladin! Of all the states he had conquered; of all the provinces he had subdued; of the boundless treasures he had amassed; of the countless wealth he possessed he retained, in dying, nothing but this shroud!'"

More curious than this, and also more suggestive, as showing how much more surely the passions are embittered by religious and partisan strife than by regular war, is the will of Johann Ziska, the blind chieftain of the Hussites. He left a dying behest to the effect that immediately after his death his body was to be flayed, his skin preserved and tanned, in order that a drum-head might be made of it. "The noise of such a drum," said he, "will alone suffice to scare the enemies of the tribe, and to preserve to it all the advantages I have obtained for it."

In the will of the great satirist, Rabelais, is the following highly characteristic clause: "I have no available property; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor."

The remainder of the wills of eminent persons are of a more commonplace character, though few are without some interesting feature; and it is in the other sections of the book that its more readable and piquant contents will be found. The classification, it should be observed, is not very exact, but it will be more convenient, perhaps, to follow it as nearly as may be. After the general introduction, the first chapter is assigned to "Eccentric Wills," though, as the compiler admits, other wills equally abnormal are found under other headings. This chapter begins with the will of a splendid Greek miser, Dichæus Dichæanus, which is too long to quote; but the immediately following "Will of a Jilted Bachelor" is both brief and pointed: "A French merchant, dying in 1610, left a handsome legacy to a lady who had, twenty years before, refused to marry him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance, and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him to a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom." Worthy of being placed beside this is the will of Lieutenant-Colonel

Nash, who bequeathed an annuity of fifty pounds to the bell-ringers of Bath Abbey, "provided they should muffle the clappers of the bells of the said abbey, and ring them with doleful accentuation from eight A. M. to eight P. M. on each anniversary of his wedding-day, and during the same number of hours, only with a merry peal, on the anniversary of the day which released him from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

A good example of abbreviated wills is that dictated by a North-country peasant dying in the year 1602: "I, William Apthorp of Aldboro'; soul to Almighty God; twelve shillings to poor-box; lease of farm, one corne wain, and the wood cutt this yr, also yoke of oxen, to sonne Robert; two black kine to my dau'r Alison. Between dau's Anne and Eliza three kine; to Anthony Robinson a stall, of four yr old and a met. of beans, and another met. to his children. Sonne Robert and three dau's all four exors." But the shortest will on record is that proved in the Lewes Probate Court in November, 1878, and consisting of eight words: "Mrs. — to have all when I die."

A will which may fairly be called "eccentric" is that of Dr. Ellerby, who died in London in February, 1827. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and all his habits bore the mark of originality. In his will are to be found some singular clauses, among them the following:

"Item: I desire that immediately after my death my body shall be carried to the Anatomical Museum in Aldersgate Street, and shall be there dissected by Drs. Lawrence, Tyrrell, and Wardrop, in order that the cause of my malady may be well understood.

"Item: I bequeath my heart to Mr. W., anatomist; my lungs to Mr. R.; and my brains to Mr. F., in order that they may preserve them from decomposition; and I declare that if these gentlemen shall fail faithfully to execute these my last wishes in this respect, I will come—if it should be by any means possible—and torment them until they shall comply."

Akin to this is the will of Mr. S. Sanborn, who, in 1871, bequeathed his corpse to Harvard University, and especially to the manipulation of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Agassiz. This testator, who was a hatter (and therefore, perhaps, excusably mad), dwelt at Medford, Massachusetts.

"In his will he expressed his desire that his remains should be preserved in the Museum of Anatomy at Harvard, after having been dealt with in the most scientific and skillful manner known to the anatomical profession.

"He further requested, after the example of John

Ziska, that his skin should be converted into two drum-heads, not for the same purpose as that intimated by the Bohemian chief, for the sake of frightening his enemies, but 'to become the property of his distinguished friend and patriotic fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer of Cohasset, on condition that he should, on the 17th June every year at sunrise, beat on the said drum the tune of Yankee Doodle on Bunker's Hill.'

"The drum-heads to be respectively inscribed with Pope's 'Universal Prayer' and the Declaration of Independence, as originally worded by its illustrious author Thomas Jefferson.

"The remainder of my body useless for anatomical purposes to be composted for a fertilizer to contribute to the growth of an American elm, to be planted in some rural thoroughfare, that the weary wayfarer may rest, and innocent children may play beneath its umbrageous branches rendered luxuriant by my remains."

The reader has often heard, doubtless, of a woman being worth her weight in gold, but a Scotch gentleman, having two young daughters, bequeathed to each her weight, not in gold, but in one-pound bank-notes. The elder seems to have been slenderer than her sister, for she only got £51,200, while the younger received £57,344; but each was weighty enough to secure a tolerably ample provision.

Under the title of a "Bible Löttery," we are told of a minister who bequeathed a sum of money to his chapel at St. Ives to provide "six Bibles every year, for which six men and six women were to throw dice on Whit-Tuesday after the morning service, the minister kneeling while at the south end of the communion-table, and praying God to direct the luck to His Glory." That all the clergy are not equally serene in waiting upon Providence seems to be shown by the will (dated March 26, 1874) of the Rev. William Hill, late of Lansdowne Villas, Springfield Road, Cotham, Bristol, in which the testator directs

"the payment of all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, as soon as conveniently may be after my departure to heaven; but, as this is to be my final public document, I shall here record my detestation of all state establishments of religion, believing them to be anti-scriptural and soul-ruining. I have for years prayed the King of Zion to overthrow the politico-ecclesiastical establishment of the British Empire, and I leave the world with a full conviction that such prayer must ere long be answered. I thirst to see the Church brought down, the Church by man set up, for millions are by it led on to drink a bitter cup. I desire all posterity to know that William Hill was a conscientious Trinitarian Baptist minister, and that he believed infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty, the key-stone of Popery, therefore the parent of unnum-

bered terrible evils; this delusion must also pass away at the divinely appointed time, and the immersion of believers, as plainly taught by the Great Teacher, the Holy Ghost, and the Apostles, shall one day universally triumph. Man says, some water in the face, and that before the child has grace, is what is meant in Jesus' word, by being buried in the Lord. The deadly drinking customs of professors and non-professors are likewise doomed. Heaven dash all error, sin, and the devil from the earth, and cause truth, holiness, and Christ everywhere to prevail. Amen."

The last will quoted among the "eccentrics" is that of a New-Yorker, who died during the present year, and who is said to have left the following testamentary directions:

"I bequeath all my fortune to my nephews and nieces, seven in number.

"They are to share it equally, and on no account to go to law about it, on pain of forfeiting their respective shares.

"I own seventy-one pairs of trousers, and I strictly enjoin my executors to hold a public sale at which these shall be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds distributed to the poor of the city.

"I desire that these garments shall in no way be examined or meddled with, but be disposed of as they are found at the time of my death; and no one purchaser is to buy more than one pair."

"As the testator had always been more or less eccentric in his ways, no one was much surprised at these singular clauses, which were religiously observed. The sale was held, and the seventy-one pairs of trousers were sold to seventy-one different purchasers. One of these, in examining the pockets, discovered in the fob a packet of some sort, closely sewn up. He lost no time in cutting the thread, and was not a little surprised to find a bundle of bank-notes representing a thousand dollars. The news soon spread, and each of the others found himself possessed of a similar amount.

"As may be supposed, all were well satisfied except the heirs, who could not find redress in law, this resource being prohibited."

The third chapter is devoted to what are called "Puzzling Wills"—wills, namely, that are puzzling from various causes: "some from a careless, some from an ignorant, some from an untechnical mode of expression, some literally from the testators taking a malicious pleasure in 'bothering' their executors, and some from want of reflection in the changes and eventualities which time and circumstances are likely to bring about, and which may render it ultimately impossible to carry out their behests." Of these we shall quote only two, the first being that of a mathematical testator who died in 1780:

"A native of Strasbourg, Fortunatus Dreynul, drew up a singular will: going back to the early age

of eight years, he stated therein that at that period his grandfather had left him twenty-four livres, and that in sixty-four years this sum had increased to five hundred. This amount, which he now proposed to deal with, he directed should be divided into five portions, to be invested at the highest interest that could be safely obtained.

"At the end of a century, as he had calculated, each accumulated portion might be computed at thirteen thousand livres, and when that time should have arrived, portion No. 1 was to be employed in reclaiming a morass near his native village.

"No. 2 was to accumulate during a second century, when it would have reached 1,700,000 livres, and was then to be employed in founding eighty prizes for the encouragement and improvement of husbandry.

"No. 3, after a third century, would represent 220,000,000 livres, and was to be applied to the establishing of 'Lumber-Houses,' to supply to industrious men loans without interest; also to build twelve museums and twelve libraries in different cities, each endowed with an income of 100,000 livres for the support of fifty scholars.

"No. 4, at the end of a fourth century, was to be employed in building and peopling one hundred new towns of 150,000 inhabitants each, the sum of thirty millions of livres being, the testator considered, sufficient for that purpose.

"No. 5, at the expiration of five hundred years, would have reached nearly four thousand millions, and was to be used to pay off the national debt of the testator's country, the balance to be applied to that of England, with a cosmopolitan feeling of gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, 'The Universal Art of Arithmetic.'"

The other will which we propose to quote has obviously puzzled the compiler of the book, who, after describing the will as that of Mr. Smith Willie, of Pennsylvania, immediately afterward speaks of the "above city"—evidently supposing Pennsylvania to be a city. The will bears the date of 1880, and is transcribed as follows:

"A somewhat puzzling task has devolved upon a real or imaginary body of men in the *above city* [some city of Pennsylvania], a Mr. Willie having appointed as executors of his extraordinary will, a jury of honor consisting of all the householders in his native town, who can prove that they came honestly by their fortunes; each to receive for his trouble the sum of two hundred dollars. He computes that there can not be above twenty, and doubts whether that number will be reached.

"The will itself is thus indited:

"Seeing that I have no direct descendants, and that I am wholly unacquainted with those I may possess collaterally, I bequeath my fortune to any one among them who, in the course of a twelve-month from the date of my death, may distinguish himself by an act of heroism worthy of ancient times.

"In case none of my collateral descendants



should be justified in making this claim, I then leave all I possess to be divided between all the women who can prove that they have been my mistresses, be it for ever so brief a period.' "

Of the "Wills in Obsolete Language and Rime," which form the contents of Chapter IV, the following is worth reproducing. It was proved in Doctors' Commons in the year 1737 :

" The fifth day of May,  
Being airy and gay,  
And to hyp not inclined,  
But of vigorous mind,  
And my body in health,  
I'll dispose o' my wealth,  
And all I'm to leave  
On this side the grave,  
To some one or other,  
And I think to my brother.  
Because I foresaw  
That my brothers-in-law,  
If I did not take care,  
Would come in for their share,  
Which I nowise intended,  
Till their manners are mended ;  
And o't, God knows, there's no sign ;  
I do therefore enjoin,  
And do strictly command,  
Of which witness my hand,  
That nought I have got  
Be brought into hotch-pot ;  
But I give and devise,  
As much as in me lies,  
To the son of my mother,  
My own dear brother,  
To have and to hold,  
All my silver and gold,  
As the affectionate pledges  
Of his brother—JOHN HEDGES."

We do not know what John Hedges's profession may have been, but here is an equally abnormal will, which we are assured was the authentic production of a London attorney named Smithers :

" As to all my worldly goods now, or to be, in store,  
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.  
I give all freely, I no limit fix :  
This is my will, and she's executrix."

Of all the varied contents of the volume, perhaps the most curious is that collected in the chapter on "Vindictive Wills." "It seems strange," as the author truly says, "that any man should deliberately elect to go out of the world bearing in his heart feelings of malice, hatred, and revenge against any of his fellow-creatures, and leaving behind him practical proofs that they remain unforgiven . . . before us, however, lie incontrovertible proofs that there are

men who can and do act thus ; and it is equally remarkable that in the majority of cases they try to mask their uncharitableness by assuming a tone of jocularly." The most famous example of this class of wills is that of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who lived amid the political turmoils of the seventeenth century :

" I, Philip, V Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, being, as I am assured, of unsound health, but of sound memory—as I well remember me that five years ago I did give my vote for the dispatching of old Canterbury, neither have I forgotten that I did see my King upon the scaffold—yet as it is said that Death doth even now pursue me, and, moreover, as it is yet further said that it is my practice to yield under coercion, I do now make my last will and testament.

" In primis : As for my soul, I do confess I have often heard men speak of the soul, but what may be these same souls, or what their destination, God knoweth ; for myself, I know not. Men have likewise talked to me of another world, which I have never visited, nor do I even know an inch of the ground that leadeth thereto. When the King was reigning, I did make my son wear a surplice, being desirous that he should become a Bishop, and for myself I did follow the religion of my master : then came the Scotch, who made me a Presbyterian, but since the time of Cromwell I have become an Independent. These are, methinks, the three principal religions of the kingdom—if any one of the three can save a soul, to that I claim to belong : if, therefore, my executors can find my soul, I desire they will return it to Him who gave it to me.

" Item : I give my body, for it is plain I can not keep it—as you see, the chirurgeons are tearing it in pieces. Bury me, therefore ; I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all, put not my body beneath the church-porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and I would not that I should be interred there, where Colonel Pride was born.

" Item : I will have no monument, for then I must needs have an epitaph, and verses over my carcase : during my life I have had enough of these.

" Item : I desire that my dogs may be shared among all the members of the Council of State. With regard to them, I have been all things to all men ; sometimes went I with the Peers, sometimes with the Commons. I hope, therefore, they will not suffer my poor curs to want.

" Item : I give my two best saddle-horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs, methinks, must soon begin to fail him. As regardeth my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some horse to command.

" Item : I give all my wild beasts to the Earl of Salisbury, being very sure he will preserve them, seeing that he refused the King a doe out of his park.

" Item : I bequeath my chaplains to the Earl of Stamford, seeing he has never had one in his employ ;

having never known any other than his son, my Lord Grey, who, being at the same time spiritual and carnal, will engender more than one monster.

"Item: I give *nothing* to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor.

"Item: Seeing that I did menace a certain Henry Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sum of fifty pounds sterling to the lacquey that shall pay unto him my debt.

"Item: I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a masquerade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more; but all who shall have seen his 'History of the Parliament' will consider that even this sum is too large.

"Item: I should have given to the author of the libel on women, entitled 'News of the Exchange,' three pence to invent a yet more scurrilous mode of maligning; but, seeing that he insulteth and slandereth I know not how many honest persons, I commit the office of paying him to the same lacquey who undertaketh the arrears of Henry Mildmay; he will teach him to distinguish between honorable women and disreputable.

"Item: I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own.

"Item: I give to the wealthy citizens of London, and likewise to the Presbyterians and the nobility, notice to look to their skins; for, by the order of the state, the garrison of Whitehall hath provided itself with poniards, and useth dark lanterns in the place of candles.

"Item: I give up the ghost."

(Signed) —

Worthy of being appended to this is the will of Dr. Dunlop, of Upper Canada, who made the following malicious bequests:

"To my eldest sister Joan, my five-acre field, to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck.

"To my second sister, Sally, the cottage that stands beyond the said field, with its garden, because as no one is likely to marry her it will be large enough to lodge her.

"To my third sister, Kate, the family Bible, recommending her to learn as much of its spirit as she already knows of its letter, that she may become a better Christian.

"To my fourth sister, Mary, my grandmother's silver snuff-box, that she may not be ashamed to take snuff before company.

"To my fifth sister, Lydia, my silver drinking-cup, for reasons known to herself.

"To my brother Ben, my books, that he may learn to read with them.

"To my brother James, my big silver watch, that he may know the hour at which men ought to rise from their beds.

"To my brother-in-law, Jack, a punch-bowl, because he will do credit to it.

"To my brother-in-law, Christopher, my best pipe, out of gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken.

"To my friend John Caddell, a silver teapot, that, being afflicted with a slatternly wife, he may therefrom drink tea to his comfort."

"While 'old John's' eldest son was made legatee of a silver tankard, which the testator objected to leave to old John himself, lest he should commit the sacrilege of melting it down to make temperance medals."

And, as a pendant to these, we cite the will of John George, of Lambeth, who died in London in June, 1791, and who provides for his wife as follows:

"Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who, ever since our union, has tormented me in every possible way; that, not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her, seeing we have lived apart during the last eight years, and that the only result has been the ruin of my son, whom she has corrupted and estranged from me; weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed, and I bequeath, to my said wife Elizabeth, the sum of one shilling, to be paid unto her within six months of my death."

Conceived in the same vindictive spirit is the bequest of an English gentleman who had, from his earliest years, been educated in the most violent prejudices against the Irish, and who came, when advanced in life, to inherit a considerable property in the county of Tipperary, but under the express condition that he should reside on the land. To this decree he very reluctantly conformed, but his feelings toward the natives only grew more bitter in consequence; and at his death, in 1791, his executors were surprised to find the following dispositions:

"I give and bequeath the annual sum of ten pounds, to be paid in perpetuity out of my estate, to the following purpose: It is my will and pleasure that this sum shall be spent in the purchase of a certain quantity of the liquor vulgarly called whisky, and it shall be publicly given out that a certain number of persons, Irish only, not to exceed twenty, who may choose to assemble in the cemetery in which I shall be interred, on the anniversary of my death, shall have the same distributed to them. Further, it is my desire that each shall receive it by half a pint at a time, till the whole is consumed, each being

likewise provided with a stout oaken stick and a knife, and that they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is, that with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other, and when, in the course of time, the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood at least may, perhaps, be colonized by civilized and respectable Englishmen."

In another will of this class, we read of a crabbed old German professor, who died in Berlin at the beginning of the century, and who, entertaining a great dislike for his sole surviving relative, left his property to him, but on the absolute condition that he should always wear white linen clothes at all seasons of the year, and should not supplement them in winter by extra undergarments. In still another case an estate of some value was left to his eldest son by a certain John Budd, on condition that he shaved off his mustache and never allowed it to grow again. An inhabitant of Leicester, named Sergeant, left a large fortune to his nephews on condition that they should rise at four o'clock in the morning in summer and at five o'clock in winter. And, finally, a testator, whose name is not given, bequeathed to his son and daughter one guinea each to balance accounts, throwing in his forgiveness, and the hope that Heaven would one day give them a better mind; while to his son-in-law he left one penny to buy him a whistle.

The chapters on "Bequests to Wives," on "Charitable Gifts, Art Gifts, and Gifts to Servants," on "Wills in favor of Dumb Animals," and on "Disputed Wills," all contain specimens over which it would be amusing to linger; but, after a paragraph or so on bequests to dumb animals, we must pass on to "Directions for Burial." That pet animals should be remembered in testamentary injunctions is not surprising, in view of the large part which they play in human life; but the eccentricities into which testators are sometimes betrayed in their behalf would be scarcely credible, if instances were not so numerous and so well authenticated.

Madame Dupuis, the famous harpist of the seventeenth century, directed that if her two cats survived her, thirty sous a week must be laid out upon them, in order that they might live well. "They are to be served daily, in a clean and proper manner, with two meals of meat-soup, the same as we eat ourselves, but it is to be given them separately in two soup-plates. The bread is not to be cut up into the soup, but must be broken into squares about the size of a nut, otherwise they will refuse to eat it. A ration of meat, finely minced, is to be added to it; the whole is then to be mildly seasoned, put into a clean pan, covered close, and carefully simmered before it is dished up." Among the archives of

Toulouse exists the registry of a singular will, made by a peasant of the neighborhood in 1781, in these terms: "I declare that I appoint my russet cob [horse] my universal heir, and I desire that he may belong to my nephew George." As may be supposed, the will was contested; but, strange to say, it was ultimately confirmed. An Italian doctor, named Cristiano, of the faculty of jurisprudence at Venice, left by his will the sum of six thousand florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, but with a condition that at their death the sum should be added to the funds of the University of Vienna. A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, who died in London in 1813, bequeathed to a pet parrot an annuity of two hundred pounds, to be paid quarterly, as long as the parrot should live. Two cases are recorded in which handsome legacies were left to pet fish; others in which monkeys are the beneficiaries; and many others in which dogs are provided for. But cats appear to have secured the closest hold upon the affections of will-makers, and nothing of the kind on record equals the legacy of a Mr. Jonathan Jackson, of Columbus, Ohio, who died a few years ago, leaving orders to his executors to erect a cats' home, the plans and elevation of which he had drawn out with great care and thought. The building was to contain dormitories, a refectory, areas for conversation, grounds for exercise, and gently sloping roofs for climbing, with rat-holes for sport, an "auditorium" within which the inmates were to be assembled daily to listen to an accordion, which was to be played for an hour each day by an attendant, that instrument being the nearest approach to their natural voices. An infirmary, to which were to be attached a surgeon and three or four professed nurses, was to adjoin the establishment. The testator gives as his reason for thus disposing of his property that "it is man's duty, as lord of animals, to watch over and protect the lesser and feeble, even as God watches over and protects man." He does not, however, explain how it happens that on this principle he does not consider it his duty to protect rats from the "sporting" propensities of cats.

Nothing in the volume more forcibly illustrates the native whimsicality and *bizarrie* of the human mind than the instances cited in the "Directions for Burial." Some of these are serious and solemn enough, exhibiting an almost morbid sense of the awfulness of the transaction; but others show that they were written under the influence either of despair or of an irreverent spirit of bravado. We can find space only for a specimen or two of the more eccentric. A Hertfordshire farmer inserted in his will his written wish that "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended

from a beam in his barn, and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. Less solicitous for the preservation of what Sir Thomas Browne calls "this lump of mortality," was Sir Charles Hastings, who directed that his body might "not be coffined, but swathed in any coarse stuff that would hold it together, and then buried in a spot designated by him; that the ground should then be planted with acorns, so that he might render a last service to his country by contributing to nourish some good English oaks." Dr. Messenger Mouncey, who was once physician to Chelsea Hospital College, bequeathed his corpse for dissection, and added that when the surgeons had completed their task, it was to be put into a deal box, in which holes had been made, and thrown into the Thames. Surpassing all, however, in whimsicality, is the will of a New York spinster, who ordered that all the money she should die possessed of should be employed in building a church in her native city, but stipulated that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone.

A characteristic example of those wills in which an attempt is made to put a humorous or jocose mask upon the grim face of Death is the following:

"An individual exercising the calling of conjurer at Rochdale, named Clegg, made a will in which he desired that, if he should escape hanging, and should die a natural death within two miles of Shaw Chapel, his executors, of whom he named two, should assemble threescore of the truest of his friends—not to include any woman, nor yet man whose avocations compel him to wear a white cap or an apron, nor any man in the habit of taking snuff or using tobacco. Four fiddles were to attend, and the company were to make merry and to dance. For the refreshment of the guests were to be provided sixty-two spiced buns and twenty shillings' worth of the best ale.

"The body, dressed in his 'roast-meat' (or Sunday) clothes, was to be laid on a bier in the midst. As each guest arrived sprigs of gorse, holly, and rosemary were to be distributed, and each was to receive a cake; then all were to make merry for a couple of hours.

"The musicians were then to play, in lively time, the tune of 'Britons, strike home,' while glasses of gin were being handed round to the company; after this the fiddlers, repeating the said tune, were to head the *cortège*, the guests to follow two-and-two, the whole being closed by the curate riding upon an ass, for which service he was to receive a fee of one guinea. No one was on any account to indulge in tears; and, as soon as the coffin had been covered over, they were to repair to the public-house at which the departed had been best known, and

there to eat and drink as they pleased to the amount of thirty shillings, to be defrayed by the 'estate.'"

Before taking leave of a book from which much entertainment may be gotten, we should not fail to add that it is not without practical hints which may prove useful to every one who has anything to do with wills or will-making. To the uninitiated, nothing would seem to be more simple or easy than for a man to express his wishes as to the disposition of his property in such a way that there could be no question as to his intentions; yet costly experience has taught the world that few things are more difficult, and that, in general, where there's a will there's a lawsuit. Even a lawyer of such recognized professional ability as the late Lord Westbury left behind him a will which gave rise to endless complications and disputes; and Lord St. Leonards, who was proverbially minute in the precautions he urged upon others, left a will which became the subject of a long and costly litigation.

"In making a will," says our author, "much mischief may be prevented by brevity, provided it be combined with lucidity; it is a mistake to suppose that many words or many repetitions tend to perspicuity; on the contrary, with these there is great danger of 'elucidating into obscurity.' All ambiguities should be avoided—'my black and white horses,' we have learned, does not bear the same meaning as 'my black and my white horses.' Prepositions must be vigilantly watched; the smallest monosyllable in the English language used or misused in a will becomes a gigantic power, and 'of' has before now been the cause of protracted and expensive lawsuits. Families have been thrown into chancery for years, their property shorn down to minute proportions, lawyers enriched, and succeeding generations beggared, by the omission or addition of half a word. 'Child' for 'children' has been known to occasion the most harassing litigation, and to have kept families who were brought up to large expectations, and were entitled to colossal fortunes, starving for years under the law's delay. . . .

"When a layman writes his own will he had better take as a model that of the ingenious testator of Lewes—('Mrs. A—to have all when I die')—whose laconic style must have effectually thwarted all attempts to interfere with his intentions. 'When I die,' need scarcely have been inserted, and then the will would have been within the narrowest limits of brevity; but as it is not too long even with them, we can not but think he was right in making assurance doubly sure. Above all, let the layman avoid legal terms, lest the law insist on giving them a legal interpretation of which the poor man never dreamed."



## A TALK ABOUT SONNETS.

**BASIL.** What were we to discuss this evening, Geoffrey?

**Geoffrey.** I am half inclined to say, Nothing. Let us instead breathe the sweet scents of the roses on your terrace, listen to the ripple of the lake which washes against it (scarcely audible, though, in this profound calm), search out the dim forms of the mountains opposite, amid the folded mists which are their covering for to-night; and disturb neither the Spirit of the Flood nor the Spirit of the Fell by any "rude invoking voice" from the deep sleep into which they seem to have fallen. But that is too lazy a proposition to make to your unconquerable activity, which can not be charmed into idleness, even by the unwonted warmth of this sultry summer's evening. And I do remember what we promised to talk over—though the air was brisker and the outline clearer than now, when you moved, and I seconded, the resolution. We were to try to settle by our joint wisdom, helped by the fresher perceptions of our young friend here, which are the six grandest sonnets in the English language.

**Henry.** You must not look for much help from me, I fear. In the first place, I am not sure that I know exactly what a sonnet is. It is a short poem, is it not?

**Geof.** Yes. But every short poem is not a sonnet; though I have heard people who ought to know better call lyrics like "The Coronach" in "The Lady of the Lake" sonnets—perhaps misled by the circumstance that song and sonnet both begin with an S.

**Bas.** Most men who have no special taste for poetry are content with such notions of it as they gained at college; and, as you and I know, there are no specimens of the sonnet to be met with in the poets of antiquity. The late invention of the troubadours, it is a wholly modern style of composition.

**Geof.** I will tell you a case in point. When I was a boy I wrote a somewhat irregular lyric, the thoughts expressed in which seemed to me fine; and I ventured, though with some trepidation, to show it to our worthy rector, who was a First Class man at Oxford. He suggested some alterations; made me feel, though very kindly, that my work was not quite so perfect as I had been tempted to believe; and then, quite unexpectedly, set up again the self-conceit which he had been knocking down, by showing me that at least there was one department of literature about which I knew more than he did. "With a little pains and polish, Jeff, you may make quite a strik-

ing sonnet of it," was the good man's kind conclusion. So you see, Henry, that if you confess yourself ignorant of the nature of a sonnet, you are ignorant in learned company. Had my rector given a tithe of the time to Petrarch or Milton which he had bestowed on Vergil and Horace, he would have seen that my juvenile poem was as like a sonnet as that carnation is like a rose.

**Hen.** His reverence's esteemed memory encourages me to ask you, without too great a shame at needing to put the question, What *is* a sonnet, then, exactly?

**Bas.** "Teach thy tongue to say, 'I do not know,'" is one of the best sentences in the *Talmud*.—Tell him, Geoffrey.

**Geof.** A sonnet consists of fourteen lines of iambs, the first two quatrains of which would be just like two stanzas of "In Memoriam," provided that the second of these stanzas repeated the rhymes of the first, and in exactly the same order. Thus, you see, the first eight lines of a sonnet can have only two rhymes, each four times repeated; and that is one of the chief mechanical difficulties in its composition. In the remaining six, more liberty is allowed: they may either have two rhymes, each three times repeated—or three, each employed twice; only they must be interlaced in a manner satisfactory to the ear. One method, and the simplest, is to dispose the first four in a quatrain of alternate rhymes, and the last two as a couplet; but the other plan is the more usual. Such is the sonnet's outward shape.

**Hen.** Thank you; I think I understand. If only I had one to look at, the whole thing would be clear to me. Shall I find one in this book?

**Bas.** No. Besides, if you did, it is growing so dusk that it would try even your young eyes to read it. Suppose I say you one instead?

**Geof.** Do not recite one of the great masters', which we shall want later on. Say us one by some forgotten author, which is technically correct; and which will exemplify the rules I have been giving without distracting our attention from them by any extraordinary beauty.

**Bas.** Do you think I should have wasted my time by learning sonnets of that sort? And yet, stay—I have exactly what you want. Here is one by a quite unknown author, cut to what you call the simplest pattern, for it closes with a rhymed couplet:

"The casket rude, that held the spirit kind,  
Despised on earth, shall turn again to clay,  
And all its former features pass away,  
The while the spirit soareth unconfined:

But, when the archangel's blast shall stir the wind,  
It, too, shall rise and seek the heavenly day,  
Joined to its kindred soul to rest for aye,  
Fashioned as lovely as its inward mind.  
But the fair form whose habitant was sin,  
And proud esteem of its own loveliness,  
Shall be transformed like to the heart within,  
As far from beauty as from holiness.  
Then, since thy soul at last shall mold its dwelling,  
See that in all things good it be excelling."

*Hen.* Thanks, many. I like the idea expressed in those words; though I see that this sonnet shows something of a 'prentice-hand. "Loveliness" and "holiness" ought not to have been used as rhymes to each other, as their last syllables are the same. And it seems a little bold to talk of the *features* of a casket.

*Bas.* I only repeated it to help out Geoffrey's explanation. It was the work of a child of fourteen.

*Geof.* Did your Mary write it?

*Bas.* Yes. Now she peacefully awaits the fulfillment of its promise beside the little church in the bay. She was taken from me when she was eighteen. Dear child! how she loved Spenser and all our great poets! Had she lived, she might have written something of her own worth remembering. A happy matron, with children of hers playing round her, she might have been sitting now beside me, and helping us in our poetic researches. *Deo aliter visum est.*

*Geof.* She listens to the angels now; and their discourse is better than ours.

*Bas.* You remember something, I see, of her unfulfilled promise.

*Geof. (aside).* Remember her? I could sooner forget myself. *(Aloud.)* Let me recall to your recollection that I spent a long vacation here the summer before she died. With you and Mary I climbed many a fell, explored many a waterfall, had many a delicious moonlight row on the lake. If there is any one in the world, besides yourself, who knows what you lost in her, I am the man.

*Bas. (Murmurs half to himself)—*

"In the great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from all evil, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead."

*(After a pause.)* We must return to our subject. I will give you a second example of the outward structure of a sonnet, in which the concluding six lines rhyme after a more usual pattern than those in my dear daughter's. This second one is my own, yet I can fearlessly bid you praise the thought which it strives to embody, since I have borrowed it from St. Augustine, who, in his great treatise on the Trinity, describes the happy condition of the humble

believer in Christ, as compared with the proud Platonic philosopher, in these words: "For what furthers it one, exalting himself, and so ashamed to embark on the Wood, to see from afar his home beyond the sea? Or what hinders it the humble, that at so great a distance he sees it not, while he is drawing nigh it on that Wood whereon the other disdains to be carried?" By the Wood, I need not tell you, he meant the Cross.

*Geof.* Happy Augustine! His opponents, then, only differed with him as to the method of reaching the "home beyond the sea." They did not, as ours do, deny that that home existed anywhere. But let us hear how you versified the thought—a poem in prose as it stands.

*Bas.* Thus:

"Brother! my seat is on the mountain high;  
The wind which bends thy mast but fans my brow.  
Clear from my watch-tower lies to view what thou  
Dost strain thy gaze 'mid swelling seas to spy—  
The goodly land—the land of liberty  
And peace and joy—land sought with prayer and  
vow

Of old by many a voyager, who now  
Feeds on its beauty his unsated eye.  
Yet does thy seeming fragile bark prove strong  
To buffet with the waves, and day by day  
Hold on its course right forward to the shore:  
What now thou seest not thou shalt see ere long;  
While I, ah me! see yet, but never more  
May hope to tread that good land far away."

*Hen.* Praise from me would be an impertinence, whether directed to yourself or to St. Augustine; otherwise I should say that we have here a noble thought very nobly expressed.

*Bas.* I must ascribe the latter half of your remark to the generous enthusiasm of youth; but with the former I entirely agree. The difference between barren contemplation and fruitful action, the hopeless chasm (not to be spanned for man without divine aid) that separates *knowing* from *doing*, has seldom been illuminated by a brighter poetic flash than in Augustine's saying.

*Geof.* I wonder that poets do not oftener glean in the rich field of that great Father's writings. He, like Plato, was of the brotherhood, although he wrote in prose.

*Hen.* Do you ascribe to his poetic temperament those wonderful statements on natural history which occasionally enliven his sermons?

*Geof.* Give me an instance.

*Hen.* Surely you remember his explanation of the deaf adder in the psalm, which, he says, stops one ear with its tail, and the other by laying it against the ground; and thus disables itself from hearing the voice of the charmer. Is not that an ingenious notion? But then, you know, unfortunately, an adder has no ears.

*Bas.* They hear quick enough somehow; but

I allow the explanation in question to be as improbable as it is needless.

*Geof.* Come, Henry, confess. Your reading has been extensive, I know, for your age; but I doubt your having had time or inclination yet to read St. Augustine's long commentary on the Psalms. Who gave you that precious piece of information out of it?

*Hen.* My tutor. He was pointing out to us one day the superiority of the modern expositors of Scripture to the ancient, and he adduced this as an example of the faults of the latter. I remember thinking at the time that it did not prove much, because a man who had had no opportunity of getting up the facts of natural history correctly, might be great, nevertheless, at logic.

*Bas.* Give my compliments to your tutor, and tell him that you will do him credit some day. No thanks to him, though—unless his usual method of instruction is different from the sample with which you have favored us. A man who keeps a sharp lookout for the weak points of his intellectual superiors, and who feels no pleasure in surveying and exhibiting their excellences, is not a teacher to whom I should like to intrust a grandson of my own.

But we are not getting on very fast with our supposed subject. The next thing in order should have been an account of the true idea of a sonnet—the reason why its peculiar structure is the appropriate one.

*Geof.* That I take to be the following: A sonnet should consist of a thought and its consequence—a syllogism, in fact, but one more of the heart than of the head. The main proposition should be the subject of the first eight lines. The difficulty raised by it in the mind should be disentangled, or the consequences naturally flowing from it majestically and skillfully drawn out, in the concluding six; so that the last line should satisfy mind and ear alike with a sense of a completed harmony at once of ideas and sounds. Sometimes, however, the first four lines will hold what I may call the main proposition, which may be followed by correlative statements extending to the sonnet's close.

*Bas.* That is the sonnet which answers best to the fable of the sonnet's origin.

*Geof.* What is that?

*Bas.* Upon a day Apollo met the Muses and the Graces in sweet sport mixed with earnest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was present likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began; then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and finally, a low, sweet strain from Memory made an harmonious close. This was the first sonnet; and,

mindful of its origin, all true poets take care to bid Apollo strike the key-note for them when they compose one, and to let Memory compress the pith and marrow of the sonnet into its last line.

*Geof.* That is a capital allegory: I never heard it before. Have you extemporized it for our instruction?

*Bas.* No; yet I forget where I found it. It sounds like an invention of an Italian of the Renaissance. But you had more to say about the sonnet.

*Geof.* Not much. I was merely going to add that at other times the sonnet seems to fall into three divisions—a major, a minor, and a conclusion. This is the case in which it is best ended by a couplet.

*Bas.* My little girl's sonnet comes under that definition. Instinct, or good examples, taught the child to circumscribe her picture of the death and resurrection of the just within the first eight lines, to give the next four to the resurrection of the wicked, and to sum up her simple moral lesson in her closing couplet. A grand sonnet, by Blanco White, cut out on a similar pattern, comes into my mind. But we shall want it later on.

*Geof.* Your own poem is a specimen of the sonnet in two divisions. Its first eight lines set out the apparent superiority of the contemplative philosopher to the practical Christian; while its last six skillfully reverse the statement, closing with a wail over the sight that is never to become fruition.

I think my definition is sufficiently exact for our purpose, and explains why, especially in sonnets molded like yours, the first eight lines are to be so intimately connected by rhyme. At their close there is a sort of natural halting-place, whence the mind surveys the ground already traversed, and then turns to the steps which remain to be taken, either by way of natural consequence, or in unexpected contravention of what has gone before.

*Bas.* One thing strikes me, though, and I hasten to mention it. Your correct definition, with which I have no quarrel otherwise, carries with it one most serious inconvenience. It is a fatally exclusive one. If we maintain it absolutely, we must deny the name of sonnets to some of Wordsworth's, to all Spenser's, to Drummond's—

*Geof.* Drummond, if I remember right, employs only two rhymes in his first eight lines, which is the essential thing, though he varies their position.

*Bas.* But what do you say to Shakespeare's? If yours is the description of the only receipt for a sonnet, then the name is a misnomer for any of his. They all consist, I think, of three qua-

trains like those in Gray's "Elegy" (and with no more connection as to rhyme than they have), loosely bound up at the end by a single couplet. Can you possibly maintain a definition of the sonnet which shall refuse that name to Shakespeare's, and deny Wordsworth's assertion that—

" . . . with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart " ?

*Geof.* I see the difficulty, and I will make all the concessions that I can. I am ready to allow that had Petrarch written in English, our penury of rhymes, as compared with the Italian plenty, might—nay, probably would—have led him to modify his strict system; and that thus the deviations of Spenser and Shakespeare from their model are very excusable. I am willing, if you like, to make two classes of the English sonnet; the more loosely organized, at the head of which must stand Shakespeare's—and the more closely coherent, the type for which are Milton's: but I can not possibly consider the first class, whatever its merits may be, as fulfilling the requirements of the sonnet in the way in which Petrarch conceived them, and Milton and Wordsworth (in his happiest efforts) accomplished them.

*Bas.* Then you will give your vote, when we come to select our six, against even one of Shakespeare's best ?

*Geof.* Decidedly. They none of them impress my mind as do Milton's; they lack his stately grandeur, and fail to give the same satisfactory sense of perfect finish. They may be perfect in their own line; but it is a line, in point of art, laid on a lower level than Milton's.

*Bas.* That may be true; but yet—but yet—what profound thoughts lurk in single lines of Shakespeare's sonnets! what a mysterious charm many of them possess! Who, that has seen as many years as I have, can read the one which begins, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry," and not own sorrowfully how true is its indictment against "the world we live in" ?

*Geof.* Hamlet, in his far-famed soliloquy, says the same things better.

*Bas.* Yes; but without the inimitable touch of tenderness at the end. What generous love, too, though extravagant and unjust in its generosity, breathes in the sonnet which begins, "No longer mourn for me when I am dead"! What a powerful enchanter's wand is waved (though for what a sorrowful purpose!) in the sonnet that opens with, "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"! Before its sweet alliterative spell, grave after grave opens, and specter after specter of cares and losses long ago laid to sleep comes forth to torment the mind; till, at its end—oh, splendid tribute to friendship!—the beloved name, spoken in the heart, not

pronounced by the lips, puts them all to flight. Think, too, of that noble sonnet which tells us that love which can alter is not love at all, but something else; for that real love—

" . . . is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is a star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom."

*Hen.* That is very fine.

*Geof.* And perfectly true.

*Bas.* Then, how well the diffidence of genius in its hours of despondency is expressed in the sonnet commencing, "If thou survive my well-contented day"! and how well its just self-confidence in another which I will repeat to you, for I happen to remember it!—

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand."

*Geof.* I wonder whether Browning had the first four lines of that sonnet in mind when penning the speech in "The Ring and the Book," in which the criminal on the point of execution consoles himself by the reflection that all men are like waves hastening to break on the shore of death; that the privilege of the more fortunate is but to arrive a little slower, of the gayest only to dance a little more wildly in the sunshine, than the rest. It is a fine passage; but, I think, scarcely in place in the mouth of the base man to whom its writer has given it.

*Bas.* I do not read Browning. He speaks a language which I have never learned. The taste for his poems is an acquired taste, and to me they have remained unsavory delicacies.

*Geof.* You have missed something, then. Is Browning in favor at your university, Henry ?

*Hen.* One of our tutors often quotes him; but any of our men who read poetry talk of Swinburne or Morris.

*Bas.* They should be ashamed to talk of Swinburne. If I catch you listening to him I



shall feel inclined to scold you as Vergil did Dante, when he caught him hearkening to the ignoble discourse of Sinon and Master Adam, and to give him reason, "Chè voler ciò udire è bassa voglia."

*Geof.* I advise you to stick to Morris. I am fond of him myself. He tells a story something in Chaucer's way.

*Bas.* Has he written any sonnets?

*Geof.* I understand your rebuke. To show that the fine one which you last repeated was not wholly new to me, I will make one remark upon it, which is this: Being differently organized to one of Petrarch's sonnets, it does not present the same ebb of thought, after the flood-tide, that they often do. Its main idea, that of the ravages of time, flows on uninterrupted through twelve lines, to dash itself as against a rock, impregnable by the assaults of ocean, in the closing couplet, which so proudly declares the prerogatives of imperishable genius. Now by this an effect at once grand and simple is produced. Nevertheless, the more complex harmonies of the Petrarchan sonnet, as developed by our great English masters, are grander still.

*Bas.* I say not nay. Yet let us linger with Shakespeare a while longer. Which of us can remember another sonnet by him?

*Hen.* I think I can. I learned one at home many years ago. It is this one:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and-by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

What makes you smile?

*Geof.* I could not help thinking how very appropriate those lines were to the state of the reciter. They must have been even more so, if possible, when you first learned them, as you say, many years ago. You repeated them, too, with such feeling. But seriously, it is well, I think, to hear them from young lips, sitting, as we do, with all the flush of summer around us. Under some circumstances they might be too sad.

*Bas.* I can not walk under our lime-tree avenue in November without thinking of them. It is anything but a "bare, ruined choir" at present

—in a week or two its incense will breathe more fragrance than any diffused by Eastern spices; but, when its green has turned to gold, and that gold paves the floor instead of enriching its roof, I see in it what Shakespeare saw—the image of a desolated temple.

*Hen.* The new-made ruins of his day must have been a sorry sight. We see them mellowed by the hand of Time.

*Bas.* There are sadder ruins (if people only had eyes to see them with) than even fallen church-walls—ruins, for which those who will have to answer should strive to place themselves in a moral attitude corresponding to Shakespeare's penitent, dying on his bed of ashes.

*Hen.* I wonder when Shakespeare wrote that sonnet? One would think at the very end of his life.

*Geof.* Men feel old at very various periods. Look at Coleridge, writing his pathetic "Youth and Age" before he was forty.

*Hen.* Did he really? Why, you would say its writer must have been aged seventy.

*Geof.* Look at Charles V resigning the empire, worn out with age and infirmities, under sixty; while our statesmen now fight hard to gain, or retain, the command of a much larger empire at seventy and upward; and not long ago our premier was over eighty.

But to return to the sonnet which you so well recited. You there see, as in the former one, a single idea prevailing up to the final couplet, which contains its consequence. The close of life is painted in three beautiful images, one for each quatrain, and then comes the moral which the friend is to draw from it.

*Bas.* Do you notice how the light fades away through the sonnet, answerably to the fading of life which it represents? In the first four lines you have daylight, although only that of an autumn afternoon; in the next four you have twilight, dying away into the night which prevails in the last four, only relieved by the red glow of embers, the fire in which will shortly be extinct.

*Geof.* That, perhaps, is the reason of the perfect satisfaction this sonnet gives one. Its somber tints are in such complete harmony.

*Bas.* Can either of you repeat the sonnet which begins, "Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth"?

*Hen.* I never even heard of it: my acquaintance with Shakespeare's sonnets is of the slightest.

*Geof.* I only remember its last line, "And death once dead, there's no more dying then," accurately; but I know that it is one of the finest of Shakespeare's sonnets, viewed from the spiritual side.

*Bas.* Yes. It gives one good hope—especially when taken in connection with the unde-

signed and compendious confessions of faith in several of the plays—that our greatest poet's "ruined choir" was not unvisited by the seraphim. I wish I could recall its words. As I can not, I will say you the only other of Shakespeare's sonnets that I remember just now. It is the pendant to one I mentioned before, and contains four yet more beautiful lines than it does. In that sonnet Love chases away sad memories; in this he consoles for present sorrows:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:  
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

*Geof.* Truly a glorious sunrise of the soul. But oh, the weakness of human nature in its best estate! Fancy *Shakespeare* desiring another man's art, and discontented with his own vast possessions!

*Bas.* Should we not rather say, Great is the modesty, marvelous the unconsciousness, of the highest genius?

But you have indulged me long enough in wandering among what you have seen fit to call the more loosely organized sonnets. Let us now proceed to select our six best from those which present the higher type. I imagine that they will all be found in one volume, with "John Milton" on the title-page.

*Geof.* Possibly; but I propose, if only for variety's sake, that we should first choose three of his, and then find our remaining three elsewhere.

*Bas.* Agreed, since you wish it. Now, Henry, which are your two favorites of Milton's sonnets?

*Hen.* The one on his blindness, and that on the massacre of the Waldenses. But then I know them by heart: some of the others I only know slightly, if at all.

*Geof.* Further knowledge will scarcely lead to an altered choice. They are two of Milton's very best. What concentrated power there is in that on the Piedmontese martyrs! With what few vigorous strokes it paints to us the ancient faith, the simple life, the mountain habitation, the undeserved sufferings, of those hapless confessors whose

"moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they to heaven!"

*Bas.* Do you notice the added force given by alliteration to the lines immediately preceding, which tell us how the bloody persecutors

"rolled

Mother with infant down the rocks"?

and the way in which that verse seems to make us hear the fall of the victims; and to hold our breath with horror as we watch them reach their sad resting-place, and lie motionless, shattered and dead, at the foot of the precipice?

*Geof.* If the expression in that sonnet is the more perfect, the thought expressed in the sonnet on Milton's blindness is the nobler.

*Bas.* Both the sonnets on that theme are very noble. The second to Cyriac Skinner has in it a strain of manly courage, which it does one's heart good to read after the unmanly complainings of some poets; and the one Henry mentioned is better than a sermon in the clear insight which it shows into what serving God really means. We owe much to Milton's blindness. I suppose it was to some extent the cause, instead of being the effect, of those grand visions to which Gray ascribes it. You well know, too, the pathos to which it has given rise in "Samson Agonistes" and in "Paradise Lost." Also, did you ever reflect that it is a blind man who speaks in the beautiful sonnet on Milton's dead wife?

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.

Mine, as whom, washed from spot of child-bed taint,

Purification in the Old Law did save,

And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:

Her face was veiled; yet, to my fancied sight,  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined

So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

You observe he can not even dream of his second wife's face. He was blind when he married her; and therefore, when she visits his slumbers, her face is veiled.

*Geof.* But so is that of Alcestis, to whom he compares her, in Euripides.

*Bas.* For a different reason. There, on the one hand, Admetus is not to be startled by the too sudden revelation of his wife rescued from death; on the other, there is yet to hang about the restored Alcestis a shadow of the dark and sacred place whence she has come—hence her total silence, hence the veil which shrouds her

face. But Milton, not guilty of his wife's death like the selfish Admetus, looks forward in his fearless innocence to a "full sight of her in heaven without" the "restraint" which his blindness interposed on earth, and which her veil perpetuates in his dream. So, when his Catherine vanishes, like Laura from his master Petrarch's gaze, borne away on the pinions of departing sleep, it is a double night that day, by a strange contradiction, brings back to him—the loss of the bright vision and the sense of his own sightless state.

*Hen.* I am glad that Milton loved the "Alcestis"; it is a very favorite play of mine. I hope you have seen Leighton's picture of her as she lies dead by the blue Ægean, among her beautiful living handmaids.

*Geof.* With Hercules grappling with Death in the background. It is the most charming English picture I know from a classic subject, and deserves all that Browning has said of it.

*Bas.* I should like to see it. Not "Alcestis" only, but all the extant dramas of Euripides were dear to Milton. How often we find him imitating him! He even dares, with both Æschylus and Sophocles claiming the title by better right, to style him "sad Electra's poet." By the way, we must have the sonnet in which that expression occurs. Geoffrey, will you say it to us? and mind you give "Colonel" his three syllables in full in the opening line.

*Geof.* I will be French for the nonce. Why we English ever got to pronounce it in our present absurd way, I know not. You see that in Milton's day we knew better:

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenseless doors may  
seize,  
If deed of honor did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

That seems to me an absolutely perfect sonnet. How well sense and sound correspond throughout it! The poet's right to be protected, the duty and the profit of guarding him, fill the first eight lines; while the two great examples of warriors who had acknowledged the claim, even allowing it to extend to inanimate things, echo through the two rhymes, thrice repeated, of the last six. The underthought is the imperishable

quality of genius; typified by the standing of Pindar's house erect in the desolation, when the temples and towers of Thebes went down before the fierce assault of the Macedonian king.

*Bas.* You seem to hear the crash with which they came down, in Milton's lines; and the dead stillness after, in the pause which the most careless reciter must make after telling us how they "went to the ground."

*Hen.* Lysander must have been superior in poetic sensibility to most of the Spartans if he really spared the walls of Athens after listening to a chorus of Euripides.

*Bas.* It is an example of the power of what Plato meant by music to bring men's minds into a justly tempered state. Notice also that it was Euripides, a poet who died somewhat out of favor with the Athenian people, to whom they owed this great service; and mark the inference that the benefits conferred by true genius survive all discords of political parties or religious sects. How notably this is exemplified by Milton himself! Both his creeds, religious and political, differ widely from my own; yet it is my own fault if I ever read him without being the better for it.

But it is growing late; we must come to some conclusion about the four sonnets that we have been talking of. Which one shall we leave out? for we were only to choose three. Shall we omit that of the vision, on the ground of its imitation of the Italian school?

*Geof.* Certainly not; for here the pupil has surpassed his master.

*Bas.* Then, shall we give up the pleading on behalf of the poet's house, as on a less high theme than that on the Vaudois, and as on a less touching subject than that on the poet's own affliction? For my own part, I think the subject represented ought to count for something in art; and that though a mean one, artistically treated, should be preferred to a noble one not done justice to, yet that a grand theme, really well handled, should (in spite of inevitable defects) be held to surpass a low one, even if wrought to all the perfection of which it is capable. I have no doubt that Teniers accomplished all he undertook more completely than Raphael what he aimed at; but I would far rather possess a masterpiece by the latter than by the former.

*Geof.* True; but scarcely relevant here. Milton's danger and his blindness were both personal concerns—neither, in themselves, grand subjects; and I can no more refuse my admiration to the poetic fervor which, treating of the one, calls the old Greek warriors to admonish the furious cavalier, and the old Greek poets to defend the sacred head of their worthy successor, than I can to the holier ardor which, reflecting

on the other, unveils the order of the universe to us—the ministering angels, the obedient saints waiting patiently, with folded arms, till their own time for active service shall arrive.

*Hen.* What you have just said helps me out of a difficulty. I always thought it a little insincere in Milton to speak of himself in that sonnet as the man of the one talent in the parable—knowing that, at least in our modern sense of the word, his talents were so many. But may he not have taken “talents” more in what I believe to be their Scriptural sense—as opportunities for serving God? Those might well be few to a blind man.

*Bas.* I think he took talent in the usual sense—genius is very humble: reconsider the context, and you will see.

Speaking of our Lord's parables, the reference to that of the Talents has a fine effect in the sonnet on the Blindness; but there is one much finer in another sonnet to the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

*Geof.* Yes; I know it. If the first eight lines of that sonnet had equaled its last six, it would have been one of Milton's very best. These lines—it is addressed to a virtuous young lady, Henry—are as follows:

“Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light  
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be  
                                  sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with His feastful  
                                  friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,  
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.”

*Bas.* Can anything be finer?

*Geof.* Am I too fanciful in saying that Milton felt, not thought, that the orderly sequence of those three rhymes, each responded to in its turn without variation of place by the three succeeding, was the fittest to help us to image to ourselves the stately advance of that grand bridal procession which he here calls up before our minds?

*Bas.* I think you are right—especially in using the word *felt*. Those sort of correspondences are a matter of instinct, as I believe, to true poets.

*Geof.* But to your question, Can anything be finer? Perhaps the sonnet in memory of a departed Christian friend. Will you say it to us, and let us judge?

*Bas.* Willingly:

“When Faith and Love, which parted from thee  
                                  never,  
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,

Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them  
                                  best

Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.”

*Geof.* That sonnet always seems to me one of Milton's most perfect. How well his more usual interlaced arrangement of his last six lines suits his meaning here! And then you will not find a single weak place in all the fourteen, search them as you may. Thought and expression are alike elevated, and flow equally in one roll of majestic harmony from the beginning to the close. Then, too, it is so clear. You can take it in at one hearing. Indeed, so you can the Martyrs, the Alcestis sonnet, the sonnet where Ruth rhymes to ruth (a tiny blemish, I suppose), and that on the assault on the city. Now the long parenthesis in the sonnet on the Blindness makes it need a second hearing.

*Bas.* It is well worth one. Was I far wrong when I said that we should find the six best sonnets in the English language to be Milton's? for the worst of the half-dozen which we have been talking about will be hard to match, let alone to surpass, by a specimen culled from any of our other poets' pages.

*Geof.* That may well be; and as to settling which are the three best of these six of Milton's, I think we might discuss the subject till midnight, and yet remain uncertain. I incline, myself, to choose the one you have last said to us, the one on the assault of the city, and the one on the slain Waldenses, as the three most absolutely perfect; but a very little arguing might unsettle me.

I must ask you to leave the question about Milton undetermined, for this is nearly the hour at which my nephew and his friend were to call and row me home across the lake. Till their signal-whistle sounds through the darkness, let us try and settle our last three great sonnets. We must give Wordsworth a fair chance.

*Bas.* Yes; his sonnets are good, very good, but only a few of them great enough to set by Milton's.

*Geof.* How pretty his two sonnets on Sonnets are!

*Bas.* Yes; one of them a little irregular, though, according to your strict canons.

*Geof.* Those two fine sonnets of his on London asleep, and on our too great separation from nature by our artificial modern life—I mean that which begins, “The world is too much with us”



—are perfectly regular. So is that good sonnet on Milton, which has in it these two perfect lines :

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."

*Bas.* Ditto the companion—less fine, but oftener quoted—sonnet about "Plain Living and High Thinking."

*Geof.* Chiefly known for those few words, as is the case with so many of Wordsworth's poems.

*Bas.* Often with better reason. They sometimes contain one gem, and a good deal of twaddle. A sensible reader treasures the gem, and forbears to treasure its *entourage*. Now Wordsworth's sonnets on the fall of Venice and the enslavement of Switzerland are both good throughout; but their structure is defective, by the Petrarchan standard, especially the latter.

*Geof.* I wonder why Wordsworth, who altered so many things in his poems, maintained that anticipation of the final "heard by thee" in his eighth line of the last-named? No doubt, for some reason that seemed satisfactory to himself.

*Bas.* I can not say that I think it would satisfy me if I knew it. I always, too, disapproved of "holy glee." It is an obvious makeshift for a rhyme. But, as you say, time presses. Give me therefore, reserving more minute discussion for some future day, your own favorite sonnet of Wordsworth, and then I will give you mine—incomparably his grandest, as I think.

*Geof.* My two favorites, on what I may call personal grounds though, are that written in the Trossachs, the autumn coloring of which is so very perfect—and that by the sea. They have each a slight imperfection of form, which I readily pardon; but which, if we were formally weighing Wordsworth's merits, would have to be considered. I will repeat to you the latter.

*Bas.* Say us both, please. I do not know the sonnet on the Trossachs so well as the other: I think it is not in my edition of the poet.

*Geof.* Here it is :

"There's not a nook within this solemn Pass  
But were an apt confessional for one  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
That life is but a tale of morning grass,  
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than  
glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy guest !  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast

That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest."

*Bas.* Yes, that is lovely. It would be a pity to strike out "Nature's old felicities," for the sake of more largely completing your rhymes, would it not? Our lake looked like the three within the poet's reach, this evening, clearer "than glass untouched, unbreathed upon." Now carry us to the sunset on the sea.

*Geof.* Willingly :

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :  
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
Thou liest 'in Abraham's bosom' all the year ;  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not."

*Henry.* Do you like "not" rhyming with "thought"?

*Geof.* I can not say that I do. But then one can not stop to think about such things after having heard one of the greatest of God's works—the sea—interpreted, sight, sound, and all, in so splendid a manner. It leaves one "breathless with" admiration.

*Bas.* How beautiful, too, is the interpretation of the sweet unconsciousness of childhood! I wonder, however, at Wordsworth's use of "Abraham's bosom" as a synonym for God's presence with his little ones. It is an expression consecrated in Scripture to describe the end, not the beginning—the rest of the faithful departed.

*Hen.* As far as I understand you, sonnet four in your list is either to be one of the two last said, or one of several mentioned before, but not minutely discussed. I can not congratulate you on the exactness of the results attained by your criticism.

*Geof.* It is all the fault of this sultry, hazy evening. What clearness of idea can one attain at such times? To-morrow, if the wind changes, or the first day that the west wind blows away the vapor, and the rocks and peaks stand out sharp against the blue sky, we three will scale our highest fell and make up our minds about everything.

*Bas.* I told you that I had made up my mind about Wordsworth's grandest sonnet—No. 5, as Henry may write it down on the minutes of this important and most conclusive conference. It is not one of the sonnets thus far referred to. Its

structure is, I think, the same as the "Trosachs." It is the last of the ecclesiastical sonnets—that on Monte Rosa.

*Geof.* I am ashamed to say that I do not possess that little volume, and so have not read it for years. Do you know the Monte Rosa sonnet by heart?

*Bas.* Yes; and I have had to repeat it oftener than any of the others, because most people say what you say. Nearly always, too, I have had to repeat it twice, because the abundance of thought in it can not be taken in at one hearing. The Monte Rosa, with its pure virgin snows, lit up by the heavenly glory, is taken as the symbol of the Incarnation in the first eight lines; then in the last six it becomes the emblem of the Christian's progressive holiness and hope in death. The transition from one to the other is abrupt, and would constitute a defect in the sonnet, if we did not remember that the poet trusted his readers to supply the suppressed connection between the two parts—this, namely, that the member depends on the Head, that man's life can be transfigured by a light from heaven only because God himself has become man. Fine throughout, this sonnet's last three lines appear to me truly magnificent. But judge for yourselves. It is as follows:

"Glory to God! and to that Power who came  
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,  
Which made his earthly tabernacle shine  
Like ocean, burning with purple flame:  
Or like that Alpine mount which takes its name  
From roseate hues; far kenne'd at morn and even,  
In quiet times, and when the storm is driven  
Across its nether region's stalwart frame.  
Earth prompts, Heaven urges—let us seek the light,  
Mindful of that pure intercourse begun  
When first our infant brows their luster won.  
So, like the mountain, may we glow more bright,  
Through unimpeded commerce with the sun,  
At the approach of all-involving night."

*Hen.* What a splendid idea! The glories of heaven caught and reflected more clearly as death approaches.

*Bas.* Yes; here the poet shows himself what a poet ought always to be—a divine interpreter of the parables of nature. The Alps are among the most splendid of natural objects; and are fit symbols, therefore, for the most ennobling truth revealed to man.

*Geof.* I remember reading that sonnet in bygone years to my dear father. I recollect, too, his exclamation: "I like it all but the last word.

'Night' is not like death to a Christian. He goes by it from night to day."

*Bas.* That objection could not be maintained. There is a sense in which death is called night to all alike in Scripture: "The night cometh when no man can work." It is the cessation of all our present activities, and our rest after labor. Of death, considered in those aspects, even such a night as is now settling down upon us may make a good emblem—warm, still, and peaceful. But, depend upon it, Wordsworth's "all-involving night" was of another sort. It was a fit image of death, considered as the revealer as well as the concealer—as taking from us for a time the material world, in order to give us in exchange the higher world of ideas—as veiling from us of a truth the works of creation, but only that it may unveil to us their Creator. It was of the kind which indeed hides the sun, but shows the stars. It was such a night as that of which poor Blanco White wrote in what I have heard called the finest sonnet in the English language—a sonnet which, at all events, is among the first, and which I fearlessly propose to you to stand by the Monte Rosa one, which I see you have admitted to be fifth, as the sixth among the six greatest.

*Geof.* I hear my comrades' signal from the bay, so my words must be brief; for this is not going to prove one of those privileged nights on which you can see millions of miles farther than you can by day. But you and I, dear friend, who have seen what we loved best on earth pass into that sacred twilight which those better nights image to us, have an especial interest in a sonnet which all must own to be first rate alike in thought and in expression. Wish me good night by saying it to me, and take in advance my assent to your proposition.

*Bas.:*

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report alone, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.

SWIFT is said to have amused himself in one of his cynical moods in drawing up an elaborate catalogue of things which ought to have succeeded. Should any one in our day be inclined to draw up a list of books which ought to be written, but of which our libraries contain at present no trace, he ought undoubtedly to give a foremost place to a history of literary discoveries. Such a volume would assuredly be one of the most entertaining books in the world. It would be a perfect *Odyssey* of curious incidents. It would show us, perhaps, more than anything what an important part that power, which in our ignorance we call Chance, has played as well in literature as in history; on what a frail thread fame hangs, how narrow the space between oblivion and a splendid immortality. Pascal has observed that, if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer, the history of the world would in all probability have been completely changed. This no one would hesitate to pronounce an exaggeration. But it would be no exaggeration to say that had the texture of a bit of parchment been porous, the greatest critic of antiquity would have been a mere name; had a mouse been a little more hungry, one of the most precious of Cicero's treatises would have been as irretrievably lost to us as the odes of Alcæus or the comedies of Menander.

There is one singular circumstance connected with the history of literary discovery, and it is this. Though many of these discoveries have been to all appearance the result of mere accident, occurring suddenly and unexpectedly, the majority of them, and those which are by far the most important, have been made just at the critical moment, been made at a time when further delay would have rendered them impossible. Had Poggio and those accomplished enthusiasts who surrounded him been born a few years later, we should in all probability have had to mourn the extinction of the Latin classics. Had Percy not applied himself to his researches at the time he did, many of the most precious of our old ballads would have vanished into oblivion. Had Malone confined himself to the study of the law, English poetry must inevitably have lost some of the masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama. We ought, therefore, to be doubly grateful—grateful to these indefatigable scholars who grudged neither time, money, nor health in their arduous task; grateful also to Providence for the timely appearance of these our common benefactors. "To be great one's self," says Mr. Ruskin, "is but to add one

great man to the world, whereas to exhibit the greatness of twelve other men is to enrich the world with twelve great men." And to whom could this praise apply more appropriately than to those who have not only exhibited the greatness but even preserved the being of men of genius?

First among romantic discoveries will come the curious story which Strabo tells about the preservation of Aristotle's works—a story which, in spite of its intrinsic improbability, is corroborated by Plutarch, Athenæus, and Suidas. When the Prince of Philosophers died, he bequeathed his manuscripts to his disciple Theophrastus. Thence they passed into the hands of one Neleus. About the time they came into the possession of Neleus, the emissaries of the Attali—a very powerful family—were scouring Asia in search of manuscripts, and Neleus trembled for his treasure. Accordingly, he hid it in a cellar, and, dying soon afterward, forgot to inform his friends of what he had done with the papers. For two centuries the precious documents remained in their subterranean prison. At last Apellicon—the famous book-collector of Teos—found them out. Damp, moths, and worms had worked their will upon them—and in many places the text was illegible; but Apellicon, in ecstasy at his discovery, had them at once copied out, and hence the preservation of writings which have had more influence on the human mind than any other writings in existence. A still stranger story is the history of a work which has had no little influence on the romantic literature of Europe—"The History of the Trojan War," purporting to have been translated from the Greek of Eupraxis, who had in his turn translated it from the Phœnician. The preface to this book informs us that in the reign of Nero an earthquake took place in Crete, and that the effect of it was, among other things, to burst open the tomb of Diety, one of the heroes who had fought in the Trojan war. Shortly after the shock, some peasants happened to be passing by the tomb, and, perceiving a gap, had the curiosity to peep in. They saw, to their great surprise, a chest, which they at once conveyed to their master Eupraxis. On opening it he found that it contained a manuscript, and that this manuscript was none other than a history of the War of Ilium, penned by one who had taken part in it. This story has usually been held to be an impudent fiction manufactured for the purpose of passing off an equally impudent forgery, that it is, in short, to be classed with Geoffrey of

Monmouth's story of Gualtier's "discovery of the ancient Cimbric volume in Brittany," with Chaterton's "discovery" of Rowley's poems in the steeple of St. Mary Ratcliffe's, and with Ireland's discovery of "Vortigern." However this may be, the story was held to be true for many centuries, and there are no means for positively refuting it.

Let us turn now to undisputed facts. In a dark and filthy dungeon—"a place which was not even a fit residence for a condemned criminal"—Poggio found, begrimed with dirt, and rotting with damp, the priceless work of Quintilian. Groping about in the same noisome cavern he rescued also the three first, and part of the fourth, books of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, one of the most vigorous and pleasing of the minor Latin poets, as well as the valuable "Commentaries" of Peditanus on Cicero. Many of Cicero's orations were discovered under similar circumstances, lurking in out-of-the-way corners, and becoming as each month rolled by more and more corroded and soiled. The oration for Cæcina, for example, he found in a monastery at Langres; the poem of Silius Italicus, and the grand and glorious masterpiece of Lucretius, in another monastery. Many other classics, among them Plautus, Tacitus, Manilius, Petronius Arbiter, Calpurnius, were stumbled upon in the monasteries of Germany, and it is difficult to peruse the rapturous exclamations in which the discoverers announce their good fortune without feeling, even at this distance of time, something of the enthusiasm which stirred so mightily their hearts. Propertius, the prince of the Latin elegiac poets, had a narrow escape indeed. The manuscript—and there is reason to believe the only manuscript that contained his poems—was found, stained, squalid, and crumpled, under the casks in a wine-cellar. The whole story may be read in "The Geniales Dies," a pleasant collection of gossip and antiquarianism written by a Neapolitan lawyer in the fifteenth century, named Alexander ab Alexandro. In Westphalia a monk came accidentally upon the histories of Tacitus, and to this happy chance we are indebted for one of the most priceless volumes of antiquity, a work which has had more influence on modern prose literature than any single book in the world. Miserable was the plight in which the best poems of Statius—the "Sylvæ"—were found, tattered, distorted, and scarcely legible. The most interesting treatise which Cicero has bequeathed to us was discovered amid a heap of refuse and rubbish near Milan, by a Bishop of Lodi, early in the fifteenth century; and the only valuable manuscript of Dioscorides was, when found in a similar state, "so thoroughly riddled with insects," writes Lambecius, "that one would have

scarcely stooped to pick it up in the streets had one seen it lying there." Had the insects been able to enjoy a heartier meal, the "botany of the ancients" would have been almost a blank to us. Livy—or, rather, what remains of him (for out of one hundred and forty-two books we have, alas! only thirty-five)—was picked up piecemeal. Thus, part of the fourth decade was found in the cathedral church of St. Martin at Mayence; another portion, containing books forty-one to forty-four, in an out-of-the-way corner in Switzerland, while part of book ninety-one was found lurking under the writing of another manuscript in the Vatican. One of Horace's Odes (book iv, ode 8) was found sticking to an early impression of Cicero's "Offices," though not of course a unique impression, still the earliest we have. Part of the "Odyssey" of Homer, i. e., three hundred lines of book eighteen, was found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Monfalout. A very singular discovery in the fifteenth century created for the moment the impression that the lost books of Livy were on the point of turning up again. The tutor of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Ronville, chanced to be playing tennis. In the course of the game he noticed that his racket-bat was made of parchment which was covered with writing. He had the curiosity to attempt to decipher it, and in a short time he discovered that it was a piece of historical Latin prose. He was a good and widely read scholar, he saw that the style was the style of Livy, and as soon found that the fragment was evidently part of the lost books. He instantly hurried off to the racket-maker. But all was in vain; the man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment, and that all the parchment had long since been "used up"—had passed into racket-bats.

At the beginning of the present century it was fondly hoped that as the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii proceeded, many precious manuscripts might be discovered. Many supposed that the lost comedies of Menander, the odes of Sappho and Alcæus, or at least some relics of Roman literature might be found imbedded in the solidified lava. The Romans we know often kept their manuscript treasures in chests, and, if those chests chanced to be made of some metal impervious to fire, there was no reason why the most sanguine expectations should not be realized. But the hopes of scholars were destined to be disappointed: all that came to light were a few fragments of some of the later philosophers, a scrap or two of Philodemus and Epicurus, which were scarcely worth the elaborate pains necessary to unroll and decipher them. For the preservation of the celebrated digest of the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers, who came upon it amid the *debris*



of a city which they had besieged and taken in Calabria; and the preservation of the "Ethiopica" of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen, in 1526, a common soldier saw a manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was richly bound, he picked it up and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly afterward printed, and became one of the most popular romances of modern times. Not less singular was the rescue of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century, who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a bookbinder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to inspect it. He soon saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion. Before we leave ancient literature to come to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, had observed that behind the writing of many mediæval manuscripts there were traces of former letters. It occurred to him that as parchment was by no means abundant during the middle ages, it was just possible that the monks might have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment for their own purposes. His suspicions were soon confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to decipher, the original letters, and thus arose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms, he made the glorious discovery of at least one third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the "De Republica"—a work which, up till the time of Mai's discovery, was only known to us by one long fragment, and two or three isolated scraps. In 1817 the "Institutes" of Gaius were discovered in the same way in the Library of the Chapter at Verona, under the letters of a manuscript containing the epistles of St. Jerome. The herculean labor involved in such a task as this may be imagined! Another way by which fragments from the wreck of antiquity have been arrested has been by the identification of stolen passages. Thus, Porson was enabled to restore much of a play of Euripides by perceiving that a reverend father of the Church had taken the liberty to transfer whole lines from the Attic dramatist to

adorn his own Christian play. In times when great works were unique, it was, we regret to say, by no means uncommon for the possessor of a manuscript to transcribe whole passages, and, destroying the original, to make them pass for his own. Thus, Leonardo Aretino, believing himself to be the sole possessor of a history of the Gothic war, by Procopius, translated it into Latin and passed himself off for the original author. Thus, there is good reason to believe that Petrus Alcyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole paragraphs from the "De Gloria" of Cicero, and then made away with it, that his base plagiarism might not be detected. In this way also Sulpicius Severus, the ecclesiastical historian, is said to have dealt with the fourth book of the histories of Tacitus, after plundering the great Roman's account of the capture of Jerusalem. But it is time now to transfer our gossip to more modern times.

Every one knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world, had it not been for the tumbling-in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu, letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, moldy old papers at Lympstone, in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured, it might supply the lacunæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures, and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless apparently for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found

the long-lost and much-desired duplicate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly.

Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's "Table-Talk." In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casparus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation of which was based on a cottage which had formerly belonged to his grandfather. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in strong linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van Sparr's grandfather, to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII, making it death for any one to possess the work. Great indeed is our debt of gratitude to this prudent old gentleman, for the loss of this book would not only have deprived us of a work which is in itself singularly interesting, but we should never have understood the character of the great Reformer half so well, never have known his rich humor, his shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness, never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation.

If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window-sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream; which reminds us of a similar story told by Sir Walter Scott touching some valuable family documents. An interesting prose work of Milton, the "Tractate on the Doctrines of Christianity," was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches and state papers, by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the Rolls papers, in 1823, a discovery to which we are indebted for Macaulay's brilliant article in the "Edinburgh." How the manuscript could have found its way into such uncongenial company remains a mystery to the present day. Mr. Masson's discovery of a poem by Milton—if it was by Milton, for the subject is still hotly disputed—was not less extraordinary. The secret history of Sir George Mackenzie had been sold for waste-paper to a grocer, but, fortunately, before cutting the leaves up, struck by the old handwriting, he had the curiosity to read a few pages. Satisfied that they were papers of importance, he put them in the hands of Dr. McCrie, and thus was this valu-

able history saved from destruction. By far the most important manuscript of Benvenuto's celebrated memoirs of himself was accidentally discovered among the refuse of a second-hand bookshop in Florence, by Signor Poirot, in 1810, and the Porson papers were picked up in the same way on a stall at Cambridge. The existence of Laurence Minot, the spirited chronicler of Edward III's wars, the poet-laureate of the great French wars in the fourteenth century, was not even suspected till the end of the eighteenth century. Tyrwhitt, the Chaucerian scholar, had been much struck with the difference between the tone and style of a series of ballads attributed to Chaucer, and the usual style of Chaucer's poetry. This led him to examine very minutely the manuscript. He then found that the name on the manuscript was the name, not of the author, but of the possessor of the poems—that it was not, as the index-makers had supposed, Geoffrey Chaucer, but Richard Chauser. Further investigation revealed the secret. Thus the sagacity and good fortune of a critic in the eighteenth century established the fame and revealed the existence of a poet in the fourteenth. It is not often a man of genius owes so much to a commentator.

The discovery of that pleasant work, Montaigne's "Journal" of his travels in Italy, is also another event for which the admirers of the immortal essayist ought to be devoutly thankful. It happened thus: The existence of the work had long been suspected, but many years had rolled away since the essayist's death, and no trace of the manuscript had been discovered. At last a prebendary of Périgord made his way to the old château with a letter of introduction to the gentleman—a descendant of Montaigne—who resided there. On inquiring whether there were any family archives, he was shown an old coffer covered with dust and corroded by dry-rot. Thence he drew out a mass of papers, and among them turned up the "Journal." Its authenticity was beyond dispute, as two thirds of it was in the handwriting of Montaigne, and the rest in the handwriting of his amanuensis.

The appearance of Sir Kenelm Digby's curious volume entitled "Loose Fantasies," which Sir Harris Nicolas came upon among the Harleian manuscripts, was another discovery which all lovers of biography will deeply appreciate. Its eccentric author probably little dreamed, when he penned his frank confessions, that the eyes of his countrymen would ever peruse them in print, and that his arduous courtship of Venetia Stanley would provoke the smiles of future generations. But one of the most interesting and extraordinary literary discoveries of modern times was made not many years ago by the late Mr. Dilke. Being

engaged in accumulating materials for an edition of Pope, he bethought him of examining the documents which had been in the possession of the Caryll family, thinking it not unlikely that there might be something which would bear on Pope, as John Caryll had been on very intimate terms with the poet. Accordingly, he was permitted to inspect the family archives. There, among a mass of moldy and tattered manuscripts, consisting for the most part of old account-books, farm registers, and the like, amounting in all to a dozen folios, he came across a bundle of papers differing little in appearance from their uninteresting surroundings. But in that bundle had lurked for more than eighty years a damning secret, a secret which, were it possible for the dead to feel, would have made the sensitive poet writhe in his grave. It will be remembered that in the course of his life Pope was anxious to publish his correspondence, and that, to furnish himself with a decent pretext for so doing, he permitted Curll to print an imperfect and surreptitious edition; that, on the appearance of this edition, he at once put himself in communication with his various correspondents, expatiated indignantly on the "foul outrage" which had been done him, and asserted that, in self-defense, and at whatever cost to his own feelings, he felt himself bound to publish a correct copy. Accordingly, he called in his letters. Among those with whom he had had a voluminous correspondence was John Caryll, who happened at that time to be in very precarious health. Caryll returned his correspondence, but, unknown to Pope, kept a copy. Pope constantly delayed the promised publication, expecting, no doubt, the death of Caryll. At last Caryll died, and out came Pope's "genuine correspondence." It excited some surprise at the time, that out of the whole collection there were only four ad-

dressed to Mr. Caryll. Mr. Dilke's discovery cleared up everything. Pope had not only almost rewritten the letters, but had composed out of them a whole mass of fictitious correspondence with illustrious men then dead. He had also redirected a great number, and addressed them to others. Caryll was not, in his estimation, a person of sufficient consequence to fill a large space in a collection of epistles which were to take their place by those of Cicero and Pliny. "The whirligig of Time does indeed bring its revenges," and yet one scarcely envies Mr. Dilke his "discovery." There are men perhaps who would, in loving gratitude for what Pope has done for posterity, have been not unwilling to suppress this contemptible and derogatory incident.

As years roll on, and curiosity is more and more awakened, important literary discoveries must of course become rarer. The enterprise of individual scholars, of antiquarian societies, and of government commissions, have left few corners unexplored. Still it is by no means improbable that some precious documents are still lurking in places where their existence is least suspected. Malone used to say that he saw no reason why the original manuscripts of some of Shakespeare's dramas should not turn up. Scholars still cling to the hope that they may one day see a comedy of Menander or an ode of Alcæus in their entirety. The chances are, it must be confessed, very much against such an occurrence, though perhaps it is neither chimerical nor over-sanguine to hope that some lucky accident may yet bring to light the famous copy of the "vellum, gilt" Junius which Woodfall sent in accordance with the request of his mysterious correspondent. We know from Junius himself that it was received by him. It is scarcely likely that he destroyed it.

*Temple Bar.*

## AN ANONYMOUS ADMIRER.

### I.

EDWARD LISTON was young, healthy, and successful; but to be thirty, the possessor of a competent digestion, and the author of a successful novel, does not necessarily insure happiness—especially if the novel be anonymous.

For seven empty years had this young gentleman followed, with apparent ardor, the humble though honorable calling of an art-critic; his knowledge of art was limited, but so was his income, and beggars can not be choosers. But the soothing movement of the literary tread-

mill is conducive to reflection, and Mr. Liston finally divided his flow of ink into two streams: one, thin and turbid, he trickled into the art-column of his paper; the other, strong and limpid, he employed in refreshing the arid wastes of modern fiction. In these seven years he produced four tales; three of these followed the course of imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay; the fourth was launched with *déclat*.

This, indeed, is the usual process; the crime for which a thief is first incarcerated is seldom his first offense, and an author's "first book" is more likely to be his third.

To be brief, "Sons of Sin" made a hit: if one knocks long enough, the door will open or break. The "Argus" ascribed it to Miss Flora Foliage, for, said they, "no other authoress at present before the public (and we recognize a woman's dainty touch in every line of this over-true tale) unites so profound an insight into the human heart divine, with descriptive powers so unique and varied. . . . The humorous portions of the work, however, are decidedly inferior."

The "Morning Hour," on the other hand, laid it at the door of R. Bramwell Pollucks, who, they averred, "stands preëminent among American authors (for it is obvious that only a man could have penned these virile lines) in the portrayal of character and scenes of subtle humor. . . . We regret to say, however, that the descriptive passages (of which there are many) are unworthy the facile pen of Mr. Pollucks."

The same delightful divergence characterized private opinion. "It *must* have been written by a man," said the ladies, "because he utterly fails to fathom the depths of a woman's heart," etc., etc.

"Oh, of course some woman wrote it," said the gentlemen; "no man would ever have depicted men so lost to all sense of honor—so untrue to nature," etc., etc.

To tell the truth, both sides felt a little sore at seeing their modes of thought, their hidden springs of action set forth in the cold light of analysis; but, however they might differ, they united upon one thing—they all agreed to read the book. The publishers were pleased, but the author, strange to say, was not. Insatiable man! what more could he desire? He contrived to unearth several sources of discontent.

Provided one is weak enough, it is not unpleasant to be overrated, but a shy, reticent man, distrustful of others, but more distrustful of himself, prefers rather to be underrated, and Liston's friends kindly considered him a good fellow, but, on the whole, a dull dog, who, though he might by a fluke make his mark, would inevitably set to work and rub it out again. And Liston himself was not without anxiety upon this point, for, if it is hard to make a reputation, to keep it is harder.

He was eager to begin upon another novel; pen, ink, and paper were at hand, but he dreaded to make the attack—something was lacking. He began to distrust himself, and, though he had admired his novel when it was his own, now that it was the world's he began to despise it, and to dread a renewal of the throes of composition. Moreover, he observed that while one reader found one thing in the story, another found something else; and that nobody, in short, took it just as he meant it. He hoped, however, to

eventually find a more sympathetic hearer, and indeed already had his eye upon the person. This was a young lady named Nora Banin, an actress by profession, a lady by nature and breeding. She belonged to a good family—that is to say, her maternal grandfather had accumulated a fortune, which her father had dissipated. He was the prince of good fellows—founder of a fashionable club, sponsor of the last new thing in cravats; and after mortgaging everything but hope, had the good taste to die and pay the debt of nature—the only *faux pas* of the sort he was ever guilty of.

At this his two grown-up sons left college and set to work like beavers to make a home for their mother and the children. Under these circumstances many young ladies would have been content to hold their hands and vegetate; but Miss Banin was too proud to be lazy, too intense to become limp.

She secured her mother's consent (which seemed the prime difficulty) and went on the stage; and found—that her troubles had only begun.

Her brothers were furious and threatened a commission *de lunatico*—all for her good, of course—it being obviously immoral for a girl to earn more than a man.

Miss Banin wept secretly and defied them openly—all for their good, of course—and at the end of the month loftily deposited one hundred dollars in the family treasury. The logic of events is irresistible, the charms of cash in hand potent, and, as her salary increased, her brothers' objections decreased; they even condescended to say that they always knew she had it in her.

About this time Liston sailed into her little world, and gave a new meaning to existence. What woman is averse to the unavowed admiration of a man, however humble? Besides, there were many reasons why she should tolerate Mr. Liston: for one thing, her brother Tom had once saved him from drowning; and this, by an involved logical process, gave him a strong claim on her gratitude.

At first, their acquaintance slipped on like time itself; she was all complaisance, he all devotion. Suddenly, however, a fine film of reserve seemed to spread between them. Miss Banin seldom addressed him directly, but talked at him or to him through a third person. She also began to ridicule him, behind his back. Her brothers warmly defended him, but all in vain; the more they praised him, the more she sneered. They all seemed to take it for granted, however, that their friend would die in the treadmill of journalism: perhaps his appearance had something to do with this, for people are apt to go by looks, and to consider emaciation a sign of intel-



lect. Mr. Liston was rather stout, a little below the middle height, head compact and roundish, face and hair dark; his eyes were brown and bright, his mustache long and bristling. He rolled a little in his walk, and had, on the whole, the air of a well-seasoned cavalry-officer on furlough.

As already intimated, he was not altogether contented; he could settle down to nothing—he could not even analyze his sensations: they were much too vague and evanescent for that. Something was evidently wrong; he concluded that his liver was at fault, for he had felt twitches in that organ, which seemed, by the way, to have set up an underground connection with his heart.

He was foolish enough to fly off to his doctor. That sage gave him a pill the size of a grain of canary-seed, and advised gentle exercise (such as looking out the club-window, for instance) and a change (character not specified).

Liston thought all this rather nonsensical, but, out of respect for the venerable assassin, made the change and took the exercise. This was the way he did it: he left the *Moldavian* for the *Stylus*, and looked out of a bay-window instead of an ordinary one. Will it be believed that he was so ungrateful as to rapidly grow worse? He became surly, hypochondriacal; even those parasites, the club-waiters, avoided him.

Meanwhile the crisis approached. One day as he was glaring out of the window at nothing in particular, he felt the same peculiar twinge, and the underground connection with his heart became even more pronounced. He concluded to go and see Pellet again.

"I might as well go down through Union Square," he reflected; "*I might meet her!*"

He suddenly remembered hearing that there was a rehearsal that day, and rolled along so rapidly that he forgot he had a liver.

## II.

LIKE many young ladies whose daily lives are rather prosaic, Miss Banin doted on novels. She consumed them by wholesale; nothing was too light, nothing too heavy, for her powers of absorption. She demanded but one thing: the book must interest her; that accomplished, she was not particular as to the mode.

Now, Liston's novel was interesting. He had a lively pen, and, as he had chosen to depict a male character who acted from the motives that really actuate men, women found his book not only entertaining but instructive. Naturally, the story was written down as eccentric, for truth in art, like openness in a woman, is apt to strike some people unpleasantly from the very force of contrast. Nevertheless, the book was widely read; Miss Banin, in particular, could hardly tear

herself away from it; she felt strangely drawn toward the anonymous author. At times the magic page seemed a veil, through which she caught tantalizing glimpses of something vague yet familiar. She sniveled furtively over the pathetic passages, and gasped and frowned when the selfish hero entered and did his best to walk two ways at once. She devoured each installment of the story at one sitting, and then, at intervals during the week, returned and went over it at her leisure, as a cow at night may be seen still ruminating on the morning cud. There was only one bad thing about it, and that was purely extraneous: the story was appearing as a serial, and a week is a long while to wait when lives are hanging on a thread.

One day as she was hurrying home from rehearsal, with the last installment of "*Sons of Sin*" in her hand, she espied Liston bearing down on her like a Dutch galliot upon a dapper smack.

He must have accosted her rather abruptly: upon that hypothesis alone can I account for her sudden access of color as she returned his salutation.

"Been out of town, haven't you?" she queried, carelessly. He had not been at the house for a month.

"A—n—o—not exactly. I have been rather busy lately."

Liston was conscious that this sounded like the ordinary fib of society, but he shrank from disclosing the true cause of his temporary seclusion; to proclaim himself the author of the most successful novel of the day would be too much like rebuking her for her lack of discernment.

"I—a—I am afraid you are working too hard," he continued, rather awkwardly; "you look tired."

"Oh, no! I'm not at all tired," said Nora, brightly.

"I must look like a fright," she thought, uneasily.

Liston, however, thought her more charming than ever. The faint marks beneath her eyes only increased their brilliancy, as a line under a word emphasizes it; and her pallor, instead of being unhealthy, was as suggestive of future bloom as the empty canvas is of the coming picture. He was right as to her jaded look, however; she was tired—tired of herself, tired of the theatre, and perhaps at that very moment a trifle tired of Liston himself.

Nora had always taken it for granted that her future would be brighter than her past. True, she had never said to herself in so many words, "Never mind, I shall be married some day"; but, for all that, in a dark corner of her heart the thought of marriage and its attendant joys lay snugly curled away, biding its time. And, as Liston looked down into her eyes, a dim con-

sciousness of this came and passed, felt but not analyzed, like a letter received but mislaid before reading. Nora was often troubled with palpitation of the heart when in company with Liston—which was perhaps one reason why she sometimes spoke so bitterly of him—and now, feeling the irrepressible color stealing into her cheeks, and the usual indescribable tumult at her heart, she sighed lightly, and made a few fluttering sidelong movements indicative of deep distrust. It suddenly occurred to Liston that it might possibly be disagreeable to her to be kept standing on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway so long, so he said, "I suppose you—a—were on your way home?"

"Yes."

And then, without any recognized thought or determination, they somehow found themselves walking northward, as if in obedience to an unformulated law of nature.

It was characteristic of Liston that, instead of endeavoring to make himself intensely agreeable, he should occupy these precious moments in building a castle in the air, of which Nora was the presiding genius. He was just putting the roof on this vast aerial structure, and admiring (incidentally, as it were) the long, graceful turn of her snowy throat, when she spoke:

"Walk a little faster, please; I am in an awful hurry to get home!"

"Ah! wants to get rid of me. Well, why shouldn't she?" he thought, despondently. "Anything wrong at home—any of the children sick?"

"N—no, not exactly," murmured Nora, somewhat crestfallen. "I've got a story here I want to read. Are you laughing at me?" she continued, looking at him severely. "I won't be laughed at! If it wasn't for books I should die."

At this Liston pricked up his ears.

"I shouldn't think of laughing. Hem! might I ask the name of the work which has come between you and an early grave?"

Something in his tone irritated Miss Banin; she would rather he had ridiculed her than her book.

"It is the novel everybody is talking about, 'Sons of Sin,'" she replied, tartly. "Of course you've read it. No? Oh, I remember—critics are said never to read the books they review."

"I—I—assure you I haven't reviewed 'Sons of Sin,'" said Liston, uneasily. A man can not well be jealous of himself, but he felt it to be a striking proof of the innate depravity of things in general that his book should come between him and the woman he loved in this underhand way.

"Oh, then you *have* read it? Then review it for me at once—provided the unusual prepara-

tion hasn't unhinged your critical faculties," cried she, satirically.

"You don't understand," he stammered; "I—I—haven't read it."

"*Haven't read it!* Haven't read a book everybody is wild about? But I suppose you never read novels—think yourself above them, I dare say," she continued, with a curl of the lip that maddened Liston.

She dreaded his reply, for she had had so high an opinion of him that at times she had actually avoided him, lest a closer inspection should reveal fatal flaws in his character. This young lady prided herself upon her penetration, and had long ago made up her mind that Liston was a rare bird; but as since then he had done little or nothing to warrant this belief, she began to fear that he had swindled her by catching her eye under false pretenses. It was easy to say, "Another mistake—let him go"; but to distend this bladder of speech with the pith of action was another thing. She could not help being interested in him, for she felt that she had discovered him—if there were anything of him to discover. She was therefore keenly on the alert when in his company, and watched him as a chemist scans the unpredicted changes in a new combination of old forces.

The topic she had introduced had the same morbid fascination for Liston that death has for an invalid, and, though he wished to turn the current of their talk, he could not divert his mind from its own familiar channel. He was at a loss what to say, and bit his lips, and turned his head away. Finally he blurted out: "That wasn't what I meant when I said I hadn't read it; I—I—meant I hadn't read it in print." This was true; he shrank from examining his story in print, as a man will sometimes dread the close inspection of a piece of property into which he has put his all. "But I had the pleasure of reading the manuscript."

"*The manuscript!*" exclaimed Nora. "Do you know the author?"

"A—yes, I—I—know him."

"Ah! Tell me his name. Come—hurry!"

She almost pinched his arm in her eagerness; he was no longer a man—he was a loaded gun, to be instantly discharged, provided she could find the trigger.

Liston felt the blood setting in his face.

"A—excuse me, it's a—a secret," he stammered.

"Of course. Tell me, and then—it will be all the more of a secret," cried she, so naively that he laughed outright.

"Oh, I don't know. I might, perhaps, if I thought that— But, excuse me; I forgot you were in a hurry to get home." They had come

to a halt in front of Delmonico's, and the lazy sunshine was spreading itself on the brick walls, and making a golden halo out of Nora's clouds of crisp brown hair.

"Oh, I'm not in any hurry now," said she, frankly. "I'd give anything to know his name. I never knew an author. Tell me all about him. Oh, do! I've formed my own idea of him, and I should like to know if it is anything like the original."

Miss Banin was as open as the day, and fancied others were the same; she actually thought she could construct the character of an author from the fossil remains of his heart, deposited by accident in the strata of his books—an idea as erroneous as that of discovering the color of a baker's eyes by tasting his bread.

"What the deuce shall I say?" thought Liston.

He hated scenes and explanations; besides, she had tantalized him for two long years, and it was only fair that he should now have his turn; so he suddenly changed the subject, saying: "It's rather warm out here; suppose we go inside and have an ice, or—a—something?"

Nora was all complaisance; she almost fawned upon him as she took his arm; she was ready to go anywhere, to pay anything in reason for the possession of this wonderful secret. And so confident was she of her ability to worm it out of him, that, after he had given his order, she dallied with the matter, like an epicurean cat with a mouse, and actually made him think she had forgotten all about it.

Will it be believed that at this he was a little piqued?

"Well, where had you been when you met me?" she asked in her own frank way, after she had estimated the value of the table service, and observed what the other women in the room had on.

"At the club."

(*Artlessly.*) "I'm down on clubs; men wear their hats in them—I have seen them through the windows. What were you doing there?"

"Looking out of the window."

"Poor thing! What else?"

"A—let—me—see— Oh, I was looking at 'The Nation.'"

"Well, that is better than having the nation looking at you."

(*Very dryly.*) "Many politicians have found it so of late."

"Ha, ha!" (*tastes her ice*). "Do you love vanilla? I do."

"I shall rename that dog of mine 'Vanilla.'"

"Women ought to be politicians."

"Y—e—s, they wouldn't mind being looked at."

(*Disdainfully.*) "How do you know? Did you ever look at one?"

"N—o—o, but it's never too late to mend, you know."

(*Indistinctly.*) "Women don't like to be looked at."

"You surprise me!"

"I thought I should. That is why they dress so much—merely to draw attention from their own selves to their things."

"Eh? Oh, I see; you split hairs and make a distinction between a woman and her garments."

"No, I don't! the distinction makes itself, like an author's reputation. There is the same difference between a woman and her clothes, sir, that there is between a woman and a man—the first is necessary, the last is not."

The way in which Nora managed her spoon and stuck her little fingers into the air, as she delivered herself of these accumulated treasures of wit, so delighted Liston that he was deprived of all power of speech. He felt himself above language for the moment; even her artless prattle struck him as being, on the whole, a sweet superfluity, like the odor of a lily.

Nora was as gay as a lark, as bright as running water; she was young enough to eat for the sake of eating, to laugh for the sake of laughing, to live for the sake of living; and as for the pleasure of catching flying railroad glimpses of her bright beauty in the various mirrors and polished surfaces—why, that was perennial—immutable! and not in any wise dependent on age. As her happiness caught him in its radiations, Liston felt a certain thrill of power—of being more than others thought him, of living behind a mask, and of having others at a disadvantage. He despised himself for taking advantage of her simplicity, but to change his attitude would be to change their relations—and she was so near him! Presently Miss Banin became grave, almost sad, and casually mentioned the anonymous author whose immortal work had the honor of reposing in her lap. She spoke of him, not pertly, but rather timidly, as if he were an awesome animal of nocturnal habits.

"Excuse me, but why do you always refer to this author as 'he'?" said Liston, uneasily.

"Because I respect grammar. I know he is a man."

After considerable pressure in the way of oblique flattery had been brought to bear on her, she condescended to display the foundations of her belief.

"Well, I know he is a man," said she, patronizingly, "because his women, though they are consistent enough after he gets them started, are not 'founded on fact.'"

Poor Liston! he knew his men were dull, lifeless things, because he had compared them with himself; but, as his women were un-

tested, he had naturally regarded them as unsurpassed.

"He ought to marry," continued Miss Banin, innocently, "and then he would know all about it."

Liston felt as if he had stolen her diary, and were now gloating over its artless pages.

"That's what I—I—tell him," he stammered.

"But I am afraid he would never find anybody good enough for him—fit to be a *real companion* for him, I mean. Ah! such men must be very unhappy."

This was murmured with such a heavenly air of sympathy and pity that he could have fallen down and kissed her little feet.

"Yes—or very happy," he whispered across the dapper little table. "He is happy—or, at least, he might be. There is a woman he loves—"

"And doesn't she care for him? *not a bit?*"

"He—he doesn't know; he never asked her."

"Oh, a man who is so sensitive and sympathetic as *he* must be would know without being told. But he ought to ask her, all the same."

"Do you really think so?" said Liston, eagerly.

"Of course; she is only human, I suppose. Do you know her? Is she nice?"

"Charming!"

Nora began to feel discontented and inclined to pick flaws in herself; she consoled herself, however, by reflecting that this wonderful woman was probably a deceitful little minx.

"Should you like to see her?" cried Liston, recklessly. He had it on his tongue to tell her to look in the glass.

"Whom do you mean? Oh, the woman you were speaking of. No, I don't think it would afford me much pleasure." Her face stiffened coldly as she spoke; in a moment, however, she brightened up wonderfully, and exclaimed: "I should love to see *him* though, Mr. Liston! Do tell me his name!"

Liston's head swam, his eyes grew hot—he felt as if he were piercing the mid-Atlantic in a diving-bell.

"I can't tell you his name, but you can see him if you want to," said he, abruptly. "On one condition, that is—provided you will go to Central Park Garden with me to-night."

"Excuse me, that is not to the point," cried Nora, with a saucy laugh.

"Beg pardon, it's very much to the point! *He will be there.*"

By the time he had convoyed her to her home the matter was decided, the preliminaries arranged; and he was about tearing himself away, when she paused, with her little hand on the half-opened door, and called him back.

"Excuse me, but will that *woman*—the one you spoke of—be there too?" she asked, with great disdain.

"No, no," cried Liston, "she won't be there—that is—I mean she—I give you my word you sha'n't set eyes on her."

Miss Banin seemed to imagine herself in the act of writing a letter, she had so many postscripts to add. He had hardly turned away again when she cried out, "Oh, I forgot—Edward—ah—!"

This was the first time she had ever called him by his first name, and he blushed to the temples with pleasure. Nora was not far behind him, but her flush was probably not altogether a thing of joy.

"Excuse me, I—I—forgot; I hear the boys call you so," she faltered, as if she did not always refer to him as "Edward" in her thoughts.

"What was I going to say? Hem! Oh, I remember. You won't tell *him* that I am coming, will you? Please don't; it would spoil all my pleasure. You won't? Now don't forget! Remember!"

Remember! How could he forget—how could he ever forget—the quiet little street, the blinding blaze of the sun upon the worn brown steps, the shaded stretch of hall beyond, and through it all the gracious figure of this radiant young creature bending down to him from the deep shadow of the doorway, and eagerly whispering to him with a tremulous, childlike movement of the brow and lip? How she trusted him! how she confided in him! and how basely he had led her on! He rolled along so recklessly, he swung his big stick so wildly, that timid old ladies from the suburbs gave this metropolitan curiosity in blue flannel a wide berth.

"What a beast I am!" he cried aloud, in the bitterness of his heart. "I am a ghoul—a vampire!"

### III.

MISS BANIN'S immediate connections perceived a great improvement in her that afternoon. Viewed solely as a dispenser of bread-and-butter, her little brothers and sisters had sometimes thought her discrimination as to butter, and the firm stand she took against superinduced layers of sugar, next door to parsimony; but on this occasion her lavishness opened their eyes—and mouths—and gave them all the stomach-ache.

Her grown-up brothers sarcastically insinuated, "This is a beautiful illustration of the power of love, which generates generous virtues in hearts naturally depraved." They even assumed to give her lessons in the fine art of courting, and intimated that, as Liston was inclined to corpulency, "it would be an act of kindness to let him down easy." These young gentlemen had a fine streak



of robust humor which no woman could ever appreciate, and Nora consoled herself by reflecting that brothers were of little consequence, being valued chiefly as clogged mediums of communication with the outer world. One thing, however, really annoyed her, and when they fancied her blushing at their sparkling sallies, it was her own thoughts that troubled her, for, though she was all eagerness to meet this mysterious genius, she continually found herself thinking, not of him, but of Liston. She was almost angry with him. What right had *he* to come into her mind and arouse thoughts which she herself dreaded to disturb?

When he called for her she hesitated a moment, as moths hover near the flame they can not break from, and then fluttered down into the dimly lighted hall, where her old world ended and the new one began.

Her chaste circumference of white draperies gave her an air of snowy purity, and the others a sense of remoteness: she was a star among candles, and received their admiration with artless *hauteur*.

At sight of the natty little *couplet* Liston had provided, this high-stepping beauty gave a little gurgle of delight, and then turned a reproachful eye upon him, for, though she detested horse-cars, she hated extravagance, and seldom soared above the percussive omnibus.

As they entered this trap on wheels, Nora flushed a little, and Liston's heart frisked playfully about, for, though they said nothing, the language of the eye would not be denied—and the cab was really rather narrow for two voluminous young people.

Having put her in with great solicitude, Liston banged the door, the driver briskly smote his steed, and so, amid playful inquiries as to where they would have their baggage sent, they rolled away into the soft summer night.

"Don't you think the carriage might be induced to open its eyes?" said Nora, with a shadowy laugh: a sense of being buried alive weighed upon her. "I shall enjoy it ever so much more, if I can see the lights chasing each other into darkness."

Liston opened the windows, with inward thankfulness that they were manageable, and in doing so came nearer her than ever he had been before. He began to wish that cabs had as many eyes as Argus.

Still, this thrill of delight carried a covert sting, just as the sunlight involves the shadow; for this outward contact only put a sharper edge on his sense of their inner remoteness. How far he still was from the hidden kernel of life that pulsed within those billowy wrappings of gauze, which gave forth, in their faint stirrings, a fugi-

tive sense of color and perfume, that might be regarded poetically as a subtle expression of her individuality, or merely as something squirted on from a flask!

But this double-edged feeling was only a bubble on the ferment that was going on in Liston's mind. He had little of that vociferous vanity which leads the feeble *littérateur* to demonstrate the nobility of his calling and the breadth of his mind by the length of his hair, and had always consoled himself by reflecting that, though often tempted to attitudinize or to talk for effect, he seldom succumbed to the pressure; but now he felt that, when the truth was known, he should appear as one holding the light for the better inspection of his own talent. In general it is as hard for a man to realize that the very qualities upon which he plumes himself can ever turn round and clutch his happiness by the throat as it is for a mother to believe that her children will ever abuse her; but now Liston saw, as by a vivid lightning-gleam, that his subtle pride had turned and stung itself. He had often filled to overflowing a vacant hour, by picturing himself declaring his love to Nora, but he had naturally dressed this little drama with appropriate scenery; and, indeed, it had always seemed vaguely possible to narrow things down to so fine a point that the only loophole of escape for her would be by the relentless door of marriage; but here, instead, was an interminable vista of dangerous pitfalls and side issues. He tortured himself by looking forward to the ensuing scene at the Garden, and conjuring up dire possibilities; he arranged the chessmen in every conceivable way, all the while being numbly conscious that a totally different combination would arise.

So keen was Liston's sense of the dramatic in the domestic, that he would have angrily resented any attempt to turn his own passion into comedy; but here he was in the meshes of a web which he himself had spun, felicitating himself at the time that he was doing something enormously brilliant.

These dagger-like self-communings were suddenly dulled by the descent of the *couplet* into one of those irregular pits with which a beneficent Providence has elected to relieve the monotony of the New York avenues; and Nora shrank back from the window, in her fright touching Liston's arm as light as down. He could not see her face; she was only a white presence—a sweet, rustling shadow, with a voice from nowhere.

"It's silly to be frightened, but—a—a—ah!"

Liston thought it delightful.

"Ah, it's just as well I haven't got a carriage of my own," continued Nora, with sudden acerbity. "I should begin to despise the miserable wretches who have to walk."

"Oh, I don't know. Rich people in general ought to be grateful to the poor; they make an inoffensive background for their heavenly charity."

"Is that the way you look at people—merely as foils to yourself?"

"No, but literary men and artists are apt to."

"You mean your friend, the author of 'Sons of Sin'? Oh, well, that is different, you know; *we* are not geniuses. If I were a genius, I dare say I should consider myself the center of things."

"Perhaps you *are*, without so considering yourself."

"Hem! But—a—about your friend—tell me—"

"Excuse me, you will soon see him for yourself," said Liston, curtly.

This puzzled Nora, and after deep cogitation she informed him that a retort so discourteous could only have proceeded from a nature once sweet, but long since soured by adversity; and begged him to while away the time and confirm her suspicions by telling her all about himself. Before he could recover from the dismay thus superinduced, this gentle egoist seemed to forget all about him, and, branching out into personal reminiscence, poured a thousand little secrets into his ready ear. She told him of her little triumphs and her great disasters; her friendly critics (*perfect gentlemen*), and her envious ones (no better than they *ought to be*); in short, she flattered him and drew him out, which happened to be precisely what she intended to do. There was this difference in their mutual revelations, however: everything Liston told her was founded on fact, whereas her confidences were but the airy figments of a lofty mind.

Finally, being a man of rare originality, he left the narrow track of personal anecdote and gamboled gayly through the wide domain of art. Here he took Nora by surprise; he had a dozen hobbies, and rode them like a Centaur (perhaps they were really part of himself); he was a man of strong convictions, and showed her wherein their strength lay; he dragged up her most cherished roots of stupidity, and filled the little cab with a wild whirl of explosive eloquence.

He soon fell into the didactic vein, however, and concluded with ludicrous abruptness, by informing her that "Art and science are by no means as young as many people think them; they are as old as humanity itself. Art was born when the first woman took a leaf from nature's book; science when she wondered why she did it. Hem!" His eloquence and vivid way of putting things startled Nora; she began to think: "If he has deceived me in one thing, he may in another. I must look out how I expose myself."

And thus his unusual outburst, of which he

was now ashamed, by the way, had an effect he little anticipated: it renewed her first impressions of him, and prepared her for what was to follow.

While they were silently pursuing remote yet converging lines of thought, Fifty-ninth Street was attained, amid the thunder of colliding wheels and the sharp rattle of profanity from the box. The din was deafening, and it was only by a gleam of light that shot into the *coupé* that Liston suddenly became conscious that Nora was speaking to him.

"Beg pardon, I didn't exactly catch that," he roared.

"Are you deaf? I said—I was—thinking," screamed Nora at the top of her voice, "and I begin to believe, you write short stories for the magazines yourself on the sly!"

Liston changed color, but his brown eyes twinkled wickedly as he helped her from the carriage; the very keenness of his apprehension led it to reach and beget in him a certain recklessness (as an over-sharp knife sometimes cuts on until it wounds the holder), of which he was fully aware, but of which he did not wholly approve.

They were a little late; the concert had begun, and as they entered the see-saw strains of "Amaryllis" were jingling merrily on the evening breeze.

"Do you see him?" whispered Nora, eagerly.

He was obliged to make some reply.

"No; but it's early yet, you know."

Liston began to be very much disgusted with himself as they passed through the crowded concert-room out into the dusky little garden at the rear—making, in short, the grandest tour possible: the whole thing suddenly struck him as childish.

The very touch of her hand upon his arm, the way in which she shrank against him as people stared at her, deepened this feeling. And Nora as well had her secret springs of chagrin, certain well-meaning individuals choosing to regard her as a public character who was showing herself for nothing as a change, and was therefore entitled to the admiration which generosity (when joined to beauty) evokes in manly breasts.

Unfortunately, people are apt to insist upon being observed from their own point of view, and as Nora considered herself too much of a woman to be much of an actress, she deeply resented these innocent attempts to reverse the order of nature. She intimated as much to Liston, who, somewhat to her surprise, coolly turned the point of her protest upon herself by saying, "It doesn't seem to occur to you that others may feel the same—that this author you

take such an interest in may prefer to be regarded as a man rather than an author."

"I never thought of that; but I am glad you told me," said she, gratefully. "I will be on my guard. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings as mine are hurt every day in the week."

Imagine how Liston's flesh crept at this! He was walking on a quicksand, and at every turn sank deeper: even the respectful admiration excited by Nora chafed him unreasonably, although his subtle vanity contrived to extract a certain reflex satisfaction from it. Finally he said, uneasily:

"Suppose we go up-stairs here? We can get a bird's-eye view of the crowd without being seen ourselves."

"Wouldn't that be taking rather a base advantage of him—to watch him in that underhand way?" queried Nora, with her rippling laugh, like falling water in the night.

"I don't think you need care for that," said Liston, recklessly. (They were creeping up into the little balcony that hangs upon the garden's western wall, and his back was turned to her.) "He would take the advantage of you—he has done it!"

Nora thought she had never seen so unexpressive a back as Liston's.

"Of me!" cried she. "In what way—what do you mean?"

Liston's impulse to confess having come and gone, like a misdirected blow, leaving no sign, he stammered out:

"Oh, I—I—mean he has seen you on the stage—watched you when you were unable to retaliate."

"Well, there's no harm in that; I suppose he paid for his ticket," said Nora, mischievously, without reflecting that much depends upon the temper of the watcher.

She could not help feeling a little uneasy, however; it chilled her to think that her lukewarm acting might possibly be as familiar to this author as his wonderful book was to her.

"Oh, I wish he would come! I dread the introduction," she sighed; "I know I shall never be able to act like myself before him."

Liston began to experience a strange sense of dual consciousness: he felt a burning desire to get at the core of the mysterious influence which the author-side of him had over Nora, and the ultimate transference of which to himself might be among the rising contingencies of the future.

"Oh, you need be under no apprehension," said he, disparagingly. "There's nothing very alarming about him."

"Don't tell me he isn't nice!" cried Nora, plaintively.

To do her justice she was thinking less of

the impression she should make than of the impression she was to receive.

"I suppose you wonder what makes me so interested in him," she murmured, apologetically. "I could never tell you what his book has been to me."

But for all that she tried; and Liston saw that she had caught up all that was good in his book as instinctively as a flower absorbs the dew; and now she reproduced it, and colored it, and glorified it until he blushed to the eyes, for he felt as if he were standing apart, looking upon himself through rose-tinted spectacles. "So you see," she concluded, loftily, "I don't care what you critics say. People don't analyze water when they are dry, and his book comes nearer my own life than the works of greater authors."

Liston was ashamed and would have changed the subject, but, like a man whose affairs have become badly involved, and who shrinks from incurring further obligations, he could see no way of retrenching without exciting unpleasant suspicions.

"Then you—you don't call him a great author?" he stammered. "I agree with you."

"Do you, indeed? I don't know what you call *great*, but I know he has more brains in his little finger than you and I have got in our whole bodies!"

"Not at all," said Liston, who was beginning to have a poor opinion of his brains. "He is a dull dog. I've known him to do insane things."

"You mean they seemed so to you," said Nora, indulgently.

"You'll acknowledge it yourself before the night's out. Besides, what need has a novelist of brains? Sympathy, intuition, tenderness, and all that, he must have, but they are seldom seen in company with great intellectual power—"

"Stop! not another word!"

This little speech, snapped out by Nora, struck Liston like a hand in the face. He hung his head and was silent. Meanwhile she gently pointed out to him the folly of swimming beyond his depth; and concluded by informing him that in a minute more she should have despised him, and advising him not to detract from the fame of others until he had made himself famous.

"Until then," said she, "people will naturally ascribe your strictures to disappointment and envy—"

Here Liston squirmed in his seat, and looked at her so imploringly that the tears started to her eyes.

"Oh, what have I done?" she faltered. "I have hurt your feelings. To be so impertinent when I meant to be—to be—oh!" She blushed divinely, and giving him a look that Hope might

have fed on for weeks, turned away, and hid her mortification by staring down into the garden. Suddenly she turned to him again, and cried, eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Liston! isn't this he? Quick! quick!"

Liston's heart sank within him as Nora pointed out a man, whose striking air of personal distinction was in painful contrast to his own insignificance of person. "N—no," he stammered, "that isn't he."

"He *must* be somebody," said she, naively—as if nature never made a mistake in the label.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid he isn't coming. I'm real sorry," she continued, looking up at him with exasperating confidence in his sympathy. He could not look her in the face, and shuffled about uneasily.

"Why, what is the matter? Don't you think he will come?"

"Suppose I should tell you his coming is an absolute impossibility?" he cried, desperately.

A vague shadow of suspicion clouded Nora's face.

"What do you mean? I don't—Edward Liston! look me in the eye! A—ah! You have deceived me—you don't know him—you never did know him—you—you made it all out of whole cloth to get me up here—to—"

"Well, what if I did? I would do much worse things for the sake of being alone with you."

"That is the most impudent speech I ever heard you make. You improve little by little," said she, encouragingly.

Could he believe his eyes? She was actually smiling!

"Ah! then you forgive me," he whispered.

"Temporarily—till the next time, that is, since you have confessed."

"Ah! but I haven't confessed. He is sure to be here—I told you the truth."

"Wonderful!" cried Nora; and this time she laughed outright.

"I am in earnest! He wouldn't miss seeing you for worlds."

"Yes! I remember you said he was a dull dog. It begins to look like it, I confess."

"Seriously, though, he professes a great admiration for you; he—"

"For *me*!"

Miss Banin gasped out these words so piteously that Liston was both surprised and shocked, for he, poor fellow! had meant to please her. But this was what she thought: "How much he must respect me—or *anything else me*—to bring me here of his own accord to meet a man who admires me!"

The sudden jar of this thought awoke her virginal vigilance, and showed her so clearly which way her heart inclined that she turned

first white, then red, with shame. Unfortunately, Liston could not divine what was going on behind these shifting screens of expression, sudden changes in a woman's color being open to as many interpretations as similar changes in the weather.

He thought he had offended her, and said so.

"No," said she, with a smile of cutting condescension; "you have not offended me—you have only lost my respect."

"Then I have offended myself," said he, so despondently that Nora's conscience smote her; and it was in a gentler tone that she said:

"Oh, then, if you really feel the loss, it will soon be replaced, I dare say. Now, please take me home—I am tired; and besides, I don't want to see him now. If he admires me, as you say, he is only an anonymous admirer, and I prefer to let him remain so."

"Why, don't you want to know him?" insinuated Liston.

"No, I never want to set eyes on him," she replied, curtly.

"But it—it is too late. He has been here—he is here now—he has—"

Poor Nora gave a sudden start, and looked at him narrowly. "What do you mean?" she pleaded, piteously.

For a moment Liston was silent; by nature he was a dreamer; could he have had his way, he would have glided on through life, forgiving and forgiven—a life all easy curves, with no rude jolts to jar the sensitive soul; but now the spur struck him sharply, and he went through the fire at one plunge. "Why, I—I—mean—oh, don't you see, I—I have deceived you," he cried; "I have been a brute—there isn't any anonymous admirer—there isn't any genius—there isn't anything! I am the man myself!"

"*You!*" gasped Nora. Luckily they were alone, the gallery being now deserted, save for one solitary couple, who, in a remote corner, seemed deeply absorbed in the music or something less aesthetic. Nora slowly clasped her hands close under her round chin, and exultantly murmured, "I—knew—it!"

Liston opened his eyes. Imagine his surprise! a glow of unfeigned pleasure was on her sweet face.

"What! do you mean to say you knew it all along?" he cried, blankly.

At the sound of his voice she crimsoned deeply, and hurriedly saying, "I—I am going home; and I'm going alone too," glided to the head of the stairs with wonderful rapidity. Her fondest anticipations were realized, but, for the moment, she felt a pang of shame, as keen as any disappointment gives. Her foot was on the step, when suddenly she paused,



as if checked by an unseen hand. Her heart stood still, for she was only a woman, and her dress had caught on a nail. In a moment Liston was at her side.

"Allow me," he murmured, in his most mellifluous tones, and began fumbling about at the root of the trouble. Nora bit her lips in shame; he was so near her, he was so clumsy, he was so slow—it was intolerable! After a moment's hesitation she abruptly stooped to conquer, and with one turn of her hand extricated herself, and so eager was she that she contrived to bump her head against Liston's. At this she burst into an hysterical laugh. "E—excuse me," she faltered, "I—I can't help it—ha, ha! How like two fools we must look! Ha, ha!"

And so exceedingly amusing did Nora find it that, when she sank into the seat behind her, she was on the point of bursting into tears. She managed to repress her emotion, however, and, tightly shutting her eyes, turned away her head, for Liston had edged into the place by her side, and was humbly begging her pardon. "Remember, you said you should be sorry to hurt my feelings as yours are hurt every day in the week," he insinuated. "And—a—I believe you advised me to marry—said I should ask her—that she was only human. The only mistake you made, by the way."

Being a woman, Nora opened her eyes and her mouth simultaneously. "I made a g—good many mistakes," she murmured, indistinctly, "and I don't propose to make any mo—more. But there, I forgive you. It was all my fault. Does that satisfy you?"

Far from it! for, having secured her forgiveness, he went from bad to worse and sought her hand. Perhaps it was not as vigorous in resistance as it might have been, for after a while he managed to get it in his own. And then, while they sat there hand in hand, the music and the broken babble of the crowd below falling on their ears like jarring noises from another world, he told her how he loved her—how he had loved her from the first; and, after comparing her to the irresistible sea, and intimating that *he* typified the

countless streams which seaward tend, he startled her by going over their acquaintance and recounting all that had occurred upon the various occasions on which they had met. This proof of his silent devotion so won on Nora that, before she was aware of it, the tears were on her cheeks, her head upon his shoulder. Thanks to Wagner the Vociferous, a bold, barbaric blast of sound at that moment made speech an impossibility and bridged the gap for them. But man is a talking animal, and Liston soon took advantage of a lull in the tempest to ask her if she really loved him.

"No—o, not exactly," said she, thoughtfully. "I like you—I *think*—but it is your *book* I love."

"Well, I am my book," said Liston, with a smile.

"O—oh! then you are a son of sin," said she, slyly, looking at him askance. "But, seriously," she continued, with sepulchral gravity, "you must attach your name to your books in the future."

"I will, and yours, too. They shall be dedicated to you—to *my wife*, in the future."

This unexpected turn in the conversation somewhat discomfited Nora; but, as he spoke, the music as well changed its course, and leaving the thin air of science groveled momentarily in the lower regions of melody; and so beautiful did this sudden transition seem to her that she gurgled forth her approbation and asked Liston what it was—as if he knew everything!

"Why, that," said he, tenderly, "*is à propos*; it is the music of the future—of *our* future! O Nora! . . ."

And the beauty of it was, they both believed it! They actually thought the music symbolic of their lives—a little discord, a jarring note at starting, and then a steady stream of melody *da capo*! They thought their little world a garden strewed with thornless flowers for their especial benefit—a fortunate isle amid a sea of troubles; and neither of them realized that the happiness of the future is but the dull, dull echo of the present hope—a flitting figure in the glass—a soul without a body—the flying vision of our vain desires.

S. B. RUSS.

## A PERISHED KERNEL.

"I think it be true that writers say, that there is no pomegranate so fair or so sound, but may have a *perished kernel*."—*Sir Francis Bacon on the Trial of Lady Somerset.*

TOWARD the autumn of the year 1609 there arrived in London a young Scotchman who, after a few years of dazzling prosperity, was to be cast down to the lowest depths of shame and reproach. Upon our happily limited list of royal favorites the name of Robert Carr occupies a prominent position. Endowed with all the advantages of youth, a handsome figure, a face, if somewhat effeminate, yet full of charm, and possessed of the most winning manners, the lad had quitted his native town of Edinburgh to seek his fortunes at the court. He was sprung from a good old stock, and his father, we now learn, had been actively engaged in supporting the cause of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; for among the State Papers there is a petition addressed to Carr, when he was supreme in the favor of his sovereign, from one James Maitland, soliciting permission to sue in the Scottish courts for revocation of the attainder passed upon William Maitland, of Lethington, for services to the King's mother, and the petitioner apologizes for his intrusion upon the favorite on the ground that "our fathers were friends, and involved in the same cause and overthrow." \* Protected by his kinsman, Lord Hay, young Carr, shortly after his arrival in London, was introduced to the gay company which then daily crowded the galleries and antechambers of Whitehall. It was known that James, who piqued himself upon being indifferent to the fair sex, was strangely susceptible to handsome looks and a graceful figure in young men. Lord Hay, as he took the young adventurer by the hand, and examined his well-knit limbs, his delicate features, his large, expressive eyes, and the brilliant complexion, which had a frequent trick of blushing, felt sure that his *protégé* had only to be seen by the King to be at once ingratiated in the royal graces. An opportunity soon offered itself. At a tilting-match Lord Hay ordered Carr, according to ancient custom, to carry his shield and device to the King. James was on horseback, and as Carr advanced to perform the duties intrusted to him, he was by a sudden movement of his charger thrown from his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, breaking his leg. The accident was turned to excellent advantage. James at once dismounted, bent over the lad, and was struck with admiration at the

girlish beauty of his features. He gave orders for the young sufferer to be removed to apartments in Whitehall, and to be attended upon by the court physician. The King, who made friends as quickly as he dropped them, was soon on the most intimate terms with the fascinating Carr. He visited him daily, and spent hours in close conversation with him in his chamber. He introduced the Queen to him. He brought him fruit and gifts calculated to cheer the monotony of a sick-bed. Finding him indifferently educated, the King, who was never so happy as when instructing others, began to teach him Latin and other subjects, the better to fit him for the honors to which it was intended he should be advanced. A ribald ballad of the time alludes to these attentions:

'Let any poor lad that is handsome and young,  
With *parle vous France* and a voice for a song,  
But once get a horse and seek out good James,  
He'll soon find the house, 'tis great near the  
Thames.

It was built by a priest, a butcher by calling,  
But neither priesthood nor trade could keep him  
from falling.

As soon as ye ken the pitiful loon,  
Fall down from your nag as if in a swoon;  
If he doth nothing more, he'll open his purse;  
If he likes you ('tis known he's a very good nurse)  
Your fortune is made, he'll dress you in satin,  
And if you're unlearned he'll teach you dog Latin.  
On good pious James male beauty prevailleth,  
And other men's fortune on such he entaileth." \*

On recovering from his accident, Carr became the constant companion of the King, and his chief adviser in all affairs of state and pleasure. "The favorite," writes Lord Thomas Howard, "is straight-limbed, well-favored, strong-shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of show of modesty. He is so particular in his dress to please the King that he has changed his tailors and tire-men many times. And he is so decidedly the court favorite that the King will lean on his arm, pinch his cheek, smooth his ruffled garment, and when directing discourse to others nevertheless still will keep gazing on him." Honors and dignities were showered on the fortunate youth in quick succession. He was appointed keeper of Westminster Palace for life, Treasurer of Scotland, Lord Privy Seal, Warden

\* \* State Papers, Domestic," July 17, 1613.

\* \* Ben Jonson," by W. R. Chetwood, 1736.

of the Cinque Ports, and Lord Chamberlain.\* He wore the ribbon of the Garter; he was created Viscount Rochester; the barony of Brancepeth, bishopric of Durham, was conferred on him; and on his marriage he was raised to the earldom of Somerset.† He became the owner of Rochester Castle; the lands, forfeited by Lord Darcy in Essex, were granted to him; while the "manor of Sherborne, and all the manors and lands in Dorsetshire, whereof Sir Walter Raleigh was possessed," fell also into his hands.‡ In vain the unhappy widow of the great sailor-historian pleaded that her husband's estates might be restored to her children. "I maun have it for Carr," was the harsh reply of the sovereign.

James was infatuated with his idol, and placed him in boundless authority. Next the throne stood the favorite, and, in the opinion of many, he could not have been more supreme had he been seated upon it. We have only to scan the volumes of the State Papers relating to this period which have been published, to see how powerful and extensive was the control which the recently created peer then exercised. Did a divine solicit promotion in the Church, he begged the favorite to mention his name to the King, and to use his good offices to further his suit. Was it considered advisable for some curious foreign correspondence to be placed before the royal eyes, the Secretary of State forwarded it to Carr for the purpose. Did the Archbishop of Canterbury wish a volume against the Papists to be read by James, he inclosed it to my Lord of Somerset with the necessary instructions. The merchant adventurers, anxious for trading privileges, sent their petitions in the first instance to the favorite for his approval. Old place-hunters, seeking after the reversion of a pension, besought the omnipotent Carr to be their friend. The auditors of the revenue took their instructions from him. He who was desirous of farming the imposts on French and Rhenish wines made his application to Rochester. If the court physician found James a refractory patient—and, like many men who dabble in medicine, he was the most trying and self-willed of invalids—he begged the favorite to come to his aid. "The King is threatened," writes Dr. de Mayerne to Carr, § "with a multiplication of his fits of gravely cholic, unless he will listen to advice and adopt the necessary remedies. I have written a long discourse on the subject, but

I fear he will throw it aside unread. I beg your lordship to read it to his Majesty and urge on him the necessity of attending to it." The Company of East India Merchants, anxious for future favors, presented Carr with a piece of gold plate valued at six hundred pounds. The town of Rochester, hearing that the King intended to call a Parliament, wrote to the favorite offering him the nomination of one of their two burgesses;\* while the famous College of Christ Church, at Oxford, forwarded him a petition desiring him "to become their patron and a member of their college, which boasts a regal foundation, and has the Duke of Lennox, Lord Aubigny, the Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Sydneys as members." Yet this homage and recognition of absolute power do not appear to have turned the young man's head. He was courteous, urbane, and not too difficult of access. "Many people," writes Lord Northampton to him, † "noting your lordship's skill in answering letters, and your urbanity, wish to see you secretary." Nor did the favorite place a price upon the service he was called upon to render. It was his boast, as he wrote to Northampton, that he was a courtier whose hand never took bribes. In one of his dispatches to Madrid, the Spanish ambassador, after giving a few particulars of the English court—that the King grows too fat to hunt comfortably, and eats and drinks so recklessly that it is thought he will not be long-lived; that the Queen leads a quiet life, not meddling with business, and is on good terms with the King; that the Prince Henry is a fine youth, of sweet disposition, and, under good masters, might easily be trained to the religion his predecessors lived in; that the council is composed of men of little knowledge, some Catholics, but most schismatics or atheists; and the like—winds up by saying: "The King resolves on all business with Viscount Rochester alone. His chief favorites are Scotchmen, and especially Viscount Rochester."‡

The young man was now at the very meridian of his splendor; as a subject, it was almost impossible for him to attain to higher honors. We have now to trace the causes which ushered in his overthrow. Among the beauties of the court was Frances, Countess of Essex, a daughter of the family of Howard—a house then noted for the unscrupulous ambition of its men and for the open frailties of its women. Poets raved about her wealthy auburn locks, her dazzling complexion, her small, ripe mouth, her perfectly chiseled features; while her wondrous hazel eyes were scarcely felicitously described as "wombs of

\* "State Papers, Domestic," June 12, 1611; October 27, 1613; June 30, 1614; July 13, 1614.

† Ibid., July 2, 1611; November, 1612; November 25, 1613.

‡ Ibid., May 1, 1611; March 25, 1611; November 3, 1613; November 11, 1613.

§ Ibid., August 22, 1613.

\* "State Papers, Domestic," February 13, 1614.

† Ibid., August 12, 1612.

‡ Ibid., September 22, 1613.

stars." The married life of this "beauty of the first magnitude in the horizon of the court" had not been a happy one. At the age of thirteen she had been wedded to the Earl of Essex, who was then but a mere boy. On account of their tender years, the young couple for a time were separated; but, if we are to believe the evidence before us, when their union was permitted their relationship still continued on its former footing. The Countess, after a trying interval, prayed for a divorce on the ground of nullity of marriage. She declared she was a virgin-wife, and satisfied a jury of her own sex of the truth of her assertion; but as her ladyship, during this platonic alliance with her husband, had amply avenged herself for all marital shortcomings, the gossip of history declares that, to prevent any unpleasant disclosures, "another young gentlewoman [the Countess was closely veiled during the investigation] was fobbed in her place." The trial was the great topic of the hour. The court was divided in opinion; some of the judges, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaring that those whom God had joined together could not be divided, while others held the views on the subject which at the present day prevail. The King, however, was the warm friend of the petitioner, and used all his authority to obtain a verdict in her favor. He browbeat the judges who differed from him, he laid down the law with his usual travesty of wisdom and erudition, and declared that none should entertain opinions which were opposed to those of their sovereign. "If a judge," he writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you, that are so far '*my creature*,' can use toward me is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed." The royal wishes carried the day. Save a few dissentient voices, the court declared the marriage between Robert, Earl of Essex, and the Lady Frances Howard void and of none effect, "and that the Lady Frances was, and is, and so ought to be, free and at liberty from any bond of such pretended marriage *de facto* contracted and solemnized. And we do pronounce that she ought to be divorced, and so we do free and divorce her, leaving them as touching other marriages to their consciences in the Lord."

The Lady Frances was not slow to avail herself of the freedom granted to her. Ever since the handsome face of Robert Carr had been seen in the galleries of Whitehall, the young Countess

had been smitten with the favorite. At balls and masks she had crossed his path, and her words and looks had revealed the feelings that had been awakened within her. She visited a noted astrologer in Lambeth, and begged him to give her potions which would cause the object of her attachment to respond to her passion. Yet there had been no need for philters and magic arts. Young Carr was neither cold nor obdurate; at first the amorous Countess was the one who loved, while her gallant was the other who allowed himself to be loved; but soon the sprightly gayety and beauty of his mistress brought the favorite to her feet, and he vowed that life unshared by her was robbed of all its sweetness. And now it was that Lady Essex brooded over the thought of divorce. The King, who but echoed the wishes of Carr, cordially approved of her resolve, and, as we have seen, strongly prejudiced the court in the interests of the young wife. "The divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex," writes Chamberlain to Carleton,\* "is soon to be decided, and is important as opening a gap which would not soon be stopped. It is said that Rochester is in love with her." The report was fully justified. A few weeks after the divorce had been pronounced, Lady Essex was led a second time to the altar, to be united now to no mere boy, but to a powerful peer, the fondly cherished friend of his sovereign, and one of the handsomest men of his day. The ceremony was attended with every sign of homage and rejoicing. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the bench of bishops, and all the leading peers of the realm were present at the marriage. The bridegroom, in order that there should be no disparity between him and the late husband, was created Earl of Somerset. The young Countess, as she walked up the aisle of the Chapel Royal on the arm of the King, allowed her hair to fall unfettered to her waist as a proof of the innocent character of her former union, for to be "married in their hair" was a privilege only accorded to maidens. The Bishop of Bath and Wells performed the ceremony, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to pay all expenses. In the evening "a gallant mask of lords" took place in honor of the occasion. Every attention that servility and respect could inspire was lavished upon the newly wedded Earl and Countess. They were the recipients of the most magnificent presents. They were lavishly entertained by the Lord Mayor and aldermen at a splendid banquet in the City, their carriage was escorted through Cheapside by torchlight, amid the cheers of the mob, and their healths were drunk with vociferous applause. The members of Gray's Inn, disguised

\* "State Papers, Domestic," June 23, 1613.



as hyacinths, jonquils, daffodils, and other flowers, performed a mask, especially written in their honor by the great Lord Bacon, before the King and a brilliant company. Masks, plays, and "wassails," in commemoration of the event, followed each other in quick succession. Indeed, the national rejoicings could scarcely have been more marked had the heir-apparent to the throne taken unto himself a princess. Shortly after the honeymoon the Earl of Somerset settled himself in London, taking Sir Baptist Hicks's house in Kensington, which he sumptuously furnished.†

But a cloud was slowly springing up, which was to cast its black shadows over all this prosperity, and turn the future into hopeless gloom. Among the eminent men who then adorned the court of James, the name of Sir Thomas Overbury takes high rank. Though eclipsed by the fame of his more splendid contemporaries, his works were much read and admired; and even at the present day his poem of "The Wife" and his "Characters" will repay perusal by the curious. But apart from his literary fame, Overbury exercised considerable influence in the circles of the court from the soundness of his judgment, his knowledge of men and affairs, and his decision of character. He had, shortly after Carr's introduction into the society at Whitehall, struck up a warm friendship with the favorite. He was the young man's adviser-in-chief, his father-confessor, and the instigator of most of his actions. It was said that, indirectly, the knight was the sovereign of the country; for though Rochester ruled the King, it was Overbury who ruled Rochester. To the intrigue with the Countess of Essex, Overbury had raised no obstacle. Nay, he had even facilitated matters by helping the untutored Rochester to indite the love-letters he sent to his mistress. But, in the eyes of Overbury, there was a wide distinction between an intrigue with a divorced woman and a passion which would be satisfied with nothing less than honorable marriage. The keen man of the world was no stranger to the antecedents of Frances, Countess of Essex, and he felt assured that his friend would bitterly rue the day he made so fickle a dame his wife. Accordingly, he essayed all his efforts to dissuade the infatuated youth from his purpose, but in vain. Rochester was enslaved by the charms of the fascinating Countess, and swore that nothing in her past history should be regarded by him as an obstacle to marriage. High words broke out between the two friends. "Well, my lord," cried Overbury, at the close of a discussion, "if you do marry that filthy, base woman, you will utterly ruin your

honor and yourself. You shall never do it by my advice or consent." Hot with rage, Rochester replied, "My own legs are straight and strong enough to bear me up, but, in faith, I will be even with you for this," and he indignantly turned upon his heel. The conversation took place in one of the galleries at Whitehall, and was overheard by two persons in an adjoining chamber, whose evidence became afterward of importance. On quitting his mentor, Rochester went straight to the King and begged that Overbury might be appointed to the vacant embassy at Moscow. We now learn that James, whether from jealousy of the influence exercised by the knight over Rochester, or from jealousy of the reputation that the author of the "Characters" enjoyed, or from whatever other cause, cordially disliked Overbury, and had long wanted to get rid of him at court.\* He had refrained, however, from giving expression to this dislike, in order not to pain his cherished Carr, who he saw was devoted to the knight. But when he heard that it was the favorite himself who was suggesting the absence of Overbury from the country, he gladly acceded to the request, and at once made out the appointment. The treacherous Rochester, playing a double part, now resumed his intimacy with his former friend, pretended that he had forgotten the words that had passed between them, and when the offer of the diplomatic post was mentioned, strongly advised Overbury not to accept it. "If you be blamed or committed for it," said he, "care not; I will quickly free thee." Accordingly, the knight, who at first had been willing to go abroad, declared that "he could not and would not accept a foreign employment."† The King, worked upon by Rochester, vowed that such disobedience should meet with its deserts, and committed Overbury to the Tower. Here the unhappy man languished for months; he ardently begged for liberty; he implored the promised aid of the favorite. "Sir," he wrote to Somerset, "I wonder you have not yet found means to effect my delivery; but I remember you said you would be even with me, and so indeed you are. But assure yourself, my lord, if you do not release me, but suffer me thus to die, my blood will be required at your hands." All prayers and remonstrances were, however, useless. The health of the prisoner gave way; he was seized with frequent vomitings, and, after a confinement which lasted from May to the following October, he passed away in agonies. No one was permitted to view the corpse. A pit was dug within the precincts of the Tower, and into it the body, with the burial of a dog, was

\* "State Papers, Domestic," November and December, 1613; January, 1614.

\* "State Papers, Domestic," May 19, 1613.

† Ibid.

hastily thrown. "Nobody pities him," writes Chamberlain, of the dead man, who was noted for his arrogant and imperious demeanor to all with whom he came in contact, "and his own friends do not speak well of him."\*

We pass over an interval of two years. The Earl and Countess of Somerset had been made man and wife, and were spending their time in the amusements of the hour, in frequent sojourns at their country-seat of Chesterford Park, whither the King sometimes went, and in buying paintings of the old masters for their town house at Kensington. My lord of Somerset was still the special favorite of his sovereign, though there were signs that his power was on the wane. Success and prosperity had made him insolent, and his enemies were longing for his downfall. His former vivacity had deserted him, his face looked worn, and those charms and graces which had been so specially attractive to James were now on the decline. He became dull, morose, and imperious. A handsome Leicestershire lad had lately been appointed cup-bearer to the monarch, and the courtiers recognized in the new arrival the successor to the favorite. And now dark rumors began to be circulated of foul play in the Tower. It was said that Overbury had not met with his death honestly; that one of the accomplices had confessed that the knight had for months been systematically poisoned, and that certain noble persons, deep in the intimacies of the throne, were gravely implicated in the matter. It was impossible that the affair could be hushed up. The King issued instructions to inquire into the case, the law officers of the Crown set to work with their investigations, and soon every detail touching the terrible deed was laid bare. It now transpired that the Countess of Somerset, infuriated against Overbury for the manner in which he had spoken of her, and, above all, for his having attempted to prevent the marriage between herself and her lover, had resolved to surround him when in the Tower with her creatures, and put him to death by poison. Her agents were examined, denied the charge, then fully confessed, and suffered penitently the extreme penalty of the law. Four persons were preëminently implicated—Richard Weston, Anne Turner, Sir Gervais Helwys, and James Franklin. Franklin was the apothecary who sold the poison; Helwys was the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was privy to the proceedings; Mrs. Turner—the introducer of starch into England—was the confidante of the Countess, who procured the poisons from Franklin; while Weston, as the jailer of the unhappy Overbury, was the agent appointed to administer

the drugs to the prisoner. As none of these persons had any cause of resentment against Overbury, it was evident that they were only the instruments of others. Warrants were now issued for the arrest of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Lady Somerset was at her town house, and at once was taken to the Tower, where she implored her keepers not to confine her in the same cell as that in which Overbury had breathed his last. The King was at that time at Royston on a royal progress, and accompanied by Somerset. As the messenger arrived with the warrant, his Majesty, according to his custom, was lolling upon the favorite's neck and kissing him. "When shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again," he asked Somerset, who, unconscious of the writ issued against him, was on the point of quitting Royston for London. The favorite replied that he would return in a few days. The King then lollen about his neck and kissed him repeatedly. At this moment Somerset was arrested by the warrant of the Lord Chief Justice Coke. He started back indignantly, exclaiming that never was such an affront offered to a peer of England in the presence of his sovereign. "Nay, man," said the King, "if Coke were to send for me I should have to go." Then, as Somerset quitted the royal presence, the crafty James, who had been mainly instrumental in obtaining the warrant for the arrest of the favorite, and who now, wearied with the intimacy, was only too glad of an opportunity of effectually breaking it off, said aloud, "Now, the devil go with thee, for I will never see thy face any more!" Shortly after the departure of Somerset the Lord Chief Justice arrived at Royston. The King took him on one side and told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife that was ever committed; that they had made him their agent to carry on their amours and murderous designs, and therefore he charged the Chief Justice with all the scrutiny possible to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, however great, who was implicated in the affair. "God's curse," he cried, passionately, "be upon you and yours if you spare any of them! And God's curse be upon me and mine if I pardon any one of them!"\*

The trial created the greatest sensation. All places of public business and amusement were deserted during the proceedings. Westminster Hall was crowded in every part from floor to roof. Seats were sold at enormous prices. Three hundred pounds of our money were given for a

\* "State Papers, Domestic," October 14, 1613.

\* "Court and Character of King James," by Sir A. Weldon, 1651.

corner which would scarcely contain a dozen persons. Sixty pounds for the two days during which the trial lasted was no unusual sum to be paid for the accommodation doled out to a small family party. No seat could be obtained for less than three pounds. The court opened at nine, but by six o'clock in the morning the doors in front of Westminster Hall were thronged by eager competitors for unreserved places. Beneath a cloth of estate at the upper end of the hall sat Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, as the Lord High Steward. Close to him stood Garter King-at-Arms, the Seal-Bearer and Black Rod, supported by the Sergeant-at-Arms. On either side of the High Steward sat the peers who constituted the court. The judges, clad in their scarlet robes, were collected in a row somewhat lower than the peers, the Lord Chief Justice occupying the most conspicuous position on the bench. At the lower end of the hall were the King's counsel, with Sir Francis Bacon, who then held office as Attorney-General, at their head. Separated from the counsel by a bar was a small platform on which the prisoners were to stand. In front of it stood a gentleman porter with an axe, who, when sentence of death was pronounced against a peer or peeress, turned its edge full upon the condemned.

Lady Somerset was the first to be put upon her trial. She was dressed "in black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs." She was deadly pale, but her terror only the more enhanced her bewitching beauty, which made a great impression upon the court. As she took her place she made three reverences to her judges. The Lord High Steward then explained the object of the proceedings, and it was noticed that, during the reading of the indictment, when mention was made of the name of Weston and of the part that he had played in the crime, the prisoner put her fan before her face, nor did she remove it until the reading of the indictment was ended. This preliminary over, the Clerk of the Crown, amid the most painful silence, asked :

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, art thou guilty of the felony and murder, or not guilty?"

In a low voice, "but wonderful fearful," the Countess, bowing to her judges, answered, "Guilty."

The Attorney-General now rose up and addressed the court in a few words. He congratulated the prisoner upon freely acknowledging her guilt; he eulogized the conduct of the King in seeking only the ends of justice; and he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess by quoting the words, "mercy and truth be met together." The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury were then read, the Lord Chief Justice declaring that they were

so masterly that they "deserved to be written in a sunbeam." Again, the Clerk of the Crown put a question to the prisoner :

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, hold up thine hand. Whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty as accessory before the fact of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

"I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault," was the reply, in such low tones as scarcely to reach the ears of the High Steward. "I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the King."

There was a pause while the white staff was delivered to the presiding judge.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Lord High Steward, solemnly, "whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, pleaded guilty, and that thou hast nothing to say for thyself, it is now my part to pronounce judgment; only thus much before, since my lords have heard with what humility and grief you have confessed the fact, I do not doubt they will signify so much to the King and mediate for his grace toward you; but, in the mean time, according to the law, the sentence must be this, 'That thou shalt be carried from hence to the Tower of London, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul.'" She was then removed to her quarters in Raleigh's house in the garden of the Tower.

The proceedings had been very rapid. The court had opened at nine, and by eleven the prisoner had been condemned.\* On the whole, the impression made by the Countess had been favorable. "Her carriage hath much commended her," writes one to Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador at the Hague,† "for before and after her condemnation she behaved so nobly and worthily as did express to the world she was well taught and had better learned her lesson." Chamberlain writes to the same: "She won pity by her sober demeanor, which, in my opinion, was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress, and yet she shed or made show of some tears divers times. She was used with more respect than is usual, nothing being aggravated against her by any circumstance, nor any invective used but only touching the main offense of murder; as likewise it was said to-day to be the King's pleasure that no odious or uncivil speeches should be given. The general opinion is that she shall not die, and many good words

\* "State Papers, Domestic," May 25, 1616.

† *Ibid.*

were given to put her in hope of the King's mercy."\* One Pallavicino, with the enthusiasm of his nation, comments upon the trial in quite an excited strain. "The first Friday wherein the lady was tried," he writes to our ambassador at the Hague,† "imagine you see one of the fairest, respective (*sic*), honorable, gracefulest proceedings for judgment, reverence, humbleness, discretion that ever yet presented itself to public view; the prisoner's behavior truly noble, fashioned to act a tragedy with so much sweetness, grace, and good form, as if all the Graces had heaped their whole powers to render her that day the most beloved, the most commiserated spectacle, and the best wished unto that ever presented itself before a scene of death. The modesty of confession in her shortened all legal openings of the cause; wrought the most courteous language from the attorney, Sir Francis Bacon, that his eloquence, favor, modesty, and judgment might afford; all, consequently, exacting from the Lord High Steward a judgment and sentence (harsh truly according to the law) but so sweetened by the deliverer that it is certainly affirmed death felt not her sting nor she knew at her departure to have been of the condemned."

Still, no little disappointment had been created by the course pursued by the fair culprit. It had not been expected that she would at once criminate herself by pleading guilty, and the Attorney-General, on the presumption that she would avow her innocence, had prepared an elaborate speech, which can be read in his works, eloquently inveighing against her sinful conduct. The proceedings, instead of being eminently sensational, had been dull and commonplace in the extreme. From the testimony of the accomplices who had recently expiated their crimes upon the gibbet, the public were well aware that the case presented features full of excitement. It was anticipated that the whole past life of the Countess would be laid bare—how she had flirted with Prince Henry; how, before her divorce, she had arranged stolen interviews with her lover in Paternoster Row; how she had availed herself of the philters and potions, the charms and immodest emblems, of the fashionable astrologer to attain her ends; how she had intrigued to surround Overbury in the Tower by her paid creatures; how she had sent him poisoned tarts and jellies: in short, it was expected that every detail in this drama of love and murder would be disclosed. And yet nothing fresh had been divulged; the vast audience had been gratified by a sight of the notorious criminal, but no highly spiced incident, as had been fondly hoped, had been

brought forward for their horror or amusement. Those who had paid large sums for their seats did not consider they had received their money's worth.

Matters, however, looked more promising with the husband. On his imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, the Earl of Somerset assumed a threatening attitude. He declined to acknowledge the jurisdiction of his peers. He swore that he would not plead before the court. He had been advised to follow the example of his wife, to confess his guilt, to bow to the verdict, and to trust to the King for pardon. These he sternly refused to do; nay, he threatened that if he were brought face to face with his peers he would disclose matters which would prove most injurious to his Majesty. For a whole week frequent were the negotiations that were entered into between Somerset and the Crown, the King imploring the favorite to admit his crime, and to have no fear of the consequences; but still the prisoner maintained his morose and defiant air. At last, by a trick of the Lieutenant of the Tower, Somerset was induced to appear before his judges. He was told that if he only would present himself at Westminster Hall he would be permitted to return instantly again "without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you." By this shallow device he allowed himself to be entrapped, and on finding that he had been overreached, "recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his trial, where he held the company until seven at night." He was dressed in deep mourning, as if the sentence of the court had already plunged him into the grief of a widower. He wore "a plain black satin suit, laid with two satin laces in a seam; a gown of uncut velvet, lined with unshorn, all the sleeves laid with satin lace; a pair of gloves with satin tops; his George about his neck, his hair curled, his visage pale, his beard long, his eyes sunk in his head." On being called, he pleaded not guilty. It was feared that in his temper he would divulge matters which might gravely compromise the King. Two servants were accordingly placed on either side of him, with cloaks on their arms, and the prisoner was warned that if he uttered but a word against his Majesty these men had orders to muffle him instantly, drag him down, and hasten him off to the Tower. He would then be sentenced in his absence, and at once be put to death.

Into the details of the trial we shall not enter; never was the machinery of the law more flagrantly put in motion to bring in a verdict against a prisoner. Stripped of all technicalities, Somerset was accused of having incited the keeper of Sir Thomas Overbury to administer poison to his

\* "State Papers, Domestic," May 29, 1616.

† *Ibid.*



prisoner. The administering of the drugs was thus stated: "Rose-acre, May 9, 1615; white arsenic, June 1; mercury sublimate in tarts, July 16; and mercury sublimate in a clyster, September 14, all in the same year." The Lord Chief Justice, with a partiality not often exhibited on the bench, employed his talents to prejudice the jury against the accused. Testimony that would have been of service to the prisoner was rejected. Hearsay evidence of the loosest character was freely admitted. The most important witnesses against Somerset were men who had been hanged for their crimes, and whom he could not cross-examine. After a whole day thus passed in burlesquing justice a verdict of guilty was brought in, and the quondam favorite was sentenced to death. Contemporary opinion was strongly opposed to the finding of the court. "The least country gentleman in England," writes the French ambassador at the Court of London, "would not have suffered for what the Earl of Somerset was condemned, and that if his enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty, for there was no convincing proof against him." "Some that were then at Somerset's trial," says another, "and not partial, conceived in conscience, and as himself says to the King, that he fell rather by want of well defending than by force of proofs." He was prosecuted, writes a third, because "King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place." The most probable view of this *cause célèbre* is that Somerset was perfectly innocent of any attempt at poisoning Overbury. He had been instrumental in confining his former friend in the Tower, and it had been his intention that the knight should be kept prisoner for some time; but we have no evidence that Somerset knew anything of the terrible vengeance which Lady Essex (for she was not then his wife) was wreaking upon the prisoner; on the contrary, what trustworthy evidence we possess is in his favor, for we find him giving orders that physicians were to see Overbury and report upon his health. Had he been cognizant of the plot to poison the prisoner, he would scarcely have dispatched those who, on investigation, might have detected the conspiracy. "Many believed," writes Weldon,\* "the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be the soundest opinion."

It is unfortunate that the reports we possess of this famous trial are open to question. In the version in Howell's "State Trials" we are referred

to no authorities, nor have we any evidence to the contrary that we are not studying a garbled account, furnished by those interested in condemning the prisoner. The reports of our earlier state trials were often prepared under the inspection of the law officers of the Crown, and sometimes were even revised by the sovereign himself; hence they give only a partial and one-sided view of what took place. "The course of proceeding in ancient times," writes Amos, who has made the legal aspect of this trial a special study,\* "for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a sovereign, was somewhat after the following manner: Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only, as were criminative, were read before a judge removable at the will of the Crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under terror of fine and imprisonment. Speedily the Government published whatever account of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to 'press the consciences,' as it was called, of the condemned, in their cells and on the scaffold; and the transaction terminated with another Government *brochure*, full of dying contrition, and eulogy by the criminal on all 'who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows. In the mean while the Star Chamber, with its pillories, its S. L.s branded on the cheeks with a hot iron, its mutilations of ears, and ruinous fines, prohibited the unauthorized publication of trials, and all free discussion upon them, as amounting to an arraignment of the King's justice." Such compulsory testimony certainly does not inspire confidence.

Among the State Papers of this period is an account of this famous trial, which differs in many respects from the report to be found in the pages of Howell. In the manuscript we read nothing of that dispute between Somerset and Overbury in the galleries at Whitehall, relative to Lady Essex, which is so circumstantially related in Howell. From the manuscript we learn that Somerset relied greatly in his defense upon a letter written to him by Overbury to the effect that "a powder which he had received from the Earl had agreed with him, but that, nevertheless, he did not intend to take any more powders of the same kind." In Howell there is no mention of this letter. According to the manuscript, the apothecary in his examination is made to state that Somerset ordered him to write to the King's physician touching physic to

\* "Court and Character of King James."

\* "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," by Andrew Amos. A most curious and able work.

be given to Overbury. This is a circumstance favorable to Somerset, but is not to be found in Howell. The speech of the prisoner in his defense is given variously in the two accounts. In the manuscript Somerset attacks the credit of the witnesses hostile to him, and desires that "his own protestations on his oath, his honor, and his conscience should be weighed against the lewd information" of such miscreants. In Howell we have no trace of these observations. "It is obvious," writes Amos, "that such passages would be the most likely to be struck out by persons desirous of publishing a version of the proceedings which might diffuse an opinion among the public that one of the wickedest of men had been condemned after one of the fairest of trials and by one of the justest of prosecutions."

We have now to deal with the strange conduct of the King throughout this affair. What was the nature of the secret he feared Somerset might reveal? Why should orders have been given by the Lieutenant of the Tower to silence the prisoner and drag him away, did he say a word against the King? We learn that James was so nervous and restless throughout the day on which the favorite was tried, that he sent to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, and cursed all who came without tidings. He refused all food. What was the occasion of this anxiety?† One reason has been given which appears to answer the question more conclusively than other guesses. It has been suggested that the King himself had a share in the murder of Overbury. We know that James had a "rooted hatred" toward the knight; that he had been a coöperating party in the persecution; that he had enjoined the Privy Council to send Overbury to the Tower, and that he had turned a deaf ear to all petitions from the prisoner for release. He may have been cognizant of the plot of the Countess to poison Overbury, though unknown to her, and may have employed her guilt to screen his own purposes. We know that his own physician had attended upon Overbury during the latter part of his confinement, that this doctor was never called as a witness, and that the prescriptions he made out for the prisoner were never produced. We know that when foul work had been suspected, the King was among the busiest, the better to conceal his own agents, in prosecuting those accused of poisoning Overbury. We know that the proceedings against the Countess of Somerset were far from harsh, and that, in spite of the royal oath

to the contrary, she received a full pardon. We know that the King used all his arguments to force the Earl of Somerset to plead guilty and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Crown, when he would have nothing more to fear. If Lord and Lady Somerset were guilty, and the King not implicated in the matter, what is the meaning of those communications between James and Carr when the latter was in the Tower? What is the meaning, in the face of the solemn promise to Coke, of a full pardon being granted to the guilty couple? But if the King had given instructions, independently of and unknown to Lady Somerset, to make an end of Overbury, nothing is more probable than that the favorite, at that time the bosom friend of the Crown, would have been informed of the design. Acquainted with this plot within a plot, Somerset on the day of his trial might have disclosed matters which would have caused a far bolder man than James to tremble. It is not surprising, therefore, if the surmise be correct, that the King was terribly nervous throughout the hours the favorite was before the court. Nor is there anything in the life of James to render this suspicion unjustifiable. The first Stuart on the English throne was a true son of the vicious beauty, his mother. He was a hard, cruel, weak, degraded creature. In the opinion of several of his sober contemporaries, he was addicted to heathenish practices. There were dark stories about his having poisoned his own son, the popular Prince Henry. He immured Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, under the harshest restrictions. He proved himself utterly destitute of feeling in his conduct toward his kinswoman, the ill-fated Arabella Stuart. A career thus sullied is capable of any crime; and when suspicion points the finger, and raises its accusing voice, saying, "Thou art the man," posterity can not be considered hasty or vindictive in giving credence to the charge.

After an imprisonment of some years in the Tower, a full pardon was granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset.‡ The guilty beauty and the exiled favorite passed the remainder of their life in seclusion, and it is said in mutual estrangement. One daughter was born to them, the Lady Anne, who afterward became the mother of that Lord William Russell who, endowed with virtues his grandparents never possessed, met the fate from which they had been spared.

ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD (*The Gentleman's Magazine*).

† "State Papers, Domestic," May 31, 1616.

‡ "State Papers, Domestic," January 17, 1622.

## THE BRADLAUGH CONTROVERSY.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

THREE months ago it was possible to write the following words: "The best example of a commonwealth which has lost its catholic perfection without losing its traditional but imperfect Christianity, and has at the same time returned in great part to the natural order—that is, to the truths of natural religion and to the four cardinal virtues—may be said to be the British Empire."

But this British Empire was not the primitive Catholic monarchy of Alfred, in which church and state were inseparable, and councils and parliaments sat simultaneously.

It was not the English monarchy of Henry VII, in which, at least in public law, the unity of our spiritual and civil life was as yet unbroken.

It was not the monarchy of Elizabeth, of which Hooker could still write in his pleasant dream that church and state were coincident, and every member of the one was a member of the other.

It was not the monarchy of the Stuarts or of William III, in which whole classes of men were excluded from civil rights and from legislative powers because of nonconformity with the legalized form of Christianity.

Neither was it the British Empire of George IV, when civil rights and legislative powers were thrown open to Catholics and Protestants, who for three centuries had endured proscription and persecution, to fine, imprisonment, and death, for their Christian conscience.

Nor, lastly, was it the monarchy and empire of Victoria, when civil rights and legislative powers were extended in full to all who, believing in the divine and imperishable theism of the Hebrew commonwealth, gave their allegiance, under the same divine sanctions, to the Christian empire of Great Britain.

Hitherto the British Empire has rested upon a twofold divine base, both natural and supernatural. It was built up by our Saxon, Norman, and English forefathers, first upon the unity of Christendom: next even they who saw this unity wrecked, or had a hand in wrecking it, preserved of the Law Christian all that it was still possible to save. Our old jurists used to say that "Christianity was part and parcel of the law of England"; and our feather-headed political doctors ridiculed as bigotry a dictum which has created Christendom. They no doubt had never studied the incorporation of the Christian into the Imperial law, and to take one only in-

stance, they were probably unconscious how the Christian law of marriage in its unity and indissolubility changed the face of the Roman world; and equally unconscious how to this day the same Christian and Catholic law is the law of England notwithstanding the legal dissolutions of the Divorce Court.

But lying deep below this Christian foundation of our empire there are the lights and the laws of the natural order: the truths known to man by the light of reason and by the instincts of humanity. The whole civil society of men in all its ages, apart from the commonwealth of Israel, the monarchies of Assyria and Persia, the liberties of Greek civilization, the imperial law and sway of old Rome, all alike rested upon the theism of the natural order.

I may be asked what is this theism of the natural order. I answer: that God exists; that he is good, wise, just, and almighty: that he is our Lawgiver and our Judge; that his law, both eternal and positive, is the rule of our life; that we have reason by which to know it in its dictates of truth and of morals; that this law binds us in duties to him, to ourselves, and to all men; that this law is the sanction of all personal, domestic, social, civil, and political life: in a word, without God there is no society of man, political, social, or domestic. Society springs from God, and lives by his pervading will. Deny the existence of God, and nine thousand affirmations are no more than nineteen or ninety thousand words. Without God there is no lawgiver above the human will, and therefore no law; for no will by human authority can bind another. All authority of parents, husbands, masters, rulers, is of God. This is not all. If there be no God, there is no eternal distinction of right and wrong; and if not, then no morals; truth, purity, chastity, justice, temperance are names, conventions, and impostures.

There are two conditions possible to men and empires. The one is the order of nature with its recognition of God, with its lights of reason and conscience, its laws and morality, its dictates of conscience and of duty, its oaths and sanctions of fidelity and truth. On this rested the great empires of the old world. It is the order of nature, but it is also divine. There is another condition possible to individual men, and therefore, though hardly, to multitudes—that is, the state in which God and morality have passed out of the life and soul of man. This condition is not divine, nor is it natural, nor is it human. I read its description in an inspired writer, and

he says that such men are as the irrational creatures, the *ἄλογα*\* who in the things they know naturally in these they corrupt themselves.

But this is not the order of nature as God made it. In creating man he created human society from its first outlines of domestic life to its full imperial grandeur as the world has seen it in Rome, and we see it now in the Greater Britain. Where the lights and the laws of nature and conscience and morals are lost, men become herds or hordes, but are civilized men no longer.

Sir William Blackstone, after quoting Sir Edward Coke as saying, "The power and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it can not be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds," goes on to say: "It can transcend the ordinary course of laws; it can regulate the succession of the crown; it can alter the established religion of the land; it can change and create afresh the constitution of the kingdom. . . . So that it is a matter most essential to the liberties of this kingdom that such members be delegated to this important trust as are most eminent for their probity, their fortitude, and their knowledge; for it was a known apothegm of the great Lord Treasurer, Burghley, that England could never be ruined but by a Parliament." Judge Blackstone further quoted the President Montesquieu, who foretold that, "as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberty and perished, so the constitution of England will in time lose its liberty and will perish: it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive."†

The purity of Parliament depends therefore upon the eminent probity, fortitude, and knowledge of its members. And these qualities are tested, so far as is in man, by the oath or solemn declaration of allegiance by which every man intrusted with a share in the supreme power of legislation binds himself by a sanction higher than that of any mere human authority to be faithful to the commonwealth. The oath of the Catholic members of Ireland, and of the Christian members of England and Scotland, and the affirmation of the members of the Hebrew religion, and the affirmation of the members for Birmingham and for Manchester, all alike bind their conscience by the highest sanctions of the divine law. So also, if there be any who, resting, as many in the last century did rest, on the theism of the old world, and on the lights and laws of nature, affirm their probity and their

allegiance under the sanctions which trained the *prisca virtus* of the Roman commonwealth, of such men, under the obligations of the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, enforced by the dictates of natural conscience and the eternal laws of morals, we feel sure. Their build and make is natural and human, in conformity with the common sense and patriotic traditions of the Christian civilization of Europe, by which they were created, and by which they are sustained, in a higher moral life than a defective belief can account for.

And such, three months ago, was the mixed foundation of the British Empire, a mingled system of gold and silver, brass and iron, and the good honest clay of the order of human nature as God made it, with its rights and laws, like our English mother earth, in which our secular oaks root deep and outlive generations and dynasties, but not the monarchy of England.

Thus far I have heard from my forefathers, and understood the English Constitution. It has a basis of two strata, both divine: the one the Law Christian, the other the law of nature.

It knows nothing of a race of sophists who, professing to know nothing about God, and law, and right and wrong, and conscience, and judgment to come, are incapable of giving to Christian or to reasonable men the pledges which bind their moral nature with the obligations necessary for the command of fleets and armies, and legislatures and commonwealths. Men will not intrust to them the august and awful powers of Parliament described by Lord Coke. The dearest and tenderest and most vital interests of life and home and welfare depend upon legislation. Ten thousand times rather would I vote for an upright member of the Hebrew race, whose commonwealth stands in history as the noblest and most human, as well as the most divine, government of man, than for the young gentlemen who can not make up their mind whether God exists or no, or whether in the body they adorn and pamper there be a soul which will have to answer for all they have culpably done, and all they have culpably failed to know.

When Parliament, to meet the scruples of those who so firmly believed in the Majesty of God that they doubted the lawfulness of adjuring him by way of oath, relieved them by accepting a declaration, it rested its act on its profound belief of the reverence and fidelity of the Society of Friends to the Divine Lawgiver whom they feared to offend.

But let no man tell me that this respectful confidence is to be claimed by our agnostics.

Much less by those, if such there be, who, sinking by the inevitable law of the human mind below the shallowness and timidity of agnosti-

\* 2 S. Peter ii. 12; S. Jude 10.

† Blackstone's "Commentaries," by Robert Malcolm Kerr, vol. i, pp. 128, 129.



cism, plunge into the great deep of human pride, where the light of reason goes out, and the outer darkness hides God, his perfections, and his laws.

No law of England has intrusted the powers of legislation to such men. Parliament has never yet weighed and voted the following resolution: "That the British Empire, having ceased to be Catholic, ceased to be Christian, and ceased even to be theistic, has descended below the level of the order of nature and the political civilization of the cultured and imperial races of the pagan world." We Englishmen still believe that it rests upon a level which the old world in all its demoralization never reached. The French pantomime of the last century voted out and voted in the "Supreme Being." *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*. The French people of to-day have no tradition and no basis. It was one of their own wisest sons who said, "*Sans Dieu point de société*." Where God and the unity of his divine law cease to reign, there can be no commonwealth.

But Parliament has never yet made such a law. There still stands on our statute-book a law which says that to undermine the principles of moral obligation is punishable by forfeiture of all places of trust;\* but there is no law which says that a man who publicly denies the existence of God is a fit and proper person to sit in Parliament, or a man who denies the first laws of morals is eligible to make laws for the homes and domestic life of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A by-vote like that which shut the door of the House of Commons against Horne Tooke because he was a clergyman has furtively opened the door to one whose notoriety relieves me of an odious duty. But Parliament has not yet confirmed that by-vote, and the moral sense of this great people has not yet been asked. And yet it has been heard; and I trust that there is still left in our statesmen at least the probity and the courage of Roman senators. One by-vote of a party majority, if not reversed, will lower for ever the basis of the British Empire. The evil it has wrought would be complete. It has laid down for ever that for the highest offices of man—namely, the making laws for man—it is no longer necessary for a man to be Catholic or Christian, or Jew or theist. He may publicly deny and profane all these things. He may deny the existence of God, and therefore of divine law, and therefore of all law except the human will and human passion. But as yet no statute of the Legislature has declared such men to be eligible to Parliament.

If, however, this by-vote be accepted, Lord

Burghley's forecast will be on the horizon. England will begin to be destroyed by its Parliament.

CARDINAL MANNING (*Nineteenth Century*).

#### MR. BRADLAUGH AND HIS OPPONENTS.

THE Bradlaugh controversy has at the moment of my writing ceased to occupy general attention. Its future, if it is to have a future, will depend upon the course of the legal proceedings. Meanwhile, however, it has led to certain illustrations of contemporary sentiment upon which I may venture to say a few words. The true issue presented is the perfectly simple one—Should an open avowal of atheism disqualify a man from a seat in Parliament? This question has, indeed, been mixed up with two others: whether, namely, Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of good character—which is a question for his constituents; and whether the present state of the law excludes him from Parliament—which is a question for the judges. On the first of these questions I have nothing to say; and, in regard to the other, I need only remark that when the legal question has been settled by competent authority the question will still remain whether the present state of the law is desirable or otherwise. If Mr. Bradlaugh is inadmissible, the barrier which keeps him out may be removed; and if, on the other hand, he is admissible, it may be, and indeed it already has been, proposed to erect new barriers. Now, the general principle is admitted on all hands that a man should not be excluded from Parliament on the ground of his religious opinions, and it would be needless, at the present day, to go over the familiar arguments by which this principle is supported. It is urged, however, that an exception should be made in the case of avowed atheism; and it is this proposal, or rather the mode in which it is defended, which suggests a few remarks.

And here, in the first place, the singularly narrow character of the proposal is noticeable. No proposal is made to exclude atheists as such. An atheist who holds his tongue, and who has no difficulty about pronouncing a formula which is for him merely a set of empty words, may be admitted without difficulty. Nor can it be fairly said that such atheists are to be admitted simply because their atheism can not be proved, as we assume that a man is innocent whose guilt can not be established so as to satisfy a court of justice. If there were a serious desire to exclude atheists from Parliament, the straightforward and obvious method would be to propose a new test. Let every man qualify himself by a public declaration of his belief in God. If such a test were

\* 9 & 10 Will. III, c. 32. Kerr's "Blackstone," iv, 34, 35, note.

carried it would exclude conscientious atheists, and would be a stumbling-block even to those who were not conscientious; a public profession of a faith which they were known to reject would clearly be a difficulty, if only on the ground of their reputation among their supporters. But no one has dared to propose such a test. The only method suggested for excluding atheists is the ingeniously illogical bill of which notice was given by Sir Eardley Wilmot. Since, it is said, Christianity is part of the common law, a man is to be disqualified, not for being un-Christian, not even for being an atheist, but for publicly attacking a belief in theism. It is quite clear, therefore, that even the most violent of Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents do not propose to put the slightest difficulty in the way of atheists unless they are atheists who have defended their opinions in public. No difficulty is thrown in the way of atheism itself, but at most in the way of overt and aggressive atheism. And that which gives point to this consideration is the notoriety of the fact that atheists of a different type have been, and probably still are, members of Parliament. Nobody dares to attack them, though everybody knows that they exist, and though the weapon for attack lies ready at hand.

Some persons, it is true, may be daring enough to deny the fact of their existence. I have never yet been able to discover any fact which people will not deny if it is supposed to be an awkward fact for theists; but I can hardly imagine anybody denying this statement with a grave face out of the pulpit or in any atmosphere accessible to the influence of common sense. Reputable speakers referred with all due decorum to the case of John Stuart Mill; and certainly it was a strong case in its way. The only thing which appears strange to me is that any allegation of specific cases should be necessary. There is something audacious about the tacit assumption that an atheist is so rare an animal that he can only be discovered by a careful search into the annals of the past. There is, of course, a sense in which atheism is rare, and has been declared by serious thinkers to be impossible; I mean the dogmatic assertion that there is no God in any of the meanings in which that word can be used. I am not aware that even Mr. Bradlaugh would make any such statement. But if atheism be used to express the state of mind in which God is identified with the unknowable, and theology is pronounced to be a collection of meaningless words about unintelligible chimeras, then I have no doubt, and I think few people doubt, that atheists are as plentiful as blackberries. I am quite sure that the highest authorities in the Church are never tired of lamenting the growth of atheistic principles,

and that philosophers of one school are never tired of arguing against atheism. I can not suppose that all these learned persons are belaboring an imaginary adversary; or that there are such mysterious entities as widely spread principles which are yet the principles of no concrete persons; or, finally, that members of Parliament are selected exclusively from the believing part of mankind. It would not be right, and I certainly do not think that it can be necessary, to cite any private information upon such a matter. I may, however, say without offense that, being myself an agnostic (for reasons which I need not here discuss I do not consider myself to be an atheist), and having had the honor of talking to a good many members of Parliament, I have certainly not found them incapable of sympathizing with my opinions. Occasionally, it is true, their views might be most fitly expressed by the words of a most honorable and active-minded gentleman, of whom I once asked what he thought about the great question of theology. "I have never," he replied, with admirable frankness, "been able to bring my mind to take the slightest interest in the subject." Nobody could be keener in discussing political and social problems; but he considered theology to be as obsolete and idle a study as astrology. This happy indifference may or may not be enviable; it is certainly not uncommon. But at any rate I will venture to give as my guess, that such members of Parliament as condescend to deal in theological questions have very much the opinions of the ordinary cultivated Englishman. They are much too respectable, as a rule, to say anything shocking to their clergy or to their wives; but if they are not saturated to the core with the opinions which clergymen denounce as atheism and materialism, my experience must have been of the most exceptional kind.

I am not disposed, however, to labor a point which every candid person will admit. Open atheism is not common in decent English society. But a radically skeptical frame of mind in regard to theology is so common that the opposite state of mind is fast becoming the exception; and I have no fear of being contradicted when I say that a majority of the House of Commons is either infidel or sublimely tolerant of infidelity. To try to purify such an assembly by excluding one or two men who have chosen to speak their minds openly is to try to preserve the health of a town by forbidding the entry of small-pox patients unless they wear a mask. The advocates of such a plan might boast of their regard for decency, but they had better be silent as to their respect for the laws of health.

The simple truth is that, so far as the objection to Mr. Bradlaugh is sincere, it is not an ob-

jection to his atheism simply, but to the offense which he has given by his way of proclaiming his various unpopular opinions. The honest, stupid part of the church-going public feels that it has been insulted, and is simply anxious to revenge itself upon the insulter. Nothing can be more intelligible, and, in its way, the sentiment is entitled to a certain sort of respect. But I will not waste words upon pointing out its utter irrelevance. If Mr. Bradlaugh has maintained doctrines generally regarded as immoral, that is no reason for punishing him on a totally different ground. It is like flogging a man for picking pockets because you suspect him of being unkind to his wife. It is equally illogical to disqualify him for his opinions simply because his mode of uttering them has been offensive. Nobody would seriously propose a test for keeping out men who uttered opinions in an offensive manner. You, therefore, try to keep out a man for uttering them at all, though you know that the test will be utterly ineffective against numbers who really entertain them, and where effective will be just as effective against the most respectful and sincere reasoner as against the most blatant and insulting. The general repugnance to Mr. Bradlaugh's mode of expressing himself explains the general desire to throw stones at him, but is anything but a justification of a random stone-throwing.

I will not dwell further upon this because the honest objection to Mr. Bradlaugh requires no explanation, and is not the most significant objection. There never was, and probably never will be, a time when the persecution of unpopular sentiments will not commend itself to plenty of hot-headed ignorant bigots. But there is another kind of opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh which I find it difficult to call honest, and which is in need of a little more explanation. The secret is not very profound; but it may as well be openly revealed. I speak of the really intelligent persons who have joined in the cry and done their best to stimulate the passions of stuper and more sincere people. His ablest opponents know quite as well as I do that the House of Commons is not a body composed exclusively of sincere theologians. They don't really want to keep atheists out of it by any of their clumsy contrivances, for they know perfectly well that no test which they can devise will have meshes close enough to keep out shoals of unbelievers. Moreover, it is hard seriously to believe that they care very much for the interests of theological belief, for it requires a considerable stretch of charity to suppose that they have much of the article themselves. What, one would really like to ask, do the smart journalists and eloquent orators who are declaiming

against atheism mean by theism? If they uttered their real sentiments, would they not shock their supporters pretty much as decidedly as Mr. Bradlaugh himself? Nothing is easier than to say, I believe in God; and to proceed to explain that God means X. A very cursory familiarity with theological works would suffice to show how easy it is for persons to agree upon a common symbol to which each section may attribute its own meaning. If any one wishes for an effective illustration of the process, he may turn to the first "Provincial Letters" in which Pascal explains how, by the adoption of a common phrase, Dominicans and Jesuits gave apparent unanimity to their attack upon the Jansenists. But even if the Jesuits were as black as Pascal painted them, I doubt whether they sanctioned a more radically disingenuous trick than Mr. Bradlaugh's assailants. We all believe in God, they say, and you do not. Therefore we all have at least one article of faith in common. That you all have a word in common is undeniable; but I should very much like to know what common state of mind is indicated by the word. It has been maintained by many theologians that all heathens are atheists, because the gods in whom the heathen believe are beings entirely different from the true God. And the argument is so far sound that it illustrates the enormous variety of opinions covered by the single word theism. One man says that he believes in God, and explains that by God he means the universe. You are not a theist, replies the orthodox, but a pantheist, and a pantheist is simply an atheist in disguise. A Manichee believes in a good God, but thinks that there is also a bad God. You, too, are an atheist, says the orthodox, for you explicitly deny the existence of one Supreme Being. A polytheist believes in any number of gods; but it is abundantly clear that a finite being, of doubtful moral qualities, is not entitled to be called God simply because he is supposed to be, as a general rule, invisible. The believer in a "personal God" generally declares that all other theism is a belief in a mere metaphysical abstraction which is as good as belief in nothing; and the deist explains that to believe in a personal God is to believe in a finite Infinite, or, in other words, in a contradiction in terms, and can not, therefore, be a genuine belief in anything. By what conceivable right do the people who hold the most varying and virtually contradictory theories of the universe consider themselves to form a unit for the purpose of condemning Mr. Bradlaugh, simply because they agree upon the use of a single sound?

This argument, familiar enough, and lying on the very surface of the question, becomes still more effective when one looks for an instant

at its political bearing. We do not object, it is said, to a man's speculative opinions (whatever they may mean); but we think that an atheist can not be trusted in political matters. Now, I certainly hold that a man's religion, if it be a genuine religion, is pretty certain to affect his views in every other capacity of life. I entirely disbelieve in the possibility of a man's dividing his mind into two separate compartments, and keeping his religious faith in one and his political in another. But I should like to know what is the community of political faith implied in the acceptance of theism? Is it not a notorious fact that there is no common ground whatever? Theism and Catholicism, say some ardent believers, Cardinal Newman among others, are undoubtedly associated by an absolute logical necessity. A man, therefore, who is a genuine theist is bound in the interests of theism to support the rights of the Catholic Church. As a theist I will vote for anything that increases its power. No, replies a Protestant, I believe in a God who inspires my conscience and who inspired the Bible; and that God tells me that the Pope is Antichrist, and the Catholic Church the greatest enemy to all that I hold dear. My theism teaches me to vote for anything that will restrain its power. My God, says the deist, is a God who speaks to man at large, not to any particular sect; and the audacious attempt of priests and churches to monopolize God is simple blasphemy. My theism, therefore, teaches me to oppose every variety of priest or church. Since I believe in God, says the legitimist, I believe in the divine right of kings and the indefeasible authority of the old order. Since I believe in God, says Rousseau, I believe in the absolute and indefeasible rights of man, and regard kings and priests as cheats and tyrants. I believe in God, says one eloquent and able writer, and that belief is my only guarantee for a belief in progress, for progress must be the rule in a divinely ordered world. We believe in God, reply a whole chorus of ardent theists, and that belief enables us to endure the spectacle of a world forgetting God and growing daily more corrupt in consequence; for our God has ordered us to seek for comfort in a world radically different from this. One man finds in theism the only safeguard for the rights of property and the sanctity of the family. Another thinks that theism implies communism, and on the strength of his faith preaches the most directly revolutionary doctrines. The teaching by which Mr. Bradlaugh has given the deepest offense is no doubt associated with atheism; and it is natural enough that assault upon old beliefs should be associated with assault upon the old morality and the old social order. But there are abun-

dant illustrations of the fact that the most startling attacks upon all that we are agreed to hold sacred may be made under cover or in virtue of a vigorous and fanatical theology. Antinomianism in various forms is one of the natural embodiments of such a belief.

What, then, is it which the antagonists of Mr. Bradlaugh are really anxious to defend? If we will not allow dust to be thrown into our eyes, and proceed to cross-examine these energetic theists, what common ground can we find in their creed? You "believe in God"? Good; and what do you mean by God and by belief? The only answer is a very literal "For God's sake, hold your tongue!" But I decline to hold my tongue, and, as I know, for excellent reasons, that I shall have no answer, I shall venture to supply one myself. Of course it is grossly unfair to impute opinions to anybody, and I will freely admit that the creed which I am about to expound is not entertained by any person who disavows it. It is certainly not a creed which men care to confess; and perhaps it is not one which men care to hold consciously. I only say that it is one which a great many people ought to hold, and especially which many of Mr. Bradlaugh's angriest assailants ought to hold, if they had the courage to look into their own minds. It is briefly this: There *may* be a God. Who would be fool enough to deny a proposition so obviously transcending all our means of knowledge, so easily convertible to the purposes of any school of thought, and the denial of which is so unpopular? But one thing is perfectly certain, namely, that if there be a God he has nothing to do with politics. In theory we may believe what we please, in practice we must behave—as Butler says in regard to freedom and necessity—as though God did not exist. If anybody doubts whether this is a popular creed, he may try one or two simple tests. He may ask, for example, the old question, What kind of reception Jesus Christ would meet if he were to appear in the nineteenth century? What would modern reviewers make of St. Paul's Epistles if they were to come out as a new book? If a preacher of some form of communism, an advocate of Dives against Lazarus, a prophet of a new order subversive of all settled ideas, were to be shot or transported for sedition to-morrow, there would of course be a general chorus of approval. It would be equally a matter of course that any pretension from the assailants of order to supernatural powers, or a story of a prophet seen after his death by five hundred believers in Colorado, would be set down as the rankest superstition, and treated to the most caustic ridicule in the power of smart journalists. Though there are a few Methodists and ignorant miracle-mongers in



the higher classes who are still in the state of mind in which such legends take root, nobody doubts what is the view of ordinary men of sense about all such matters. I fully agree, for my part, with the men of sense, though I should think them strangely inconsistent if I supposed for an instant that they really applied different canons of belief to the superstitions of to-day and to superstitions two thousand years old. The God which interferences under the old fashion is a God in whom the modern mind can only believe by a special *tour de force*. But this is a trifle, which I only notice by way of illustration.

Theism, in fact, seems to mean as a general rule one of two things—either it means attachment to some particular church, to some visible society which is held to be the privileged organ of divine influence; or else it means the rather vague and malleable belief, entertained in some form or other by many men of high principles and generous sympathy, in some kind of providential superintendence of human affairs. Such a belief rather shrinks from any definite dogmatic form, and is apt to melt imperceptibly into certain analogous doctrines as to evolution and progress. Now, I need not say that theism of the former kind is held only by those antagonists of Mr. Bradlaugh who represent the more bigoted variety of Catholicism. The men of whom I am now speaking reject that form of belief as explicitly as the most thoroughgoing atheist. They regard it as an outworn superstition, though probably as one which may be occasionally useful. And it is the simplest mode of expressing their general attitude of mind to say that they reject the other form of theism with even more indignant contempt. For theism in this sense is used to sanction the doctrine which I should maintain upon different grounds—that every sound political theory must embody a high moral sentiment, and go along with a sincere respect for the rights of human beings and a sincere desire to promote the progress of the race. Now, it is, as it seems to me, the special characteristic of many of Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents that they treat such doctrines with their whole resources of scornful rhetoric. They regard the advocates of such principles as theorists, ideologists, and, to use the word which sums up the worst of all imputations in their vocabulary, as sentimentalists. They implicitly and elaborately deny that morality in this wide sense ought ever to be considered by a politician. He ought, perhaps, to be faithful to his fellows and to observe his agreements, but he should laugh at the very notion of applying moral ideas to international relations. They would think any man a madman who should seriously believe that the Rhine would be dried up to allow the passage of Prussian armies.

They would hold with equal confidence that any man was a thorough fool who held that Bismarck or Napoleon was likely to come to a bad end because his policy was rooted in contempt for human rights or justice. They implicitly maintain that force and fraud are still the cardinal virtues in the affairs of nations, and the most likely qualities to meet with the blessings of success. To get on in the world a people ought to brag about its greatness, and to hoot down any one who dares to put in a word for humanity. A nation which should be foolish enough to stay its hand, to refrain from crushing a savage tribe or supporting a corrupt tyranny from any silly scruples of morality, is a nation already marked by political decrepitude.

I have listened to so many eloquent orations of this kind that I do not think that I am caricaturing their substance. Of course, some flourishes about patriotism and public spirit are thrown in here and there to still the foolish scruples of British morality. But so far as I can understand the preaching it comes pretty much to this: that God, if there be such a being, helps those who help themselves; that helping themselves means trampling upon others; and that the character which really pleases Providence is that which collects the strongest battalions and uses them with the most sovereign disregard of all other people's interests. As the old woman said of the devil, if this is the way in which Providence behaves I don't see much use in keeping a Providence at all. That people who really hold such opinions at the bottom of their hearts, and are not ashamed to confess them as openly and fully as they dare, should really turn up their noses at Bradlaugh because he says that he does not believe in a God, appears to me to be one of the most singular of contemporary phenomena. Can they point to a single contingency in which the existence of God requires to be taken into account in forming an opinion? If not, why do they make such a fuss about such a trifle?

The answer, I take it, is plain enough. But, before giving it, one further remark must be made. If Mr. Bradlaugh is to be excluded for atheism, it seems to be a necessary assumption that his exclusion is likely to discourage atheism. Of course, the simple, hot-headed bigots do not stop to consider that question. They simply lower their heads and run at the red rag without ever asking whether they are likely to trample it under foot or to help it to rise higher than before. But the more intelligent opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh are too wise for this. They know so well what is the true state of the case that it would be an insult to their sagacity to advance elaborate arguments. They know, as well as I can tell them, that, if all the secularists and atheists in the king-

dom had been asked how to advance their opinions, they could not have devised a better scheme than the Bradlaugh agitation. No reasonable person even affects to doubt for a single instant that Mr. Bradlaugh has succeeded beyond his expectations, if, as some people have said, it is his object to obtain a thoroughly effectual advertisement. Upon this point there is simply no room for argument. I sincerely regret the agitation, because I do not like to see questions of this kind carried into the arena of heated popular passions, and the most important of all controversies tainted by a flavor of vulgarity. But I will venture to say that one good result is likely to arise from it, namely, that a man who is an atheist will henceforward be less ashamed to call himself an atheist. An atheist will now mean a man who dares to speak out, and whose plain speaking has exposed him to some degree of persecution, and yet of persecution which everybody feels to be supremely ridiculous. As an advocate of free thinking I am pleased to see any opinion which is honestly held gain a better opening for direct utterance. But one can hardly suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents share my view; and yet they are fully aware of the necessary consequences of the line which they have taken. They have done what lay in them to advertise the existence of a numerous body of atheists, and to make that body less afraid of public prejudice than it ever was before.

And now I may return to the question, What is the secret of this antagonism? Mr. Bradlaugh's intelligent opponents have no real prejudice against his atheism, however much they may dislike some other doctrines which he has maintained; they would not dislike it if it were openly expressed by such a man as Mr. J. S. Mill; they do not believe that any measures which they propose are likely to purify the House of Commons from the taint of infidelity; their belief in God is to all appearance a belief in nothing but a set of words, and is compatible with an intense aversion to the application of theology generally valued by sincere believers; and, finally, they know perfectly well that they are not discouraging atheism or Mr. Bradlaugh's influence in the country. What, then, do they really mean? Undoubtedly clever men often do very stupid things, especially when they are blinded by hate; and I can give these gentlemen credit for hating Mr. Bradlaugh very heartily; he rejects a good many shibboleths which have more value in their eyes than a belief in God. But there is another element in the feeling which I take to be more potent, and which is more reconcilable with their general sagacity. If they hate Mr. Bradlaugh, they hate Mr. Gladstone with a sevenfold hatred. They see a chance of damaging him and his

Government for the time; and, for anything I know, their calculation may in this respect be well founded. It gives them at any rate a lively pleasure to insult Mr. Gladstone personally, and to insult him on a specially tender point. Whatever weaknesses he may have, nobody has a right to doubt, or does in fact doubt, the sincerity of his religious convictions. Mr. Gladstone is clearly a sincere theist and Christian. It is, therefore, specially delightful to be able to couple him with the man who is most conspicuous in his assault upon Christianity and respectability. It is charming to see "Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Gladstone" printed in large letters upon a placard, to force the ardent believer to walk about arm-in-arm with the audacious atheist and to feel that if you throw mud at one of the pair you are tolerably certain to splash the other. I do not mean to assert that this is a mere personal antipathy, though, to say the truth, the intense bitterness exhibited seems at times to imply that it is not entirely free from some such element. But Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly the type of much that is most vigorously hated by a large party in the country, or at least in the upper classes. His antagonists must have been almost disposed to believe in Providence, if so absurd an hypothesis ever enters their minds, when they saw the chance provided for them of blackening the character of the Minister on the one side on which it might have been held to be absolutely unassailable. And, at any rate, this was obviously a question which required delicate handling to avoid shocking the sensibilities of respectable classes. The natural function of an opposition is to make every stumbling-block for a Ministry as difficult as possible without regard to consequences. One can not wonder that the present Opposition should snatch this opportunity, however paltry may be the excuse. I remember that dirty little boys at Cambridge used to smear the gates through which one was to pass with filth, in order that they might get a penny for opening them. That is an application in a humble sphere of the regular tactics of an Opposition, and I dare say that the people who call themselves practical politicians will regard it as fair-play. For my part I am inclined to consider it in this case as a piece of contemptible hypocrisy, and I hope that the not very profound artifice may before long be seen in its true light even by the general public.

This, in fact, seems to me to be the only aspect of the question which is really deserving of serious notice. Persecution in any serious sense is quite out of the question. Nobody will dare to persecute atheists or agnostics; they have too many friends in the opposite camp. Nobody will dare for long even to keep them out

of Parliament, if exclusion from Parliament is to be considered by anybody in the light of a persecution. In one way or other the difficulty will doubtless be surmounted, and no harm worth mentioning will have been done to anybody. But I confess that I am moved to a certain indignation when I see a union between cynics and hypocrites; when the good, honest, blundering bigotry which still survives in the English race is used as a cat's-paw by rancorous partisans who, for their own part, neither fear God nor regard the devil, but who manage to pull a long face and talk with edifying solemnity about the wicked atheist as long as they can stimulate the wrath of their dull allies. I am ready, for the sake of argument, to take the valuation of Mr. Bradlaugh's character which commends itself to his most violent opponents. I will suppose him to be a coarse demagogue, preaching immoral doctrines and needlessly insulting the sensibilities of his opponents. But I confess that my sympathies are entirely with him in his battle which he has to fight. The rank and file of his opponents are not so much the sincere believers as the worshippers of a hollow and hide-bound respectability, the people who prostrate themselves in abject veneration before the shallowest cant of the day, and their leaders are men whose genuine belief in God is about on a par with Mr. Bradlaugh's, but who see an admirable chance for putting in a spoke in the wheels of a Liberal Government. No coarseness, or brutality, or irreverence for the general objects of belief is half so shocking to my mind as this triple alliance between solemn humbugs, honest bigots, and cynical and unscrupulous partisans. It may do our half-hearted sham believers some good to see a rough hand laid upon some of the

objects of their idolatry; but it is an offense to public morality to see a combination of the most discordant elements for the nominal purpose of maintaining the respectability of Parliament, though every intelligent person on both sides knows perfectly well that the concord is of the most superficial kind conceivable, and that the end really desired is utterly different from that which any one openly proposes. There is probably no reasonable person on either side who would not agree, if the question were really considered on its merits, that the single question should be, how to admit Mr. Bradlaugh most speedily to the House of Commons? Whatever disturbance is made in the process will simply represent so much addition to the existing stock of ill-feeling, and no permanent advantage to any side in the controversy. But it is enough for Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents to believe that by skillful management part of this ill-feeling may be accumulated upon the luckless heads of the Liberal Government. If they could attain the same end by supporting Mr. Bradlaugh's claims and throwing upon Mr. Gladstone the odium of bigotry, I do not see any ground, so far as their public utterances are concerned, for doubting that they would have taken that line just as readily as the other. Suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh had been a Tory, as Mr. Rogers tells us that all atheists naturally are, would not the whole arsenal of taunts have been brought out to assail any Liberal Government which should hesitate about instantly admitting him? That such things should be is no doubt a natural consequence from our admirable system of party government, but it incidentally reveals an amount of insincerity which, if I may use the only word to express my feelings, is simply disgusting.

LESLIE STEPHEN (*Fortnightly Review*).

## BRAIN AND MIND.

THE scope of Dr. Bastian's treatise on "The Brain as an Organ of Mind"\* is much greater than its title would seem to imply; for, instead of being confined to the consideration of the brain in its psychological aspects, or in its relations with mind, it covers the whole field of nervous physiology, and furnishes a convenient and highly graphic summary of existing knowl-

edge regarding that most important department of the science of life.

As would naturally be expected from his eminence in that specialty, Dr. Bastian is particularly full and satisfactory in his treatment of the anatomical aspects of his subject. Rather more than half the book, perhaps, is devoted to a minute description of the nervous systems of the various orders of animals, and to a still more detailed analysis of the brain and its various parts in quadrupeds, quadrumana, and the several races of men. It might be objected, indeed,

\* The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. Charlton Bastian, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

to these copious structural details that such interest as they possess is almost purely anatomical, and that they contribute very little to our understanding of the brain as an organ of mind; but the student speedily discovers that this highway of assured and demonstrable facts opens the only trustworthy avenue of approach to the physiological and psychological relations of nervous and cerebral phenomena, and that without them it is absolutely impossible to comprehend the bearing of the extremely significant discoveries that have recently been made concerning the localization of function in the brain. Moreover, Dr. Bastian evidently holds that knowledge of all the details of a process must precede any attempt at explaining the nature and meaning of the process; and that the only method which promises to enable us to comprehend "Mind," is to study its manifestations in a substance which can be brought within the range of strictly scientific investigation.

The treatise opens with a highly interesting chapter on the uses and origin of a nervous system, and this is followed by a chapter on the structure of a nervous system, and another on the use and nature of sense-organs. These chapters deal with the general questions which lie at the beginning of such an inquiry as that which Dr. Bastian has undertaken, and, having defined the nature of the problems which they suggest, the author follows them up with a series of copiously illustrated chapters on the nervous systems of mollusks, of vermes, and of arthropods, concluding this section of his work with a chapter summarizing the data concerning the brain, derived from the previous study of the nervous system of invertebrates. In regard to what constitutes the brain of invertebrate animals, the author says:

"The part of the body bearing the mouth and the various sensory organs already named is familiar to all as the 'head' of the animal; and it is owing to the fact of the clustering of sense-organs on this part that the head contains internally a number of related nerve ganglia. This aggregate mass of ganglia constitutes the 'brain' of invertebrate animals. It forms a congeries of nerve-centers, differing much in different classes, as we shall find, not only in regard to the disposition and size, but also in respect to the relative proportions of its component parts. The size of the respective ganglia, indeed, necessarily varies in accordance with the relative importance and complexity of the several sense-organs already mentioned — those of touch, taste, smell, and sight. The ganglia thus constituting the brain of invertebrate animals are not only in relation each with its own particular sensory organs, but, in addition, we find the several ganglia brought into relation among themselves and with their fellows of the opposite side by means of connecting or commis-

sural fibers. They are, moreover, often connected, by means of much longer commissural threads, with other nerve ganglia in different parts of the body."

Entering next upon a study of the lower orders of vertebrate animals, we have an anatomical chapter on the brain of fishes and of amphibians, and another on the brain of reptiles and of birds. In these, as a matter of course, the nervous system exhibits a growing complexity, and the brain assumes an increasingly dominant position in relation to the rest of the body. According to Leuret, as quoted by Dr. Bastian, the average proportional weight of the brain to the body in the four undermentioned classes, as deduced from numerous observations on different representatives of each, may be stated to be as follows:

In fishes.....	as 1 to 5,668
In reptiles.....	as 1 to 1,321
In birds.....	as 1 to 212
In mammalia.....	as 1 to 186

In regard to the difference between the lower and higher animals in respect of sense impressions and the corresponding nervous responses, Dr. Bastian says:

"We are not fairly entitled to measure the intensity of the systemic impressions of a fish, a reptile, or a bird, by that of those with which we are ourselves familiar. In such animals many visceral impressions may be decidedly attended by more of conscious accompaniment than those which we experience, and they may enter in a much larger proportion into the web of sensory impressions constituting the basis of the conscious life of such creatures. Professor Owen truly says of fishes that 'the appetite for food appears to be their predominant desire, and providing for its gratification to form their chief occupation.' Certain it is that, when prompted by different visceral states, animals may show an extraordinary amount of sensorial activity and power of executing related muscular movements. The sensorial endowments of the shark, of the python, or of the vulture, are, when these creatures are under the influence of hunger, exalted to the highest degree; so that at such times either of them may become keenly sensitive to odors, sounds, or sights which, had they been in a state of satiety, might have passed wholly unheeded. Similar differences also exist between the degree of sensorial activity of animals swayed by sexual desires and those in whom such feelings are quiescent. These two classes of visceral promptings largely instigate and dominate the brain activity of all lower animals, and when the related needs or desires no longer exist, and no longer rouse the creature's sensorial activity, sleep is apt to come, as with a veil, and sever for a time the correspondence between the organism and the outer world."

At this point, having analyzed the nervous system and mental functions of the lower ani-



mals, the author reaches a stage in his exposition where he finds it convenient to disclose his attitude toward the main subject of his work. The disclosure is made in a highly interesting and suggestive chapter on "The Scope of Mind," in which objection is raised to the ordinary use of the word "mind," because under such circumstances it is used, "not as a general abstract name answering to no independent reality, but as though it corresponded to a real and positive something, existing of and by itself"—as though it were what has been called a "metaphysical entity." Dr. Bastian thinks that most of those who seek to expound mental phenomena from a scientific standpoint have not always been sufficiently careful to suit their language to their views, and therefore he takes particular pains to leave no room for doubt as to what he himself means when he uses the term "mind." As this is the central feature of his treatise, we reproduce his definition and explanation with a considerable degree of fullness:

"One of the principal errors, which the metaphysical conception of mind as an entity entails, is that 'mental phenomena' are supposed to be limited or bounded by the sphere of consciousness. That this has been the view of the great majority of philosophers, any student of their writings will easily discover. . . . The sphere of 'mental phenomena' can not be circumscribed by the sphere of consciousness, and the recognition of this fact necessitates the absolute rejection of the word 'mind' in its old signification, and compels us to include under this collective abstract term multitudes of processes or nerve-actions, which now, so far as we are aware, have no correlative subjective aspects, though they may intervene as indubitable links or constituents of 'mental phenomena.'

"It is, indeed, certain that multitudes of nerve-actions, having no subjective side (that is, which are unaccompanied by phases of consciousness), form links or integral parts of our momentarily occurring mental states, and that such mere objective phenomena powerfully assist in determining our so-called mental acts. Nay, more, it seems almost certain that the greater part of our intellectual action proper (that is, cognition and thought as opposed to sensation) consists of mere nerve-actions with which no conscious states are associated. And, lastly, each one of us may have had frequent occasion to notice that states of feeling, which at first accompany unfamiliar muscular movements, after a time no longer reveal themselves in consciousness, that is, when such movements have, by dint of frequent repetition, become easy of performance. Thus, rapid and unconscious automatic actions are constantly tending, in our own experience, to take the place of slower and more consciously executed volitional movements.

"From this, as well as much more which might be said, it would appear that those nerve-actions

attended by conscious states (to which latter correlatives philosophers have been accustomed to restrict the words 'mind' and 'mental phenomena') constitute, in reality, only a very small fraction of the sum total of nervous states or actions which are now known to be comprised among (a) the initial nervous phenomena leading to sensation and emotion, among (b) the intermediate links of thought and imagination, among (c) the beginnings of desire, and which exist (d) as the incitations to, or accompaniments of, volitional action. But, if this be true, what becomes of the metaphysical entity called 'mind'?

"Thus, it would appear that, if we are, as so many philosophers tell us, to regard the sphere of mind as coextensive with the sphere of consciousness, we should find 'mind' reduced to a mere imperfect, disjointed, serial agglomeration of feelings and conscious states of various kinds—while the multitudes of initial or intermediate nerve-actions (which serve to bind those other nerve-actions commonly associated with conscious correlatives into a complex, continuous, and coherent series) would have no claim to be included under this category. For these and other reasons, we feel ourselves driven to the conclusion that the common notion as to what should be included under the term mind, is one which is altogether erroneous, and such notion ought clearly enough to be given up, unless some warrantable extension of the narrower term consciousness should permit the rectification to be made in this direction. . . . If, however, we are compelled to believe that consciousness is not coextensive with the sphere of 'mind,' in the ordinary acceptation of these terms, and that no expedient modification of the meaning of the word consciousness could make it so, then, in face of the now admitted fact concerning the frequent interpolation of what J. S. Mill called mere 'organic states of the nerves,' or unconscious nerve-actions, as integral parts of mental processes, only one other course lies open to us. We must widen the signification of the term 'mind' itself. This is no question of choice, but one of absolute necessity. The meaning of the word 'mind' must be very considerably enlarged, so as to enable us to comprise under its new and more ample signification the results of all nerve-actions, other than those of outgoing currents. We should thus include, as 'mental phenomena,' the functional results of all nerve-actions on the side of ingoing currents and in the nerve-centers—whether these nerve-actions are accompanied by a recognizable conscious phasis, or whether they form what appear to be mere physical links (or 'organic states of the nerves') between other nerve-actions which are unquestionably in relation with definite conscious states."

Briefly stated, Dr. Bastian's view is that mind is to be identified with coordinated nervous action, whether conscious or unconscious; and this, as he points out, leads inevitably to the conclusion that brain is *an* organ, not *the* organ, of mind. He says on this head:

"On strict inquiry, it will be seen that the notion

that the brain is the exclusive 'organ' of mind can no longer be entertained. This view was, indeed, too broad to be justified by the old philosophy, since only a very small part of the nerve-actions taking place in the different ganglia entering into the composition of the human brain are attended by conscious states. But, if the seat assigned to mind was formerly much wider than physiology could warrant, it now, on the other hand, becomes much too narrow. This will be seen to be a necessary consequence of including under the term 'mind' a multitude of the unconscious nerve-actions occurring in the brain. For it is impossible to draw any valid line of demarcation between many unconscious nerve-actions taking place in the brain of man or any lower animal and others (with which they are continuously or genetically related) in the spinal cord, or in any of the ganglionic masses in different parts of the body. The division of the nervous system into brain, spinal cord, and sympathetic system is one which, though justifiable enough on anatomical grounds, is much less so from a physiological point of view. The nervous system is really one and indivisible, so that, if, with certain reservations, unconscious nerve-actions occurring in the brain are to be regarded as 'mental phenomena,' we can find no halting-point short of including under the same category any unconscious nerve-actions of a similar order, wheresoever they may occur. In this sense, therefore, *almost the whole nervous system would have to be regarded as the 'organ' of mind, while the brain should be regarded as merely its principal component part.*

This, as we have already said, is the central dominating idea of the treatise. All that precedes it in the book is intended to lead up to it and render it intelligible, as all that follows it is designed to expound, establish, and fortify it. And it must be admitted that, whether or not it be finally accepted by physiologists, it furnishes a very valuable "working hypothesis"; and, as soon as we catch Dr. Bastian's view-point, all the subsequent portions of his exposition attain an increased and intensified interest.

Among the topics discussed in the later portions of the work one of the most important is the range of consciousness in the lower grades of animal life. Dr. Bastian is not disposed to attribute consciousness to those animals which possess only a rudimentary nervous system; nevertheless, he thinks that their actions, being essentially like those which are accompanied by consciousness, except in this one circumstance, must be included under the term "mind." He denounces the use of the expression "unconscious sensation," on the ground that "to feel and not know that we feel is an impossibility"; but, as he himself maintains that the most fundamental manifestation of mind is not feeling but cognition, which need not necessarily be conscious, one of his critics has pointed out that

while he repudiates "unconscious sensation" he commits himself unqualifiedly to "unconscious cognition," which would appear to be quite as distinctly a contradiction in terms.

A chapter on instinct throws much light upon this difficult question, upon its origin and the nature of its relations to reason. As this chapter is itself a synopsis of the facts collected by others upon the subject and of the opinions based upon them, it can not very well be summarized, but the author's views are pretty clearly indicated by the following brief sentence: "Any one who carefully studies the acts of lower animals will readily recognize how very large a proportion of them are, either immediately or remotely, instigated by one or other of the visceral needs or 'appetites.'"

The second third of the book is largely devoted to a minute and graphic account (aided by numerous illustrations) of the growth of the brain in size and complexity in certain groups of the higher animals, and to an investigation of the nature of their mental capacities and powers. The last third contains a still more detailed account of the human brain—its development, variations, and activities. In these chapters the differences between the structure of the brain of the mammals below man and of the human brain are very clearly brought out; also the differences between brute and human intelligence. In regard to the latter point, if we understand him aright, Dr. Bastian's view is that the difference is one of degree rather than of kind, and that it is mainly produced by the possession and use of language. In reference to the curious facts concerning the variation of brain-weight with sex, race, etc., the conclusion reached is that "there is no invariable or necessary relation between the mere brain-weights of individuals and their degrees of intelligence," but that, "should it be asked whether the proportion of megaloccephalous brains among highly cultured and intelligent people is likely to be greater than among uncultured and non-intelligent people, the answer to this question may be unmistakably in the affirmative."

The functional relations of the different portions of the brain furnish an interesting subject for the last half-dozen chapters of the book, and on this point Dr. Bastian maintains a decidedly conservative position. He thinks it highly probable that the several faculties and functions have their appropriate and distinct regions in the cerebral cortex; but he shows that Dr. Ferrier has carried the idea of localization too far, and agrees with Brown-Séquard in his theory of the diffuse and interblended arrangement of cells related to the various mental acts. Very happy, indeed, is his exposition of reading, writing, and speaking, as the outcome of the activity of certain parts of

the brain; and not less interesting is his treatment of the corresponding defects, aphasia, aphemia, and agraphia. These have a very decided psychological value.

In regard to the vital question which underlies all these inquiries into the relations between mind and body, Dr. Bastian speaks with no uncertain accents. These are the concluding passages of his work:

"That every higher intellectual and moral process—just as much as every lower sensorial or perceptive process—involves the activity of certain related cell and fiber networks in the cerebral cortex, and is absolutely dependent upon the functional activity of such networks, the writer firmly believes. He, however, as decidedly rejects the notion which some would associate with such a doctrine, viz., the supposition that human beings are mere 'conscious automata.'

"It must be conceded that if conscious states or feelings have in reality no bond of kinship with the molecular movements taking place in certain nerve-centers; if they are mysteriously appearing phenomena, differing absolutely from and lying altogether outside the closed 'circuit of motions' with which they coexist, no way seems open by which such conscious states could be conceived to affect or alter the course of such motions. The logic of this seems irresistible. The conclusion can, indeed, only be avoided by a repudiation of the premises: and this the writer does. He altogether rejects the doctrine that there is no kinship between states of consciousness and nerve-actions, and consequently would deny

the view that the 'causes' of conscious states lie altogether outside the circuits of nerve motions.

"Consciousness or feeling must be a phenomenon having a natural origin, or else it must be a non-natural, non-material entity. For reasons which have been set forth in various parts of the present volume, the writer adopts the former of these views. . . .

"To show how these particular motions in nerve-tissue arise which underlie conscious states, and how they again subside into more ordinary nerve-actions, must, from the very nature of the problem, ever remain impossible. But we certainly should not on this account allow ourselves to be mentally paralyzed by a belief in the existence of a metaphysical gulf between what is termed the subjective and the objective—the 'Ego' and the 'non-Ego.' Yet, even some believers in the philosophy of evolution have thus been led to deny the natural origin of conscious states, and have as a consequence found themselves forced to hold a doctrine of thoroughgoing 'automatism'—one in which all notions of free will, duty, and moral obligation would seem from this theoretical basis to be alike consigned to a common grave, together with the underlying powers of self-education and self-control."

Dr. Bastian's style has not the graphic force of Professor Huxley's, nor the vivid picturesqueness of Tyndall's, but it is clear and fluent, and quite adequate to the practical needs of scientific exposition. The illustrations of the volume are numerous and excellent, and constitute a highly valuable feature.

## MODERN ITALIAN PAINTING AND PAINTERS.\*

WITH the unity of Italy and her entrance into the field of European politics on a par with the other great nations, there has come a corresponding change in the forms of her art. Formerly she lived for herself alone in this respect, while the greatest peoples came to her either for their art supply in general, or to learn of her great schools and be guided by their styles and traditions. This has passed away, and Italy now not only caters to the tastes of other nations, but goes to school to them in painting, to learn their methods and familiarize herself with their more popular motives, although quite opposed to her old systems and ideas. She is now bestowing her best energies and talents on the cultivation of *genre* painting with a success, owing to her intuitive appreciation of color and inherited

skill in its use, which bids fair to win back some of her former art renown, and perhaps regain her position as the leading æsthetic nation of Europe. But the home patronage and stimulus of art which fostered its ancient excellence have become largely exchanged for a foreign demand, principally English and American, of an inferior grade of motives and style, but exacting as to technical execution and choice of domestic and familiar topics, such as appeal to humanity at large. Florence is the center of this new *genre* school, to which a decided impetus has been given by the formation of the "Società Artistica," an art company on commercial principles in the direct interests of artists themselves, and managed by them in great part. It has erected a central building divided into commodious studios, the chief feature, however, being a series of well-lighted galleries, where the artists exhibit their

\* See "Modern Italian Picturesque Sculpture," p. 36.

works for sale instead of at their studios. The managers frequently make advances to, or buy the works of, promising young men to give them a start in their career, and bring them sooner into notice. As all have an opportunity of exhibiting on equal terms free of expense, they are benefited by reciprocal comparisons and criticisms, while the public are spared embarrassing visits to studios, so time-consuming to artist and amateur, and can see the works of the various artists in competitive juxtaposition. There are always a large number on exhibition at prices fixed by their authors. This system works well, and it has attracted to Florence a numerous colony of artists from other Italian cities, and of various nationalities, who occupy the studios built in the vicinity of the central edifice. As some of them have already won distinction in the *Salon* of Paris and the Academy of London, a brief notice of the most eminent leaders of the new departure will not be without interest.

Professor Gaetano Chierici early struck a vein of what may be called Italian domestic *genre*, his chief topic being the unsophisticated peasant-life of Tuscany, which he illustrates with remarkable accuracy of design, knowledge of its details and local spirit, pure sentiment, and a nice sense of the humorous and entertaining, entering into its simple but striking phases with truthful realism and sincerity. He portrays the material and mental phenomena of an interesting, contented, shrewd, primitive class of people, not much changed in habits, ideas, or speech for a thousand years, and forming quite a peculiar type by themselves, well worth studying. His selection of motives, style of composition, episodes of character, and touches of feeling that make all men akin, despite impassable gulfs of conditions, are in general very felicitous, and serve to make his pictures even popular with those who care but little for such subjects in general. With a limited range of personages and accessories he contrives to avoid dull reiteration and sameness. By such treatment this kind of *genre* painting can be vitalized with a living spirit which makes it only one degree less important than the art which deals exclusively with the greater events and struggles of life. Unfortunately, Chierici's feeling for color is not on a par with his knowledge of design, for it is coarse, heavy, muddy, and inharmonious. Although clear and full of light, it lacks quiet, warmth, balance, and unity; while it is throughout so strongly emphasized in the powerfully drawn accessories as to disturb and weaken the artistic effect of the chief features of the composition.

We will now turn to three Florentine painters of a higher order of *genre*, bordering on historical painting, searching the most picturesque pe-

riods of the Renaissance for its subjects, but choosing them more for brilliant pictorial effects of composition than any special sentiment or event. Its chief aim is to be entertaining or surprising; to push technical workmanship to its utmost limits of imitative excellence; to skillfully discriminate between the material qualities of things; and to master the brush in its entire gamut of touches as a great musician does the keys of his instrument. The rôle of these artists is that of accomplished painters, motives, sentiment, and inspiration being secondary to the command over material. Although making correctness of design, by direct studies from nature, the absolute rule of their art, following Meissonier and Gérôme in this respect, color is their chief vehicle of objective expression, as with the Fortuny and the Spanish and Flemish schools. They are, however, not servile imitators either of French or Spanish masters, although influenced to a certain degree by them, or rather the commercial success which has attended the styles and subjects chosen by the above-named painters and their followers. F. Vinea, Tito Conti, and Eduardo Gelli are the names of the three painters who have made themselves chiefs of the Florentine movement in this direction: all young men, prone to sixteenth and seventeenth century scenes and personages; partial to roystering blades in leather doublets, with feathered hats, lace cuffs and ruffles, long stockings, trailing rapiers, and a general rakish make-up; renaissant lords and ladies, courtiers and servants, with palatial or feudal backgrounds and high life of the old aristocratic stamp, sportive maids, guzzling, card-playing monks, or whatever else that serves to make up a picture that has no other *raison d'être* than the artist's fancy, backed by an ample stock of studio *bric-à-brac* properties to select from, with good male and female models at command.

The drawback of this school is that we are apt to get too much of the same thing—an excess of the same objects, models, and stories, so far as there is anything special to tell, which is the exception rather than the rule. And painting, even if superlatively excellent in itself, is apt to grow wearisome when not made the medium of ideas or sentiments worthy of its perfection. For there is such a mistake as to paint too well for the subject, as in speech to overdo description.

The touch of Vinea is sharp and incisive, but subtle and discriminating. He materializes substances to their fullest point, with delicate, solid emphasis and characterization, and fine play of expression in features, so that in some of his heads and details it would appear as if minute painting could not be pushed further. He rivals the best work of the strongest Dutch masters.



With him there are no faltering, weak strokes. His range of composition is limited, and his treatment excessively materialistic. He has no fine æsthetic sense or refined sentiment, but delights in bits of glancing color, strong light and shadow, and artistic artifices of positive effects, exceedingly rich and sparkling, but not always in complete harmony and balance. Sometimes the whole is made to suffer for a part, or a point made out of time-keeping with the rest. There seems to be no absolute standard of finish or purpose for the entire composition. At times, in his very best work, there is a jar from ineffective design, or overcrowding of rich, incongruous effects which tell on the eye as false notes on the ear. The mechanical power of painting is extraordinary, and in excess of the inventive faculty and æsthetic knowledge. Vineia is indeed a powerful realistic painter, but lacking the culture and imagination to become a great artist. He reminds one of a gymnast whose *forte* lies in a certain round of powerful and ingenious feats.

Tito Conti, who is well known as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy of London, paints in the same vein, but has far more intellectual refinement and higher artistic culture. His best pictures are marvels of delicious, exquisite coloring, in thorough harmony throughout, producing precisely his intended effect, all parts correlated and in keeping with the whole, as one æsthetic effect; in fine, showing a wonderful skill of artistic composition, however trivial or unimportant the motive. If it be only a cavalier of the time of Charles II drawing on his glove as he crosses the hall of his house, accompanied by his greyhound, to go out, the make-up of the whole and the subordination of the inferior details to the principal, with their nicely calculated æsthetical graduations of design and coloring, and refined choice of suitable historical details of architecture, furniture, and costume, give a certain picturesque dignity and pose to the picture which place it above the common range of *genre* painting, overburdened as it usually is by its self-consciousness of fine clothes and fine imitation, so that it has no higher value than an image reflected in a looking-glass. Conti uses the human form as a lay-figure for the display of the richest coloring, Giorgionesque in tone and style, so that his pictures look as that Venetian master's must have done when fresh from the easel, before time, dirt, and varnish had obscured their brilliancy. His color is more suffused, transparent, broader, and even than Vineia's. He paints a tapestried background so accurately beautiful, with such a subdued warmth and unity of effect, so like the real thing hung in its best light, that one cares little whether the whole picture has any definite meaning or not. This alone is a sufficient joy for the eye.

But it prompts the desire that Conti's topics may in time correspond more in value with the lavish beauty of his brush.

Eduardo Gelli, the youngest of this trio of painters, not yet thirty, is a native of Savona, near Genoa. Born to property, he had in early life advantages of education and society that do not fall to the lot of every artist. When his family became impoverished he took to painting for a livelihood, at first following the usual academic routine, but on meeting with Conti changing his style at once for the new school of *genre*, in which he speedily came to the front rank. Such are his instinctive sense and facility of design and color that he composes his pictures directly from his head, after fixing on the general idea, without preparing cartoons or studies, drawing them on the canvas with his brush directly from his palette, correcting and changing as he works until it suits his keen artistic perceptions, and never beginning a new work until the one in hand is completed. This is a hazardous process for any one, however gifted. Nevertheless, when at his best, he has few superiors in Italy in composing an ideal *genre* picture in complete harmony of parts, perfect distinction of light and shade, uniform brilliancy, depth and richness of coloring, and skill in rendering the contrasting differences of texture and substances, and those feats of brush which constitute the chief ambition of modern realistic painting. He illumines his pictures with a quiet, low-toned, warm glow of perfectly distributed, well-balanced tints, carefully avoiding anything hot, disturbing, gaudy, and vulgar, at the same time keeping them up to a high pitch of vitality both in the intellectual and in the technical emphasis of the telling points, which are never overdone, but, like fitting melody in chords of music, contribute to the perfect finish and harmony of the whole piece. His chief characteristics are a thorough gentlemanliness, if I may so term it, of composition; the faculty of securing a refined repose and executive appropriateness of action in whole and in details, with a keen perception of character, especially in contrasting expression, particularly of quiet humor, which is so rare in the Italian school. This is admirably illustrated in his "Singing-Lesson." An old Franciscan monk, brawny and unctuous, is seated in his cell giving a lesson in singing to a yawning neophyte standing at his side, who, thoroughly tired by its length and vigor, can scarcely stand erect any longer, while his open mouth shows more of a drowsy gape than signs of notes. His whole figure is relaxed and limp like wet cloth, as the almost closed eyes are vainly striving to follow the pages of the music of the ancient choral-book, on which his teacher is beating time with mighty emphasis, his sandaled

right foot joining in the action with mechanical unity, while his wide-open eyes, strained muscles of his face, and mouth stretched to its fullest chanting powers, and the involuntary swell and movement of his ample body, all indicate such complete absorption in his own sounds as to make him wholly oblivious of the *fiasco* his pupil is making. The few details are in perfect keeping with the ascetic furnishing of a Franciscan's cell, and most charmingly painted. But the real genius of his little painting lies most in its exquisite, delicately depicted humor, than which nothing in its line can be graphically finer and more amusing. A companion picture of two monks practicing on the organ is quite as remarkable for serene unity of feeling and action, both men so fully occupied with their lesson as to seem literally alive. We hear as well as see. The artist who can so imbue his painted puppets with the actual semblance of reality as to make us forget at once the rare technical skill in spontaneous sympathy with the motive, as a thing of life, color, design, feeling, and meaning, all in perfect equilibrium and harmony, has rare artistic skill. And this Gelli gives strong testimony of possessing to a degree that is likely soon to give him European fame. For, besides his intuitive facility and accomplishment as a colorist, he gives indications of intellectual capacity in the selection and treatment of a range of topics embodying nice analysis and acute perception of character, governed by a refined æsthetic taste, which must, if he continue true to himself, before long place him foremost in his profession in Italy, and not often excelled anywhere.

Let us now look at the other extreme of Italy and Italian art in the person of Dominico Morelli, of Naples, an artist who, with the traditions and motives of the old Neapolitan school, has inherited much of the robust, free of hand and mind talent of Spagnoletto, its distinguished chief. Not that Morelli is an imitator in any degree of his manner, only a legitimate continuation or reproduction of his audacious type of art, with an original, forcible execution and style wholly his own. If he be less prolific and broad, it is because the times are adverse, even in Naples, to the full development of another Ribera, although there is left enough of the old spirit to welcome Morelli, while forcing him somewhat aside into the path of modern realistic romanticism. I will describe one of his latest and most remarkable works, as indicative of his manner and ability, and at the same time as illustrating an extreme of modern art sensualism, in which direction realism of the Ribera or Morelli type naturally runs, with a corresponding dash or sketchiness of execution, and a diaphanous style of coloring, quite the reverse of the Florentine *genre* or historical

schools of painting, which strive more for definite precision of outline and form, and positive modeling in color, after Leonardo's system. The picture I refer to, "Temptation of St. Anthony," was exhibited in London, Paris, and Turin, and consequently will be remembered perhaps by some of my readers.

As a subject it is as old as mediæval art, and was frequently painted, when asceticism was regarded as a saving Christian virtue. Consequently, in those days, whatever their opinions, artists had to treat sacred motives with a spiritual and technical decorum, and strive to make them practical homilies of the doctrines and traditions of the Church. There is a little picture, now in the Yale Gallery of Old Masters, at New Haven, Connecticut, by Sassetta, of Siena, about A. D. 1450, representing the above topic, which is a fair example of the simple, pure manner in which the old masters depicted St. Anthony and his trials. Its symbolism is as clear and direct in objective meaning as if it were the most fully elaborated realism; even more so, because it does not go off into side issues, extraneous details, and mysterious imaginings foreign to the real point. The saint is standing alone in a dreary wilderness, when he suddenly sees before him, as if she had dropped from the skies, a modestly clad, beautiful maiden, with a winning, beseeching face, but whose siren form and wanton contour of draped limbs, indicative of her real character, are cunningly lost or hid in the pose she presents to him. Nevertheless, saintly rectitude takes alarm, he scarcely knows why, and his countenance is so aghast at the very suspicion of evil, that, while indicating the human nature left in the old monk, it quite as plainly shows that his chastity is immovable, and neither woman nor devil shall prevail against it.

These old painters believed it was their province to make art altogether pure, lovely, and of sincere, upright speech in all things, eschewing debasing realisms and grossly sensual interpretations or ambiguous renderings of their motives, as contrary to sound religion and art. Even the coarser imagination of the Dutch and Flemish masters—notably in Teniers—although reveling in a revolting diabolism, and piling nightmare horror on horror, made its witches, imps, and women veritable symbols of hateful lewdness and frightful characterizations of the deadly Nemesis of sin. Disgusting and repellent to æsthetic taste, they are sometimes ludicrous; but never do we detect an effort to pander to human frailty by a tempting sensualism, deliberately done to make the spectator lose sight altogether of the real purport of the story in the seductions of his own senses, yearning for evil, even if afraid of the consequences. It is

reserved for nineteenth-century art to do this; sincere, doubtless, in its interpretation of purely carnal temptations and attractions, but all the more demoralizing and debasing for that.

Morelli depicts St. Anthony clad in a coarse and dirt-stained habit of his order, squatting on the ground in the back of his cave, under the monogram of Christ rudely sculptured above his head. His skinny hands, scarcely human in shape, are convulsively clutching and crossing each other, and his whole gaunt frame, racked by conflicting emotions, expresses a latent inward fear, to which his sensual open lips and brawny ruffian form—for the model seems borrowed from the galleys—give the outward lie. The hollow, sunken eyes gleam with an unsubdued, ferocious fire, while the deeply furrowed features, half buried in the shade of his cowl, express a mingled agony of dread and desire. His lower limbs contract closely together, and yet are irresistibly drawn toward the spectacle at his feet, their dubious movement indicating a fascination too strong for them wholly to overcome. There is not the faintest glimmer of saintliness in or about the miserable, filthy wretch, and, were it not for the name and well-known legend, the spectator might be at a loss to understand the real meaning of the composition; for such a being as Morelli gives could have no other sensations than those of carnal appetite at the sight before him. He would thrill with fierce joy at the prospect of the coming debauchery, instead of displaying a craven, not a pious face at some incomprehensible witchcraft. A broad gleam of silvery light flooding the mid-picture and passing over his face discloses, beneath the rude mat which forms the bed of the saint, the handsome form of a naked woman, two thirds exposed, lying on the ground in a seductive attitude, with a transparent white drapery just touching her limbs, in such a mode as to heighten the effect of their rosy tints, as with a snake-like movement she thrusts her handsome head and dark locks, with liquid eyes and ivory teeth glistening in the elfish light, under the heavy garment of her victim. A beautiful butterfly, perhaps intended as the emblem

of the soul, although the symbol is of pagan origin, has just alighted near her. At its other extremity another head appears, a counterpart to the first, with passion-laden lips, looking at St. Anthony; while in the dark recesses of the cave, out of its sinister shadows, other voluptuous forms are taking dim shapes, and amid them several vaporous sprites of undistinguishable outlines, but hideous leers and looks, are seen coming forward, giving an ominous background to the sensual allurements in the front.

To those who believe in this strongly realistic way of painting such a motive, the picture is a masterpiece; and artistically conceived and executed, it is indeed one; but it is unmistakably mischievous art sensualism, and as such deserves condemnation. Still it is done in the large, frank, old Italian way, "far too naked to be shamed." The contrast in this respect between the outspoken Italian and French covert sensualism, from Titian to Gérôme, deserves attention. The former is a liberal recognition of the force of natural beauty in the human frame to charm or corrupt the senses in its own legitimate sphere, and at the same time it seeks to idealize or ennoble it physically, and often intellectually, in the exhibition of a divine workmanship without disguise or shame in possessing what the Creator had seen fit to bestow, and equally without any side play of voluptuous subterfuges, covert meanings, licentious insinuations, and indecent posings. It is reserved to French art, in its lowest instincts, to be supremely nasty and debasing, and to make the animal in man a medium of human degradation and vehicle of a strained, ignoble wit and lowliest insinuations. French nudity almost invariably has the smirch of unchastity, mingled with low jesting, unmistakably prominent; while this vice is the exception, and not the rule, in the Italian painting and drawing. To what it may be due, unless to the more direct influence of pure classical art in the latter nature than the former, I can not say, but it is a psychological as well as æsthetic phenomenon, deserving stern reprobation and avoidance.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

## HEALTH AT HOME.\*

## PART FOURTH.

AT the close of my last paper I described the new mode of using permanganate as a deodorizing fluid. This leads me to explain another method of purification for the air of the closet, and indeed for that of any room which may require deodorization and purification.

## PURIFICATION BY IODINE.

This plan is inexpensive and extremely simple. It consists in the application of iodine in the pure state—that is to say, the solid shining metalloid itself, not the tincture or spirituous solution of the element. For this employment of iodine first get a common chip ointment-box, which can be bought of any chemist; a box of an inch and a half in diameter is sufficiently large. Take the lid off this box and remove the top from the lid so that the ring part of the lid alone remains; then into the body of the box put two drachms' weight of the pure iodine, stretch a piece of muslin gauze over the top of the box, and over the muslin press down the ring of the lid so as to make the muslin taut over the top of the box. Lastly cut away the loose muslin around the ring, and complete, and ready for use, is an iodine deodorizing box which will last in action for six weeks or two months, even in hot weather. To bring this box into practical application it is merely necessary to place it in the closet on a shelf or on any resting-place. The iodine will volatilize slowly into the air through the muslin gauze, will diffuse through the air, will deodorize, and after a time will communicate freely an odor like that of fresh sea-air.

There is no means of deodorizing the air of the close closet equal to this. It is ready, permanent, and effective. In cases where an instant effect is required the iodine may be volatilized in a more rapid manner. A little iodine may be placed on a plate, and the plate may be held over a spirit-lamp, within the closet, for a minute or two. The iodine diffused by the heat will pass off as a violet-colored vapor, and as it passes through the air it will create a rapid purifying action. The iodine so diffused will condense, as it cools, on the walls, and there will maintain its effect of purification.

## SPRAY PURIFICATION.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in 1865, I introduced a method of purifying rooms by the process of diffusing deo-

odorizing and disinfecting substances into the air in the form of fine spray. The fluid I used in this method was made by adding iodine to a solution of the peroxide of hydrogen of ten volumes' strength. The water was also charged with two and a half per cent. of sea-salt, and was set aside until it was saturated with the iodine. When the saturation was complete the fluid was filtered and was quite ready for use. The solution was placed in a steam or hand spray apparatus, and when required was diffused in the finest state of distribution at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. In an ordinary bedroom or sitting-room one ounce of the fluid was found sufficient to render the air active enough to discolor Moffat's ozone test-papers to the highest degree of the scale, and that in the course of ten or twelve minutes.

The apparatus for this purpose was constructed for me by Messrs. Krohne & Sesemann, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, and was so simple in action that any nurse could put it into action at once, and could deodorize a room hour by hour on the direction of the medical attendant. In fact, there was produced a sea-atmosphere in the room.

*If sea-water were brought in quantity to London it might, by a most simple method, be diffused at pleasure as fine spray in all houses and in close courts and alleys, so as to impart a cool sea-air throughout the whole of the metropolis, an influence which would be as agreeable as it would be salubrious. I was ready to give evidence on this point before the Lords' Committee, which had to report on the introduction of sea-water to London during the past session; and I do not think a more important factor in favor of such an introduction could well be advanced.*

While these different means of purifying the air are put forward as of immediate service, it should always be remembered that they are temporary measures, nothing more. I mean by this that they are not intended to take the place of thorough and efficient ventilation. In fact, in the presence of perfect ventilation of good natural air, they are not required at all; and when they are called for, the necessity of better ventilation as the permanent remedy is at once proclaimed.

## THE DRESSING-ROOM AND BATH-ROOM.

The possession of a dressing-room and bath-room on the bedroom floor is rather more than a luxury, and, if half the money that is frittered

\* Continued from August number.



away on empty display in the drawing-room were spent on the bath arrangements, great benefit to health would often be the result to the whole of a family. I do not, however, for my part recommend any very elaborate system of baths for common use. Healthy daily ablution of the most perfect kind can be had at a very small cost, and at very small trouble. I hear it said constantly by people of moderate means that they would like to have a daily bath, and that they know how important it is to have one, but that they have not the convenience of a bath-room in their house, and are troubled because the cost of setting up a bath is so great. I hear rich men say that they have gone into large expenditure in the setting up of the appliances of the bath and bath-room. They have laid on hot and cold water; they have had a shower apparatus placed overhead; they have had the bath itself glazed or enameled; and, in taking the bath, they have been immersed, douched, cold-douched, shampooed, and dried. There can be little objection to all this parade; it is something to talk about or think about, if it be nothing better, and I believe I have known it to be a relief to the minds of some who have little or nothing with which to burden their minds. But, after all, the proceeding is very much like a search for a needle in a bundle of hay, and the needle may always be found without any such elaborate cost and trouble.

To wash the body from head to foot every day is the one thing needful in respect to ablution for the pure sake of health. To become so accustomed to this habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process be not duly performed, is the one habit of body, the one craving that is wanted, the one habit that needs to be duly acquired in the matter of body-cleansing. The process may be carried out as speedily as possible. Moreover, it may be carried out as cheaply as possible, and all the hygienic advantages may be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A formal bath is actually not necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath in which the bather can stand in front of his wash-hand basin, a good large sponge, a piece of plain soap, a large, soft Turkish towel, and two gallons of water, are quite sufficient for all purposes of health. In the north of England there is often to be met with in the bedrooms of hotels, and sometimes in those of private houses, the most cheap and convenient of these small and useful baths. The center or well of the bath is about twelve inches in diameter, and about nine inches deep. This center is surrounded by a broad rim, a rim from eight to ten inches wide, which slopes toward the center all round. In this bath the ablutionist can stand, and, from as much water as would fill an ordinary ewer, he can wash himself from head to foot com-

pletely without wetting the floor, since the broad sloping margin of the bath catches the water. To stand in such a bath as this, and, from the water of the wash-hand basin, to sponge the body rapidly over, and afterward to dry quickly and thoroughly, is everything that is wanted if the process be carried out daily; and this, after a little practice, may be so easily done that it becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to accept as a perfected daily ablution. In winter the water should be tepid, in summer cold; or, what is a better rule still, the water should always be within a few degrees of the same temperature. If in the summer months the water be at 60° Fahr., in the spring and autumn at 65°, and in the winter at 70°, a very safe rule is being followed; nor is it at all difficult to learn to follow this rule from the readings, occasionally carried out, of a thermometer, which in these days may be obtained for a few shillings, and which it is always convenient and useful to keep on the wall of the bedroom or dressing-room. Once a week it is a good practice to dissolve, in the water used for ablution, common washing soda, in the proportion of one quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. This alkaline soda frees the skin of acids, is an excellent cleanser of the body, and is specially serviceable to persons of a rheumatism tendency, who are often troubled with free acid perspirations.

It is a question often asked in reference to the arrangements of the bath-room, whether the plan should be adopted of taking the bath at night or in the morning, before going to bed or on rising from bed? The answer to this is simple enough when time is not an important object of those who make the inquiry. It is much better to make complete ablution of the body, from head to foot, both on going to bed and on rising also, whenever that can be carried out; and, indeed, so rapid is the process when the habit of it is acquired, that there are few persons who could not get into the habit of it as they do into the habit of taking meals at stated times. But, if for any reason it be impossible to carry out complete ablution twice a day, then, no doubt, the general ablution is best just before going to bed. There is no practice more objectionable than to go to bed closely wrapped up in the dust and dirt that accumulate on the surface of the body during the day; nor is there anything I know so conducive to sound sleep as a tepid douche just before getting into bed. I have many times known bad sleepers become the best of sleepers from the adoption of this simple rule. If the body be well sponged over before going to bed, the morning ablution—though it is still better to carry it out—need not, of necessity, be so general. The

face, neck, chest, arms, and hands may be merely well sponged and washed at the morning ablution.

I can do no harm, nor shall I uselessly take up space, if in this place I digress for a moment to enforce still more earnestly the importance of making this matter of cleansing the body a habit of life from the first of life. I would impress on mothers and fathers, and on all who have the command of youth, that this practice should not only be commenced at the earliest period, from the first infancy, but should be steadily maintained so that the subject of it shall attain the desire for it, and feel the necessity. I notice it to be a common plan for mothers of the best sort, who feel it almost a crime to omit washing a baby morning and evening, to begin to omit the same process so soon as the child learns to run about and to become to a certain degree self-dependent. It is no doubt an irksome daily task for the mother of a large family to see that every little boy and girl is washed from head to foot every morning and evening. Still the result is worth every penny of the labor. In the industrial schools at Annerley the waifs and strays of puerile society, the worst-born specimens in the matter of health, are so quickly brought in conditions of good health, that, as Dr. Alfred Carpenter once remarked to me when we stood in the midst of the children, "they seem to teach us that not even a generation of change is required to wipe out a generation of defects, when personal health is well looked after." There is all the richness of truth in this wise observation, and I am fully justified in saying that, among the many agencies by which the able managers of these industrial schools do so much for the health of the children, there is not one agency more telling than the persistent and regular, but at the same time perfectly simple, method of ablution which is practiced in the establishment. Practically the system is that which I have described for the household. There are no cumbersome baths, but a series of taps at which the children can cleanse themselves from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet as quickly as they can wash their hands and faces in the lavatories of many other institutions in which children and youths are received. These children at Annerley grow up in the habit of ablution, and when they leave the school they are, by the habit, made fifty per cent. more cleanly than the majority of children who are brought up in better circumstances, or even in luxury.

While the easiest, readiest, and cheapest of baths have thus been carefully considered, in order that the pretense or excuse of difficulty in getting a bath may be removed, I have no intention of passing over in silence the bath-room of the comfortable house. Whoever can afford a

bath-room should have one, and many a house which is richly and expensively endowed in other respects is deprived, unjustly for health's sake, of its bath-room. Let us therefore study the bath-room with a little care. The bath-room is best located on the third floor in four-storied houses—that is to say, on a level with the chief bedrooms and below the attics. A good bath-room ought to be ten feet wide, ten feet high, and twelve feet long. The floor should be of oak or pine-wood, smooth and well laid. No carpet is required for the floor, but one or two perforated India-rubber mats are of advantage; the walls of the bath-room should be painted in hard paint that can be washed and thoroughly dried, or it should be fitted with tile-work, which is at once clean and effective. The bath, which need not be large, should always be constructed of earthenware, and it should be quite flat at the bottom, so that it is easy to stand upright in it while taking a douche. The well-constructed bath is supplied with hot and cold water; the temperature of the water should be regulated by the rule already supplied, 60° Fahr. in summer, 65° Fahr. in spring and autumn, 70° Fahr. in winter.

The bath-room should be thoroughly well ventilated and warmed. I know nothing that answers better for warming it than the calorigen stove, of which a description has been given in a previous paper on "Health at Home." To those who wish for the further luxury of a hot-air or Roman bath in their houses, it is a comparatively easy matter to arrange the ordinary bath-room so as to make it, when required, a hot-air bath. This can be done in the simplest way by introducing into the room a stove heated with coal and constructed, in a large size, after the manner precisely of the calorigen. The air in this case is let into the room from the outside by a three-inch pipe, and is allowed to escape from the stove after it has been heated by a pipe of a similar diameter. With a good ordinary-sized fire in the closed grate of the stove, the air in the room may be brought up to the temperature of 140° Fahr. in a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour, provided that the space to be warmed does not exceed twelve hundred cubic feet, that the door be well closed, and that the escape for the heated air at the upper part of the room be so arranged that it can, at pleasure, be reduced until it is not above twice the size of the opening for the entrance of the air from the stove. For a sick person to whom I thought the use of a hot-air bath would be very useful, I once turned an ordinary bath-room into a hot-air bath in this way with great readiness, and with the best effect, and since the time when that was done I have repeated the same with results as satisfactory. It is true that the temperature is limited in range

in this form of hot-air bath, but for most purposes it can be raised to a sufficient degree, and, as the hot air can be shut off at once and the ventilator enlarged at pleasure, it is easy to cool the room rapidly down during the after-process of the douche or the water-bath.

For those who have means and who are building a new house to be replete with all modern contrivances, the properly constructed Roman bath should be always introduced in connection with the ordinary bath-room. The Romans, who once inhabited these islands, set us a splendid example in this respect in their habitations. With them, the hot-air bath seems to have been as much of a household necessity as the kitchen; and it is right to admit that by this care they expressed practically a degree of sanitary knowledge which bears imitation to the present hour. In this cold, and damp, and variable climate, the Roman bath in the house is of more importance than it would be in warmer and more equable climes, for here it is less of a luxury and more of a necessity. If, in our heavily fogged London atmosphere, the tired Londoner after a day of oppression could return home, and for an hour before dinner indulge in the light and genial and clarified air of a Roman bath, he would do more to relieve his congested and enfeebled internal organs than by any other process that is obtainable. As it is, he is led too often to seek a false and partial relief from his oppression by resorting to a stimulant drink, which first elates and then paralyzes and injures, or kills outright. In a word, he smothers his afflictions, while in the

Roman bath he would disperse them. This is a correct and true definition.

In saying so much in favor of the Roman bath, I am, I know, offering some slight correction of what I spoke on the same subject twenty years ago, when the hot-air bath was being enthusiastically introduced into this country by some of its over-earnest advocates. To me it seemed at that time as if the advocates of the bath were claiming it as a panacea for all maladies, and were fain to declare that to its efficacy fresh air and bodily exercise might well be sacrificed, and a slothful luxury take the place of a hardy, healthful existence. It is but just to state that some of these advocates did go even to this length, and that I and others, thereupon, went perhaps too far the other way in our criticism of them, and so to some extent checked a useful measure while it was new, and before it had taken root. If I ever did wrong in that way I recall it now. Holding as firmly as ever the view that the hot-air bath should never take the place of healthy exercise of body nor of active out-door life in good and wholesome air, I am satisfied from a larger and longer experience that the Roman bath is an addition to the English house which should never be ignored when circumstances admit of its introduction. Last winter, in the treatment of a number of persons who were under my medical care, I would have given anything for the advantage of being able to remove them, under their own roofs, into a well-constructed hot-air bath.

B. W. RICHARDSON (*Good Words*).

## SMILING AND MOURNING.

SOME go smiling through the gray time,  
Under naked, songless bowers :  
Some go mourning all the May time,  
Mid the laughing leaves and flowers.  
Why is this,  
Rosy Bliss  
Comes to kiss Winter gray ?  
Why, ah ! why  
Doth Sorrow sigh  
On the lap of lovely May ?

Happy Love, with song and smiling,  
Through the withered woodland goes :  
Hapless Love hath no beguiling  
From the redbreast or the rose.  
This is why  
Woods may sigh,  
Flowers die and hearts be gay :  
This alas !  
The piteous pass  
That leaves us mourning all the May.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES (*Irish Songs and Ballads*).

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE news that Ellen Tree is dead must have come to many a graybeard, as it did to us, with a thrill of pain. It is sad to think of the great favorite, now for ever silent—that the last link between the stage of to-day and the stage of the past is broken; but what a host of delightful recollections spring to life! Old theatre-goers are fond of dwelling upon the name of Ellen Tree rather than upon her married title, Mrs. Charles Kean. It was Ellen Tree that first won their hearts; and Ellen Tree is a sweeter, simpler name, one that more nearly fits the image of the charming figure they carry in the warder of the brain. She is dead at the ripe age of seventy-five, dying in honorable retirement, loved and watched over by a circle of admiring and faithful friends. There have been as great actresses as Ellen Tree, but we can not imagine, at least we have never seen, a more delightful one. And yet we did not see her in the first flush of her youth. It was on her second visit to this country, in the year 1846, that we made one of the throng that greeted her on her opening night. It was at the old Park Theatre, standing in Park Row opposite where the Post-Office is now. That was the time when the theatre had a Pit, where critics and wisecracks were wont to assemble and utter oracular things about the play and the performers. The actors were in those days afraid of the Pit—especially, at the Park, of the fourth bench from the orchestra, where the magnates of the pen sat watchful, and where old Nestors of the drama delivered their verdicts in terms that no one dared to gainsay. The pit was entered by cellar-steps, and through a half-lighted subterranean passage. Decorative art, as we see it now in the full bloom of the Madison Square auditorium and Mr. Daly's lobby, had not even given a hint of its coming. Nor had even the policeman nor the *queue* been invented; so that eager lovers of the play rushed, without order, to the underground ticket-office, and struggled desperately, each for himself, around the little aperture whence emerged the magical *open sesame*. On this opening Kean night, the crowd that surged and swayed in desperate endeavor looked really formidable; but in a packed mass of this kind the dexterous, insinuating, wedge-like elbow is as potent as downright muscle; and those who had learned by much experience how to penetrate a crowd emerged, after an effort more prolonged than usual, panting, disheveled, torn, but triumphant.

The house was crowded; in the pit, all black coats; in the boxes, a brilliant array of fashion. The play was "The Gamester." With great impatience we waited for the moment when the great actress was to appear. Presently the play began; then shortly the scenes parted, and we saw standing by a chair and table a woman of middle height, rather red in the face, not at first sight comely or pleasing, somewhat oddly dressed, and very English in the many little details by which we recognize nationality.

Of course, she had a cordial greeting; and then she spoke. We came, ere long, to think Mrs. Kean's voice the most charming and musical in the world, but it did not impress us this way at first. There was a peculiarity in the inflections that fell upon our unaccustomed ear somewhat disagreeably, but this characteristic became in time one of the great charms of her delivery. We are disposed now to think that the voice was really too full of resonant sweetness to be appreciated by the untrained ear; it was, moreover, an original voice, and whatever is wholly new and original always at first repels. We were a little puzzled about the acting, too. It was a part that gave the actress no opportunity for the display of that archness and vivacity which, in *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Beatrice*, used to take the house by storm; there was but one sad monotone running through the play, and then her acting was all so simple, so matter of course, so little like the acting we had been accustomed to; all very simple, and yet it went on taking possession of the spectator, and winding itself about him, as it were—and then all at once a single phrase set the house on fire. The villain of the play, *Stukeley*, had been whispering in her ear doubts as to her husband's fidelity. She fell back, looked him full in the face, and exclaimed, "I don't believe it!" What wonderful art was it that enabled her to utter these words in a wholly untheatrical manner, and yet so full of effect? The sublime confidence of the wife, coupled with intense scorn for her would-be seducer, was expressed in an utterance that was all the time singularly colloquial. The house was thrilled by it, and almost rose to its feet. And so the play went on. At the end we left the theatre greatly impressed, but we had not yet been won to unqualified admiration. That was, however, soon to come; for even if Mrs. Kean fell short of the greatness of Siddons and Rachel, she was always, within her range, the fairly perfect artist.

This range was wider than many supposed. It had often been said that she was perfect in comedy, and admirable in parts of pathos, but could not fill the higher walks of tragedy. But when she came to play *Constance* in "King John"—it was her first performance of the part, the occasion being a splendid scenic production of the play, the first of the series of superb Shakespearean revivals which has extended down to the present day—she astonished the town. Whatever doubts had been entertained as to her ability to personate this difficult and trying part—and they were many—they were instantly dispelled, as in her first scene she walked upon the stage, with the prince, *Arthur*, by the hand. It was evident instantly that she had nerved herself up to a great effort, that she was filled with the majesty and passion of the part. You saw her great purpose in her face and on her brow. Possibly the performance was not a perfect one; it may be said, for instance, that the tirade upon *Austria*, ending with—



"*Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs*"—

was a little too shrewish, but the effect of the bitter sarcasm of those last lines was nevertheless immense. The performance was one that, however much it may have lacked the stately dignity of the tragic muse, was intensely human in its pathos and its passion, and made a dramatic picture never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A London critic has said that Ellen Tree knew preëminently how to express an emotion by a glance and a thought by an accent. Every one who recollects her peculiar style will recognize the truth of this criticism. Mr. Charles Kean was an actor of points; that is, he dashed through a speech in a careless, indifferent way until he came to a particular passage, which he would utter with startling effect. But Mrs. Kean, while making wonderful points, never slurred a line or neglected the slightest detail. The strength of her points lay in their unexpectedness, in the revelation of unthought-of meaning in the words, in the power which she possessed of concentrating a world of expression in an inflection or a tone. We have mentioned the effect of her "I don't believe it!" in *Mrs. Beverly*. There were scattered through her personations innumerable similar instances. Her "*Arthur, trust me,*" in "*The Wife's Secret*," was a magnificent burst, that for days vibrated in the ear of every sensitive person that heard it. No one could ever forget her "*Oh, what shall I do with my doublet and hose?*" when *Rosalind* learns that *Orlando* is in the wood; and her "*I am the man,*" when as *Viola* she receives the ring sent by *Olivia*, was always received by her audiences with a burst of delight. Her readings were always exquisite. Those who heard her "She never told her love" are apt to say that no other actress ever delivered those famous lines as she did. She possessed that very rare thing on the stage, true gayety. As *Beatrice*, her merriment was the gladdest thing in the world. In one scene her merry laugh is heard before she enters, and so joyous is it that the whole house is in roars of laughter in very sympathy, before she utters a word.

It is a mistake, we think, to say, as we sometimes hear, that Ellen Tree possessed beauty. Her figure in her earlier days was very graceful; but her features, although charming when animated, could never be called handsome. In later years she grew large, after the manner of Englishwomen, and when she last appeared in this country very much of the old charm was gone. It was impossible not to see the thorough artist, despite unfavorable conditions; and in some parts, such as *Mrs. Oakley* in "*The Jealous Wife*," she retained all her old power.

The stage has been endowed with many charming actresses since Mrs. Kean withdrew from it, and we have recently had occasion to lament the untimely demise of Adelaide Neilson, the only artist that has of late years attempted some of the parts in which Ellen Tree was famous. Miss Neilson was not equal to her great predecessor, although very pleasing, principally because she had not the

intellectual resources of Mrs. Kean. Miss Neilson, in whatever she did, was always better than in what she said. Ellen Tree was always delightful in what she did, with a faculty of giving to her words a wealth of meaning that few persons supposed they possessed. Charlotte Cushman also had this faculty, and yet single words and phrases do not stand out in our memory in any of her personations as they do in Ellen Tree's.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to think of Ellen Tree as not only a great actress, but as a public woman whom the breath of scandal never touched. The cold and austere John Quincy Adams fell under the fascinations of her acting; and in a poem that he addressed to her he applied a line from "*As you like it*," that the world now may rightly crown her with—

"*The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.*"

[*Between a Believer in Infinitesimal Doses and a Cautious Skeptic.*]

*Skeptic.* So you still adhere to the Hahnemann theory of infinitesimal doses. Is it as popular as ever?

*Believer.* More and more popular. It grows in favor every day, but perhaps there is not such general adherence to high dilutions.

*Skeptic.* What are high dilutions?

*Believer.* From the hundredth to the two hundredth. The larger number of practitioners, however, probably do not go beyond the thirtieth decimal trituration.

*Skeptic.* Decimal triturations! It was once altogether centesimal triturations, was it not?

*Believer.* There is possibly a little modification here. The decimal is superseding the centesimal.

*Skeptic.* But that is a big change, between tens and hundreds. However, if one believes in these triturations, he is not likely to care much whether his drug comes through a hogshead or so of water more or less.

*Believer.* Hogsheads of water? Why do you exaggerate in this unfair manner?

*Skeptic.* Exaggerate? Let us look into your charge a little. Drugs, you say, are attenuated through thirty—we will not explore the region of the high potencies—dilutions. Now, what is a dilution? To begin, what is the first decimal dilution?

*Believer.* One grain of a drug, or the mother-tincture, diluted in nine drops of alcohol or water.

*Skeptic.* Exactly. And the second dilution is a drop of the first dilution in nine drops of alcohol or water—let us say water. And the third is a drop of the second similarly diluted through nine parts of water; and the fourth is a drop of the third similarly attenuated, and so on. Am I right?

*Believer.* Distinctly so.

*Skeptic.* I am delighted to hear you say so. Are you in a humor for a little arithmetic? Out with your pencil, then, and set down how many drops of water are required for the thirtieth dilution—that is, how many drops of water would be required if we



organization for all the myriad forms of higher life, whether of fish, reptile, bird, beast, or of man himself. No one of the myriad host of the heavenly bodies obeys a different law from any other one. So is it in Nature's moral order. The family it was, made possible by the possession of a house, which originated, organized, maintained, and advanced morality. It was so in the beginning; it has been so ever since; and, judging from the analogy of Nature, and from the requirements of morality itself, it will be so to the end. In the grand process the house that was one's own was the starting-point, and in every stage and form of civilization it has been the essential condition of family life and of moral progress."

We can not doubt that ownership is an immense factor in the morals and well-being of a community; it stimulates and steadies, it often fills with ambition, it makes men hopeful, and it encourages the home virtues in a hundred minor things. And this fact is above all things the hopeful condition of American life. Outside of the great cities a great majority of the people live in their own habitations; and the embowered dwellings that cluster in every village and line the highways that lead from every town are doubtless the best pledges the community can give of steadfastness and domestic virtue. But whether art, progress, intelligence, and all other virtues depend upon ownership—whether as our writer in the "Contemporary" declares, home itself is impossible without it—may well be questioned. Intellectual life, and with it the embellishments and elegances of home, are more marked in the great cities than elsewhere, and in great cities the home is apt to be shifting, occupants of houses being commonly tenants. There can be no truly delightful homes without intellectual association, without culture, without taste, without the refinement that comes of knowledge of society. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that our people are so generally housed in their own habitations; politically this is a great good, and morally the advantage is perhaps immeasurable; but these homes are too often cheerless ones—too often empty of everything but the practical conveniences. The Indian owns his wigwam, but he doesn't do much toward making it a home. The peasant is often willing to abide from childhood to manhood in the cottage inherited from his fathers, without a thought that it might be made sightly and agreeable. When taste and culture combine with the pride of ownership, then fine things, no doubt, ensue; but ownership is a barren possession if this is all—if intellectual life has not crossed the threshold.

It seems to be a settled thing that a newspaper must espouse the cause of one or the other of the two political parties, and defend through thick and thin its men and its measures. One would suppose this to be just exactly the very last thing that a newspaper would attempt to do. For above all things it is the mission of a newspaper to give the news, the news sifted and scrutinized that it may be trustworthy, and so arranged as to give a right perspective as to the importance of each event; but this mis-

sion the partisan newspaper deliberately and persistently disregards. Within the scope of political intelligence it bends its whole energies to misrepresent the news, at one time to suppress it, at another to exalt it, and at all times to falsely color it. The newspaper here simply abandons its purpose, and surrenders the very reason and groundwork of its being. It would be a great nuisance if one had to take politics with all his purchases—an harangue on Hancock with his hat, a tirade against Garfield with his cheese, an assault on hard money with his joint; but his hat, his cheese, and his joint might not suffer in quality in consequence of these peculiar conditions, while in the newspaper there is not only the nuisance of having political scandal forced down one's throat, but the certainty that the article is in consequence greatly deteriorated. Editors are expected to analyze news, to throw light on perplexing questions, and it is probably well enough for them to express their opinions on subjects under public discussion (in partisan newspapers editors don't express their opinions—they manufacture opinions, pretend to opinions), but partisanship, that is determining beforehand to praise all that *A* does, and denounce all that *B* does; to favor all the projects, whether sound or unsound, advanced by one set of men, and to resist all the projects devised by another set of men—why in the world must they do all this for their party? Does their party pay them better to falsify news than the public would to give correct news? Is news the one commodity that brings the better price the more obviously it is worthless? To our mind, it is a great affront to have the morning journal spiced with invectives and falsities, fiery with epithets against harmless persons, fierce in imprecations against the other side of a case. We ought to be permitted to read it without being insulted, if we have a different opinion, and without having our neighbor insulted if we are of the same opinion. Absolutely partisan politics has no more logical place in a newspaper than it has in a grocer's bill, and the time will come when this will be discovered. It defeats the end of a newspaper. It is the surrender of a primary purpose to a wholly imaginary notion of the function of a paper. Let politicians, if they will, revive the old partisan pamphlet, so that we may get political abuse and scandal in separate parcels, and not mixed up with matters with which they have no concern. Let the newspaper be as impartial as light and day, giving the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news, so that we may trust what we are reading, allowing all so inclined to purchase political refuse and dirt in publications confessedly carrying the black flag.

Let us suggest to Mr. William Black that the hero of his last novel, "White Wings," is a little too much of a prig. It is not entirely easy to picture in the mind's eye the wonderful Dr. Sutherland, F. R. S., who astonishes the scientific societies of Great Britain and the Continent, sails a yacht to delight the sailors, and fascinates all the young women whom he en-

counters. Here are qualities that do not mix, and hence it is impossible to get an idea of the character. Perhaps a happy, easy manner, dashing spirits, fondness for sports, and a general affinity for the lighter things of life, are wholly in keeping with scientific profundity, because nature is stranger than fiction; but, artistically, one can not quite get the bearings of such a character. And when a happy, easy-natured *savant* of this kind thrusts his learning forward on all occasions he is not an agreeable companion, however much both nature and art may have been respected in the portrait. Here is a bit from "White Wings" to the point:

"In weather like this," remarked our sovereign lady, in the gathering darkness, "John might keep asleep for fifty years."

"Like 'Rip Van Winkle,'" said the Laird, proud of his erudition. "That is a wonderful story that Washington Irving wrote—a *verra fine story*."

"Washington Irving!—the story is as old as the Coolins," said Dr. Sutherland.

"The Laird stared as if he had been 'Rip Van Winkle' himself; was he for ever to be checkmated by the cyclopedic knowledge of Young England?"

One can not but regret the want of good breeding exhibited here by Young England, as well as the want of true knowledge. For, no matter how old the legend of "Rip Van Winkle" may be, Washington Irving made the story his own by the artistic setting that he gave it. In art origin is nothing. Legend and tradition, in some form, are at the base of almost all works of imagination; they underlie the great poems, the great dramas, the great romances, and the great works in painting and sculpture. One might as well say that "Faust" is not Goethe's, "Hamlet" not Shakespeare's, the "Divine Comedy" not Dante's, the "Waverley" novels not Scott's, as to pooh-pooh Irving's right to "Rip Van Winkle" because the legend embodied in it is old. In literature it is the artistic treatment that makes proprietorship, Messrs. Black and Sutherland; and, when gentlemen, whether encyclopedic or not, make allusions commonly accepted in the social and literary world, be sure you are wholly right before you contradict them. Unfortunately, you are not alone in this unhandsome practice, and it is because it is getting fashionable now to deny Irving and other writers their rights in the legends they have polished and set that we make this protest. And we may rest assured that while the legend of "Rip Van Winkle" may be as "old as the Coolins"—the Coolins being certain Scotch hills—Washington Irving's version of the story will last as long as the hills anywhere.

GLANCING over Miss Woolsey's abridged edition of the ever-fresh and ever-enjoyable "Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame d'Arblay," we are reminded that it was worth while being a successful author in the good old days of the eighteenth century. We hear much talk now about the "dignity" of literature, and it is assumed that the author's status

is much improved since poor Goldsmith drudged in Green Arbor Court; but compare the experiences of the author of "Evelina" with those of a successful novelist of our own day—say with Mr. Howells's in this country or Mr. Black's in England. In spite of Macaulay's generous praise, it is difficult to accord a very high rank to "Evelina," save as a sort of landmark in literary history; yet it opened for its youthful author the doors of all literary and fashionable London, and secured for her the affectionate patronage of Dr. Johnson, the friendship of Mrs. Thrale and her circle, the courtly compliments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the stately homage of Burke, and finally that position at court which held her in the fetters of a gilded slavery during the best years of her life. Upward of a hundred pages at the beginning of her Memoirs are taken up with a minute chronicle of her social lionizing, and of the compliments, large and small, serious and comic, which were paid her by the various persons with whom she was brought in contact; but there is no taint of egotism or vanity in the *naïve* exultation with which she dwells on all the details of a literary success as unprecedented as it was brilliant, and the reader derives a certain genial satisfaction from the knowledge that she who contributed so liberally to what Dr. Johnson called the "innocent pleasures" of her generation obtained at the same time so large a share of them for herself.

THE idea that poets are always poetical, that wits are always witty, and that "brilliant conversationalists" are always giving utterance to those "jewels five words long," that "on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever," is one of the genial illusions of the inexperienced which it seems almost cynical to dissipate; yet how many of us have incurred the disappointment, after creeping with bated breath and sharpened ears up to the fane of the Muses, of hearing the hierophants give utterance not to oracles but to inanities—in plain terms, of finding that the "distinguished author and scholar," for the privilege of meeting whom we have perhaps intrigued and solicited, is usually the dullest in a company of dullards! How prosaic, and yet how painfully in accord with the facts of experience, is the picture suggested by the following passage from Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph on Pope: "Those who do not know how often the encounter of brilliant wits tends to neutralize rather than stimulate their activity may wish to have been present at a dinner which took place at Twickenham on July 6, 1726, when the party was made up of Pope, the most finished poet of the day; Swift, the deepest humorist; Bolingbroke, the most brilliant politician; Congreve, the wittiest writer of comedy; and Gay, the author of the most successful burlesque. The envious may console themselves by thinking that Pope very likely went to sleep, that Swift was deaf and overbearing, that Congreve and Bolingbroke were painfully witty, and Gay frightened into silence."